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DANIEL WILLARD RIDES THE LINE

The Story of a Great Railroad Man



Master of the Railroad

Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, in his
seventieth year. Portrait by Frank O. Salisbury.

DANIEL WILLARD

RIDES THE LINE

The Story of a Great Railroad Man

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD



G · P · PUTNAM'S SONS
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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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INTRODUCTION

THIS IS A prejudiced book. It will be hailed as such, and as such it makes no apologies. It is written with the prejudice that is born of affection. I could not, would not, write of Daniel Willard with anything other than respect and love. So, if this chronicle be tainted with these, so much the better. Take it or leave it. It is a record which aims, with prejudice, to be impartial; with impartiality, to be honest; with honesty, to be worth the passing while of any reader. And so, goes to you, discerning reader, without apology.

For elaborate documentation in a work of this sort, the author has no use whatsoever. The book is based chiefly upon a long acquaintance and many interviews with Mr. Willard...upon talks with men who have stood close to him at one time or another—Robert McVicar, Howard Miller, W. L. Barnes, A. W. Newton, F. D. Underwood, Samuel Vauclain, Walter S. Gifford, Harold F. Seymour, Charles A. Rausch, and Robert M. Van Sant...still others.

The author wishes to make acknowledgment to all of these, and also to the unflagging aid and interest of two young women who have worked with him in the preparation of this book—Miss Gertrude Roth and Miss Mary Shalling. Their aid to its production has been great.

E. H.

New York, September, 1938.

DANIEL WILLARD RIDES THE LINE

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BEGINNINGS

THE ROUNDED, GREEN HILLS OF VERMONT descend sharply into lush deep valleys with swift-running, cold-water streams dashing through them. This is indeed a terrain of hills and of valleys. The entire countryside is one of gentle loveliness. There is beauty, real beauty in Vermont. Yet beneath the soft slopes of the Green Mountains there is also hardness and strength—the hardness of marble, the strength of granite. Uncompromising hardness. Rugged strength. The men who are born in Vermont and of Vermont take unto themselves much of the hardness and the rugged strength of their native state.

Life flows through those deep valleys with force and with energy. There is force in the tumble of the streams; strength as well as hardness in the very heart of the great hills.

So it is that the Vermonters are often filled with the same quality as the countryside in which they were born and reared. Like begets like. The character of a man takes on much of the texture of the country from which he first came. If the land is forceful, mark well the native as a forceful man—a man of strength and of determination; a man not easily bent from his purpose.

Daniel Willard is no exception to this. Willard's en-

dowment as he came into life was little else than firmness of character and rugged strength of mind and body to which, in later years, has been added much of wisdom and of experience. He was born in and of Vermont, in the little town of North Hartland, on the twenty-eighth day of January, 1861.

For the greater part of the nearly four-score years of his life, Daniel Willard has lived away from his native state of the Green Mountains. Yet the impress that these lofty hills made upon him has never departed. Mr. Willard is almost as truly a Vermonter in this, the seventy-eighth year of his eventful life, as if he had remained all of that time a resident of a tree-shaded town—Windsor or Burlington or St. Albans, or even little Newfane. Vermonters are that way.

The old towns have their old families. There are, for illustration, the marble-quarrying Proctors of Rutland, the banking Billings clan of Woodstock; that family of Fairbanks up in St. Johnsbury which came to a world-wide fame by making honest scales for the recording of honest weights; the Smiths of St. Albans—for years, one could hardly remember the time when a Smith was not either governor of his state or president of the Vermont Central Railroad, and generally both. The record of these outstanding families of the Green Mountain State runs to some length.

Daniel Willard was not one of these. Perhaps, in ordinary phrasing, he was not “born to the purple.” Yet the stock from which he sprang was in no sense ordinary. A Willard had come over with William the Conqueror, fighting his way from Normandy into Saxon England in 1066; had taken his rightful place in the great battle of Hastings,

and had settled down upon the fair acres of what is now the county of Kent, at Horsmonden, some thirty miles south of London Town.... And nearly six centuries later, Major Simon Willard, descendant of that same doughty Norman fighter, had found his way to the new America, and in turn had fought a conquering way; first as commander-in-chief of the Narragansett Expedition Forces of 1655—in the campaign known as King Philip's War—and then north up through the valley of the great Connecticut to Dummerston where he had commanded the outpost fort, in what was at a later date to be the republic and then the state of Vermont, though for many years a region disputed by both New Hampshire and New York.

The Willards liked the Vermont country. There they remained. In 1796, there was born in Hartland, one James Nutting Willard, who seems to have been a rather unique character. He crossed the great river and for a time kept tavern at Claremont, New Hampshire. But eventually he returned to Hartland—North Hartland—and settled himself and his belongings upon many acres, reaching back from the river's edge. There James N. Willard spent the remaining years of his long life. The Willards ordinarily are not a short-lived stock.

To him and to his wife, Maria White, were born four sons, of whom Daniel Spaulding Willard was the third. As the boys grew to man's estate the patriarch of the family divided his acres among them. To the third son was given a generous patrimony of 250 acres of fertile and productive soil.

This Daniel Spaulding Willard was a personality. He was a man who liked to think his way out of the rut of things—and then to suit action to thought.

Make no mistake about life in the New England of a century ago. It was filled with ruts—lined with dangerous crevices. It was hard; bitterly, terribly hard. A good many of the farmers' boys sought to escape it by running away from home. In the middle of the night they would lower their little trunks out of their bedroom windows, and then, with a few meager dollars that they had managed to save, they would put as many miles as possible, and as quickly as possible, between themselves and the parental roof.

Daniel Spaulding Willard was one of these. He made his getaway and he set out for the south and the big cities there. Finally he came to the sea, at New Bedford, Massachusetts. There, after the unpleasant fashion of the times, he was shanghaied. When he came to his senses he was in the fo'c'sle of a sailing ship bound round the Horn.... It took him three years to complete that voyage and before he was again back in the United States he had been, not merely around the Horn, but all the way around the world. He had tasted of life in strange ports; he had rubbed shoulders with strange folk who spoke strange tongues. His own life had been influenced gravely in ways which he himself was not to realize for long years afterwards.

Then, when finally he came back to North Hartland, it was only for a fortnight. The call of the sea was dinning in his ears; and to it he returned. But only for one final voyage. Again he sailed around the big world; tasted of adventure and romance. Perhaps he supped so heavily of them, that at last he was surfeited, and glad to return for a final time to his fine acres at North Hartland; to take a wife and settle down to the plain business of being a plain hardworking farmer for the rest of his years.

And to these two, Daniel Willard, railroader, was born on that January day of 1861.

His inheritance on both sides of the family was more than good. His blood was the blood of good old Anglo-Saxon stock, the fiber of generations of Willards and other folk who were decent, self-respecting, God-fearing—the sort of folk who slowly brought the virgin land of America out from a wilderness into a rich and cultured state. A folk as God-fearing as they were independent.

Of this last outstanding Vermont trait, Willard himself has spoken—more than once.

"I think," he has said, "that the most outstanding characteristic of the Vermonter is, or was, his independence. I am convinced that this was true some fifty or more years ago. I remember hearing my father, who was a typical Vermont farmer, negotiate with a man whom he wished to hire for a few days to help with the haying. Of course they were well acquainted with each other, because everybody knew everybody else, within a radius of four or five miles.

"First they discussed the weather and then the probability of rain. Then my father said he thought he would begin haying next week and would like a man or two to help. The prospective hired man thought it looked like rain, but observed that you never could tell, the moon indicated dry weather.

"Finally, in answer to my father's direct question, 'Would you help?' he said he didn't know; that he had been thinking of going to Woodstock, but finally he said that he thought he could 'accommodate' him. As a matter of fact, he wanted the job; he depended upon his day's work for a living, but he wished it to appear that he was

absolutely independent and only consented to work for my father as a matter of accommodation to him.

"As might be expected, the Vermonters were very self-reliant. They had to be, during their long days of pioneering. My father, who, I repeat, was a typical farmer of the time and place, had a workshop in one of the farm buildings, fairly well equipped with suitable working tools. He could make an ox yoke, build a barrow, or a wagon body, shingle or clapboard the house or barn, lay a stone wall, and much else too. He also had a very good knowledge concerning the care of animals. I cannot remember that he ever had an animal perish on the farm and I know that there was no such thing as a veterinarian in our vicinity."

Daniel Willard's mother—Mary Ann Daniels, also born in North Hartland—died at the early age of thirty-two, when the future president of the Baltimore and Ohio was but five years old. He recalls, at the age of two, he was lying on the top of a bed in a room just off the kitchen of his grandfather's home, where he was born, and there, through his baby eyes, he was watching his mother.

"I was observing her through the open door. She was warming milk in a skillet and I can see her now, bringing the bottle in to me and then lulling me off to sleep.

"Perhaps more interesting is a recollection of but a few years later. My mother had died and I was living with my grandparents. My grandfather had a workshop out back of the house and here he and the farmers gathered to do the thousand and one things that had to be done by these men themselves in those days—from blacksmithing to the making of shingles.

"I was about five when I wandered out there alone one

day and spied what was left of my grandfather's old clay pipe. It still had a heel of tobacco in it and I took a shaving from a shingle, stuck it in the forge and lighted up. It went so well for a moment that I thought the world should know about it and sallied forth just in time to have my Aunt Addie see me and catch me in her arms, as I was dizzily leaving the world.

"I have never been able to smoke a pipe since."

Far more distinctly Daniel Willard remembers his father. Once, while speaking at a dinner given by the Democrats of Baltimore in honor of the distinguished Governor of Maryland, the late Albert C. Ritchie, Mr. Willard referred to him.

He had wondered, said Daniel Willard, the railroader, just why he had been invited to that particular dinner. For all his life he had been a steady and consistent voter of the Republican ticket. Perhaps, it was, he hinted with a twinkle in his eye, because his *father* all his life had voted the Democratic ticket—up there in those Vermont hills.

"I might add," said Daniel Willard, clearing his throat, "that all his life he voted the losing ticket.... No, there was one exception. One fall, he did vote the winning ticket. But that happened to be the year when for some reason or other, he voted Republican."

Another memory of Daniel Willard's father is a bit more poignant. It comes of an incident when Willard had arrived at a position in the world of railroads where he rated a private car for his own use. A very human and natural impulse bade him ride back in it to his native North Hartland. It was parked upon a siding reasonably convenient

to the town. Willard had a feeling that his father might be pleased to see this tangible evidence of his success. But during the few days that he spent at the homestead, the elder Willard never mentioned the car, already the sensation of the community. A bit disappointed at his father's lack of recognition, Daniel Willard finally said to him:

"Wouldn't you like to go down to the depot and see my private car?"

The father expressed little interest but finally consented to take a look at the car. He said he would not *mind* going down to see it. Thereupon he did so. He walked through from end to end, peering into each of its little cubicles and compartments, but making no comments. When that brief inspection was over, he inquired in a very searching manner where Daniel kept his spirits—meaning, of course, liquor; then he shook hands with his son and departed, without saying another word. Daniel Willard was left to his own thoughts.

Daniel Willard had no brothers; although there afterwards were some half-brothers. But he had two "own sisters" of whom he was very fond. Of these, Maria White Willard, two years younger than he, was perhaps the favorite. "She was a most remarkable woman," he still says of her. She never married, but devoted her life to teaching. Eventually she had a school out in Fairmont, Minnesota. But after Daniel Willard went to Minneapolis to live for fourteen years of his life, she came and lived there with her brother. She stayed with him until she died, some three years ago.... She was one of a few women who were a real influence upon him, especially in the tender and

impressionable years of his life. She is the pleasantest of all his memories of the farm at North Hartland.

Daniel Willard's memories of that old home farm are very clear.... It comprised the 250 acres of rolling woodland, pasture, and meadow inherited by his father from James Nutting Willard. As the only boy in the family, there was plenty for young Dan to do; he recalls rather sadly the kitchen woodbox. To keep that cavernous place well filled was the bounden duty of the small boy of the family. To him there seemed to be no bottom to that vast box. Yet he kept it filled. It was part of the discipline of the beginning of a life that was to be based on discipline.

A man who was to have to spend many years enforcing rules, learned at the beginning to obey them. His father was a stern teacher. His years at sea helped in that. And when for instance young Dan was taught to say "yes, Sir," in response to a question by his dad, he was told to be sure always to say, "yes, *Sir!*" Just that way. If he did not accent the "Sir," he was rewarded by a sound cuff on the ear. Dan Willard, the boy, was no prig. He was full of mischief and a good whaling now and then on the part of a fond but just parent was merely part of the routine of life.

One episode of those early days he recalls most clearly. He first spoke of it some years ago, when a newspaper photograph of the late President Calvin Coolidge, supposedly farming up on his Vermont acres, near Plymouth, was brought to his attention. Coolidge was attired in a broad-brimmed straw hat, a gaffer's smock, and overalls tucked into the top of his boots. He carried a pitchfork in hand.

That picture irritated Daniel Willard a great deal. He

remarked that New England farmers did not tuck their overalls into their boots and that the habit of wearing smocks had passed out years before, and then he added:

"I used to wear a smock when I was a boy attending school. My father made me do it and there is nothing that I recall in my life that I disliked more than that. I was one of the few boys in my class that had to wear a smock. And most of those that were worn, buttoned up in the front. My father made me wear a particularly old-fashioned one that buttoned on the right shoulder and that made it especially ridiculous and it was all most embarrassing to me. But I had to wear it. My father was a hard task-master."

Young Dan had little joy in all that. Yet his life was far from a joyless one.

He had a good pal in young Howard Miller who lived—still lives—on ancestral acres closely adjoining the Willard farm. The boys went swimming together in the Connecticut, more often in the smaller Ottaquechee which ran its rough course through both their farms. They went black-berrying. And young Dan had a special accomplishment in his fiddle and in the way he played it. He loved that fiddle and he still feels that he did not play it badly.

And then there was the school and the church, standing close to North Hartland Green. To reach either you went, stubbing your toes along the river road, from the old homestead down through the two little covered bridges, over the swift running Ottaquechee—the two old bridges still stand above the crest of the waterfall—and then up the hill toward the Green. The old school is gone, replaced by a newer one; but the church still stands, not looking very well-kept these days.

In it, as we shall presently see, Dan Willard got religion at fourteen. And a year later he was superintendent of the Sunday School of that Methodist congregation and teaching a class in the Sunday School—the Old Folks Class. A young man had come to teach them. And the oldsters were to listen reverently to the Gospel as it came from his lips.

The day had arrived when young Dan no longer was a child, and he had been graduated from filling the wood-box to teaching a district school up nearby Hartland Hill. North Hartland was a small town and possessed of few riches. To pay even for a fifteen-year-old boy to teach school was a tax upon its slender resources. In lieu of paying cash toward his salary, a good many of the farmers gave living accommodations to the teacher. Among these was Mrs. Samuel Taylor, who lived with a middle-aged bachelor son, on a lonely road which struggled from the river valley up to and beyond young Willard's school, toward the foothills of the Green Mountains. It was Daniel Willard's fate to board much of the time with this widow and today he regards this as one of the finest opportunities that fate gave him, for few people have ever done as much to influence his life.

Sarah Taylor was, inherently, a woman of broad culture. She had attained the highest pinnacle of education that a Vermont girl of her day and age might hope to attain—graduation from a local academy. Her father had been the head of the academy at Woodstock, a dozen miles away. It was a good school and Sarah Taylor was one of its best pupils. She had been an omnivorous reader. Then her eyes had failed her and she had been unable to continue the

dearest joy of her life. But she was compensated. Possessed of an extraordinary memory, she derived unending delight in quoting long passages from Shakespeare and Walter Scott and Milton and Homer.... Gray's *Elegy* and Burns' *Brig O' Doon* and the *Cotter's Saturday Night* were three of her special favorites.

This remarkable woman, short, heavy, slow-moving, leading her sequestered life in a small house on a lonely back-country Vermont road—and one must know Vermont to know just how lonely one of those back-country roads may become—was an influence on the lives of several men. One of these was Henry Ward Beecher. Sixty years ago the White Mountains were coming into their first full vogue as a summer resort for vacationers from New York and thereabouts. Fabyans was a particularly favored spot. It was to Fabyans that the great Brooklyn preacher went each summer and here it was that he met Sarah Taylor and became so fascinated by her that he needs must have the hotel proprietor send for her each year as he made his annual visit. He too derived great inspiration from the woman.

It was Sarah Taylor's house that Daniel Willard liked best of all in those weeks that he taught the district school up on the hill and "boarded round." Upon her small but crowded bookshelves she had books of intense interest to him. There were Scott's *Waverley Novels* and in that winter Dan Willard read not less than three of them. He also found Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, the first life of Napoleon that he had read. This book aroused in him a great and lasting interest in Napoleon and inspired him to write in later years one or two excellent essays upon that great dictator. Later, when young Willard had gone to

work as a section-hand on the railroad, he read Pope's translation of the *Iliad* that Sarah Taylor had been good enough to lend him.

So were laid the foundations of a passion for reading good literature that was to continue throughout the rest of his long years.

At the best, he never was a robust youth. He was always thin, gangling; when at the age of twenty he went to work running a locomotive, he weighed but 125 pounds. Once, when he was but fourteen, Daniel Willard heard the local doctor tell his father that he would not live to grow up, that he probably had inherited the consumption from which his mother was supposed to have died. Incidentally, Mr. Willard never has believed that his mother died from what was then known as consumption—now tuberculosis. He believes that she had suffered an attack of bronchial pneumonia and that local medical skill was not skilled enough to recognize it.

Best of all, Daniel Willard loved those long winter evenings when the two Taylors and their schoolteacher-boarder gathered in the roomy farmhouse kitchen. Mrs. Taylor employed no "female help," and one of Dan's choice duties was to help her cook and assist with the washing of the dishes. All the while her sonorous voice boomed out the romance and the beauty of the poets. And when the dishes were cleaned and dried and neatly put away until the morrow, he would slip into a chair beside the single kerosene lamp and knit for an hour or two—and listen to Sarah Taylor. He preferred to use red wool and to knit socks and one time he knitted a fine pair of red woolen stockings for Sarah Taylor's granddaughter, Kitty. That was a small

piece of appreciation for what the older woman had meant to him. Daniel Willard as a small boy had learned to knit, and he liked it. And he also learned to appreciate.

Knitting was far inferior to reading.

In a few years he was to be known as "that young engineer who always has one of those classic books in his hands." But before he could appreciate those books, he first must understand them. And as a form of preliminary to his self-education he began reading the lectures of Joseph Cook.

Sixty years ago in Boston, Joseph Cook was a reigning sensation. He spoke upon almost every topic in the world, scientific, economic, historic—nothing in all creation seemed to feaze him—and he spoke so attractively that each Monday noon four thousand people would crowd the doors of Tremont Temple to listen to him. He was the Father Coughlin of his day. And when Tremont Temple burned, the Old South Church in nearby Washington Street was hard put to it to accommodate the audience for the Cook lectures.

Sixteen-year-old Dan Willard had a crony, one Charles Gilchrist, a local printer, who shared his taste for gaining information. Evening after evening the two boys sat together. Each Tuesday the *New York Tribune* would print the Cook lecture of the preceding day in full, and that evening was a field day for Willard and for Gilchrist. Gilchrist would read the Cook pronunciamento, while Daniel Willard sat by, with a dictionary, to look up the meaning of all the words they could not understand. One never could imagine Daniel Willard, at any stage of his life, letting any one thing get by him that he did not fully understand.

A BOY'S EDUCATION—AND RELIGION

DANIEL WILLARD AT SEVENTEEN was fired with a desire for education. The seed that Sarah Taylor had sown in his heart and mind had taken root. Twenty miles away, on the opposite shore of the Connecticut, stood the plain, whitewashed, brick buildings of one of New England's finest educational institutions—Dartmouth College. It became Dan Willard's almost passionate desire to be enrolled as a student at Dartmouth. He envisioned himself, trudging across its campus, books under arm, ambition within his very soul.... But the thing was not to be. To go to college even in those days cost money, and the Willards, rich in acres, were wealthy in but little else. Still the youthful spirit would not be daunted. As a preliminary step to entering college, Daniel felt he must have better preparation than the North Hartland district school, Sarah Taylor's library, and Joseph Cook's lectures had given him. There was a tolerably good high school in Windsor, and here it was that Daniel Willard went—for all of a term and a half.

Then his eye fell upon an item in a Boston paper that made him take notice.

The Massachusetts State Agricultural College, down the valley, at Amherst, was offering free tuition to any New England boy who might wish to take advantage of it. The

idea caught young Willard's fancy. Working on a farm from the very day he first could spade a furrow or guide a plow, he had no great desire to become a farmer. Railroading, such as his Uncle Elisha had gone into—some of his cousins too—was more appealing to him. There was not one of those puffing little Vermont Central trains that crossed the Willard farm that did not seem to say to him, "Come to me, Dan. Learn how to guide me on my way. Come with me and be of me."

But to be a successful railroader, first he must be an educated man. Dan Willard was sure of that, and it would do him no *harm* to know a little more about farming. They were beginning to call it agriculture and they were trying to make a real science of it. That was the principle to which the Amherst Agricultural School was devoted. And so Daniel Willard made up his mind that if he could find the wherewithal he would enroll himself there.

The wherewithal was forthcoming. His father touched some unseen resource and a few hundred dollars were put at Dan's command, enough to carry him through Amherst Aggie but not enough for Dartmouth. With it, he packed his little trunk one bright morning, went down to the depot at the riverside and embarked on one of those small Vermont Central trains for Amherst. For once, it had not called to him in vain.

At that time the Massachusetts State Agricultural School had attained no large measure of distinction. Standing then, as now, on a road looking north from Amherst Village. The school was almost completely overshadowed by the distinguished Amherst College. It was generally called

"Amherst Aggie"—not exactly a phrase of enduring respect.

But Dan Willard did not mind that.

The Vermont Central local, making its way south toward New London had deposited him at a dingy way station which to him was the door of opportunity. And as such he gladly pushed it open. He was a member of the class of 1882 at Amherst Agricultural—and passing proud of it.

Fortunately for him the young men who found their ways to Amherst Aggie were none of them possessed of much material wealth. In that small college there was no such thing as caste. Daniel Willard, close-hauled as to spending money and glad to earn ten cents an hour shoveling manure and doing other humble jobs at the school barns after supper, held his head high amongst his fellows. They liked him, and he liked them. He came to be known as a rather popular student, if not the most distinguished in his class. There were hours of talk, and much of it was serious talk. Some of it, to Dan Willard, was disturbing talk. That was when it veered to the topic of religion and the things that ordinarily are associated with religion.

The Willards of North Hartland had been Methodists. A plain creed, but an exacting one. From the days of his early youth, Dan had gone to the village church each Sunday—from compulsion, if not always from choice. Church-going in a New England town was a diverting—even exciting—thing, and the Methodists were always more exciting than the Congregationalists. Especially when Bishop Beman, with his big, booming voice—when he sang, it was really a pretty fine baritone—came up from Boston and conducted a revival.

Bishop Beman made little pretense toward appealing to

the intellect of his hearers; their emotions were his pet prey. He was, first of all, apparently a most sincere man, and then, he was a magnificent actor. The combination produced astonishing results always. One by one, the members of a congregation closely packed into a stuffy little meeting-house, would "experience religion" and then come humbly to the altar rail to make their peace with God. And among those who came, one winter's night in 1875, was Daniel Willard.

He never has doubted his own sincerity in taking this step. Boy that he still was, ruled by emotions in that crowded room of crowded emotions, he embraced God before the congregation in perfect faith and understanding. It was one of the outstanding experiences of his early life, of which he never has been ashamed, even though it has been a good many years since he has had any active connection with Methodism. And having taken the step, in his thoughtful and sincere way, he sought to stabilize himself. He entered into the work of that little church: for a time he even conducted a class in its Sunday School.

Of his early experiences in religion, Mr. Willard has occasionally spoken in public. As, for instance, on one occasion before the Brotherhood of the Madison Avenue Temple in Baltimore. On that occasion, he said: "I was born in New England and grew up in a family that had been influenced by New England traditions for several generations. We read the Bible and went to the Methodist Church. We went to church Sunday morning and we listened to a very long, sometimes rather dull sermon...at least, so it seemed to me. And then we went home and had dinner and came back and listened to another very long

and not always interesting sermon, and it seemed to me that the God that our minister talked about was largely concerned in fixing rules for conduct and behavior of boys, and then watching to see if we obeyed them. It looked to me as if He generally disapproved of most of the things I liked to do, and that I must be very wicked....As I grew older, I began to get a little more definite impression of what God was like....”

The impression that Dan Willard got was of an old man with a long white beard sitting up on a throne in heaven, where the streets literally were paved with gold, watching closely everything that was down here on earth. Daniel Willard did not then think he was a very lovable God. He had been told that he was a jealous God, visiting His wrath upon those who displeased Him.

“I suppose I overlooked His good side,” he now admits, “anyway it was the bad side that I remembered. I accepted Him, however, not because I was prompted to do so by a spirit of love. I accepted Him at that time because of the very genuine fear which I felt when I thought of that eternal hell with fire and brimstone which was said to have been prepared for those who offended Him.”

This sounds a bit like the philosophy which always induced young Daniel Willard to make good on a railroad job and to go forward successfully with it. He admits that fear always was a very potent influence in his boyhood to keep him from doing things which were forbidden and he doubts if its influence upon him was either good or permanently helpful. Let him continue in his own words:

“Remember, I am only stating my personal experience. I read the Bible; I read it through and I gained and retained many impressions, some good, others not so good;

I was young and impressions in youth are more definite then and more lasting. I was taught, or at any rate it came about, that I looked upon the Bible as something that was absolutely handed down in some manner by God, and that every word and comma in it was just as He wanted it. I accepted the Bible then with that understanding. No matter how unreasonable any statement in it may have seemed to me, I accepted it; I did not question it."

At a later time, Daniel Willard was to have his faith in the book tested. Consider now the faith of a boy, as a boy.

"I believed that God could do everything and anything; one day a little barefoot boy who went to school with me, and who, it would seem, was rather skeptical, said to me, 'I hear you have been going to the revival.' I said, 'Yes, why?' He said that he wanted to know what I thought God could do, and I said that God could do anything. Good for Danny Willard; Bishop Beman would have beamed if he could have overheard that talk.... But the barefoot boy replied, 'Can God make a grindstone go two ways at once?'"

And Dan Willard in his heart and soul was troubled. He admits that if he were asked that question again today, he would reply: "I do not know, God is so much greater and vaster than I am able to comprehend; I do not know what His limitations are, if He has any."

Daniel Willard was to stand in full need of all his faith, of all religious experience, once he arrived at Amherst Aggie. He was to find a far different state of things there than he had found in his boyhood days at North Hartland. His fellow students prated to him of men little known to him—Darwin and Huxley and other scientists. One bragged

that he was an atheist. Dan Willard's mind became a little confused.

"As I grew older and went away to school and read more broadly, and I met other boys who had read more broadly still, and they talked to me about things I had not previously heard or thought of, I became somewhat troubled. They told me, for instance, of Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* and what they said about it frightened me so that for several years I did not dare to read that book. I was afraid to read it. I was afraid that if I did read it such faith as I then had might be undermined and destroyed, and at that time I had not reached the point where I could see that there was anything else to replace my belief. That was the sad part of it. When I finally lost what I did have, I did not know where to look for something else to replace it. Please understand that I did not lose my first belief in the Bible because I wanted to lose it; I lost it in spite of anything I could do to keep it. Eventually, however, I found a different and very much firmer basis for my faith than I had at first."

Daniel Willard's soul was genuinely troubled all this while. No longer could he believe the Bible as he had been taught to believe it. So, rather regretfully, he put the book away and did not read it at all. He felt that churches were never to be the same to him as they had been before. In time, however, he was to become better oriented in regard to his God and himself. He credits a gradual return to faith in God and in the Bible to a little paper-bound volume written by the Reverend Minot J. Savage which he chanced to find in one of his many prowls through bookshops. He read that book through carefully, not once but two or three times. Then it was that Daniel Willard began to

develop a better and a fuller understanding of life, its problems and its mysteries.

"As a boy I had been quite satisfied to believe that the sun rose in the East and set in the West; I accepted the statement that God created the world in six days, that He put water above the heavens so it could rain, and all the rest of it. After a while, however, as I read and grew older and talked with men who were more familiar with nature's laws, I learned that the rain, instead of coming from water above the sky, came out of clouds formed by the moisture that came up from the earth, a very simple process. I learned that instead of the sun going around the earth, the earth went around the sun; and then as I grew older, I learned that, instead of our solar system being the whole universe, it was possibly the smallest part of the universe. I learned that the great star, Betelgeuse, so far away that it takes one hundred years for its light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, to reach the earth—I learned that that star was so big that the sun, with the earth swinging around it, could be put inside of it and have room to spare."

When Daniel Willard read these things, he revised his idea of God. He says, "I was obliged to give up the idea of a man-like God sitting in one place and to think of Him in less definite but infinitely large proportions. I found no difficulty at last in doing that. I long ago gave up any expectation in this life of knowing absolutely where God is, or how He looks, or how He works. I only know this must be true—if there is a God and He is large enough, wise enough and comprehensive enough to be behind this infinite universe, then He is far too great for me or any other finite person to understand."

An analysis of the religious credo of Mr. Willard's life, which so often has been a strongly motivating force in it, would hardly be complete without another statement of it, in his own words. In this, he has said:

"My intelligence tells me that wherever there is a design there must be a designer, and it is much easier to accept the truth of that statement than it is to admit design and say there is no designer, and that everything that is, just happened so.

"My religion calls for decent and upright living and fair and honest dealing between men. We have a standard by which to judge or test such dealings. It is sometimes claimed exclusively by Christians, but it would appear that the same formula was known and accepted long before the Christian Era. Christ said, however, that 'Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do you also unto them, for this is the law and the prophets.' That is my test of fairness and right living, and while I realize that I fall far short of meeting such a standard, nonetheless I am willing to be measured and judged by it."

Daniel Willard's spirit was not long to be troubled at the Amherst Agricultural College. For another of life's problems was about to confront him. Long since it had become his habit to read, long hours and late. When he was done with his chores at the school barn it was his custom to repair to his room and dig deeply into his books, and all this reading had a disastrous result. His eyes began to trouble him and to trouble him seriously. Remember that, at the best, he was never a particularly robust youth; and apparently his eyes were weak.

They worried him.

They brought back to his mind his uncle, John Daniels. John Daniels was an outstanding tradition in the Willard clan. Working on the Vermont Central Railroad in the early days of its construction, he had been almost completely blinded by a premature blast of gunpowder. He still could tell the difference between light and dark and he could even read time from the face of his great watch by holding it very close to his eye. But he could see little else and his face had been horribly scarred in the bargain. Yet possessed of an indomitable will, he did not give up. He found his way out into Minnesota and there he made money and became a notable person. With his own hands he built himself a house. He became the superintendent of streets of the town and built roads and sidewalks, these last of wood, so evenly cut on one edge that he could find his way all over the village by letting his cane trace that one edge as he walked bravely forward.

John Daniels was a great influence on Daniel Willard, who recalled well the day that he made his way alone all the long distance east to North Hartland and visited the family. Now, perhaps, he thought, I too will be like Uncle John Daniels, groping my way feebly through life with a cane. He was genuinely alarmed.

However, there was little cause for such alarm. Daniel Willard suffered from astigmatism, nothing worse. But at that time no one in the Connecticut valley seemed to know much about astigmatism. Today, his tired and weakened eyes could have been straightened out by the use of proper glasses. In 1879, that obvious relief was denied him. Regretfully he closed his schoolbooks, bade good-by to his fellow students, and in March returned to his father's farm at North Hartland.

His education had been a failure! Daniel Willard at eighteen was quite sure of that. Neither Dartmouth, nor even Amherst Aggie....The day was to come, however, when Daniel Willard was to return to the agricultural school at Amherst—to the fiftieth anniversary of his class of 1882. A high scholastic honor was to be conferred upon him....Willard had prepared a brief speech, not more than sixty words all told. When the appointed moment came, he could not deliver it. A man who long since had faced great audiences and who had charmed them with the dignity and simplicity of his talk was overcome. His eyes filled with tears and he could not finish those brief sixty words. Daniel Willard, railroad executive, was thinking of Dan Willard, farmer's boy, who so many years ago had come to Amherst Aggie and then, seemingly, had lost his opportunity.

DANIEL WILLARD BEGINS RAILROADING

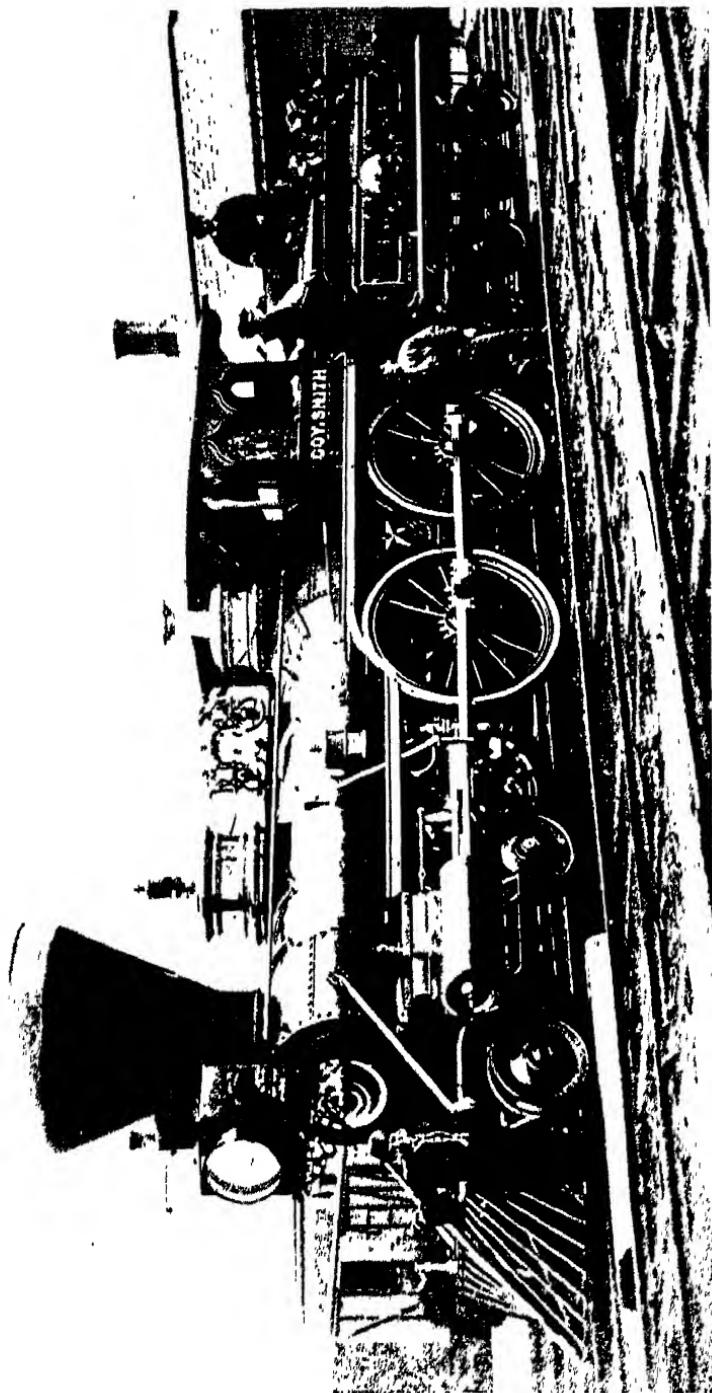
IN THE EARLY summer of 1879 Dan Willard was working on his father's farm at North Hartland, and not enjoying it any too much. His mind was never particularly agricultural. He had spent his term at Amherst Aggie and for reasons that were quite beyond his control it had not proved to be a particularly successful one. Once he had wanted to be a physician. Hard working farm boy that he was, the picture of the village doctor going about the countryside, comfortably seated in his buggy, made him yearn for a job like that. But the medical profession, because of his weak eyes, was completely out of the question for him.

The Vermont Central Railroad cut across the Willard farm and young Daniel was always fascinated by it. He could never resist the temptation to stop work for a moment and let his eyes longingly follow the train as it made its nervous way up and down the gentle valley of the Connecticut. Dan's Uncle Elisha was running an engine on the Lake Shore Road, somewhere out in Indiana; several cousins had railroad jobs and he envied each one of them.

That was a proper ambition for every New England farm boy of that day—to have a run upon the railroad. The other occupations which ordinarily were open to a



Boyhood Home of Daniel Willard, North Hartland, Vt.



The Locomotive That Fired Daniel Willard's Enthusiasm—the Governor Smith of the Vermont Central Railroad

farmer's son—working in a village flour mill or blacksmith shop, clerking in a store, or, the greatest drudgery of all, farming—were so intensely local. They offered little of romance or excitement. Even a young man with a job at a railroad depot did not have much of an opportunity. Railroad passes were handed out sparingly, and there was little time for a fellow to use them, anyway.

But to be a member of a train crew, or—best of all—to be in an engine cab—that was something! Then, for the first time the farmer's boy went beyond his horizon—saw a world not usually encompassed by his fellows. The railroad, to a boy working on a back-country farm, was the road which led away out—far beyond the horizon—to distant places. Dan Willard knew something of this. He already had been upon the railroad; to Amherst Aggie and back, and, upon one occasion way down to Boston....He knew the engines upon the railroad that crossed his father's farm—the *Governor Smith* and the *General Taylor* and the *General Sheridan*. They went far beyond the horizon.

To a Vermont farm-boy today this would not mean as much as it did then. With a Ford car to be commandeered somehow, a little money set aside for gas and incidentals, an expedition into the outer world is no longer regarded as any great shakes. Boston once or twice a year, the big annual fair at Springfield, even New York, or still further, are not beyond his ken, and all are reasonably accessible. When the modern motor car and the modern highroad came, the world shrank appreciably to every farmer's boy—not only in Vermont, but elsewhere.

But to Daniel Willard in 1879, the world still was a thing of far distances and fascinations. His "book learning" was telling him of the thing that lay in the far beyond.

A horizon bounded by Cornish and Windsor and White River Junction and Woodstock was not to be his forever.

More than once has Daniel Willard given utterance to this. In an interview with Marquis James a few years ago, he said:

"The *General R. F. Taylor* and the *General Sheridan* of the Vermont Central Railroad were among the most impressive locomotives of which I have any knowledge, and in memory I can see them now as I saw them more than fifty years ago, trailing clouds of white smoke through the meadow on my father's farm. The appearance exerted an influence upon my imagination which may well have had something to do with the course of events which led me to devote a lifetime to railroading.

My father owned what was called a 'river farm' there at the junction of the Connecticut and the Ottaquechee rivers. . . . My boyhood was no harder and little different from that of the average farm lad of the time and place. The life was what in this day might be called monotonous, and so the passage of trains on the Vermont Central . . . became genuine events of the day. I knew the time of the trains, waited for their whistle, for a sight of them as they sent the calves and colts scampering from the track, kicking up their heels. . . ." *

Outside, the great world was calling young Dan Willard.

It is no wonder that when his father's friend down at North Hartland, Owen Pierce, who chanced to be the head of the section gang of the Vermont Central located there, came to Dan and offered him a job with the gang, Dan took it. Took it gladly. Not much pay—a dollar a day, which before Dan had really got himself into the new job, the thrifty Vermont Central had cut to ninety cents. But ninety cents a day, a ten-hour day at that, was not

* The Days of the Wood Burner—*American Legion Monthly*—January, 1931.

to be sniffed at by any Vermont farm boy there in the late seventies. Times were hard and ready money was at a premium. Daniel Willard could make good use of five dollars and forty cents a week.

Yet hardly had he been three months with the track gang before Owen Pierce came to him and whispered of something better, just to the north. Not the Vermont Central this time, but the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, which had its terminal up at White River Junction, eight miles distant.

"You've made good on this job, Dan," said Owen Pierce. "And I honestly didn't think you would. I didn't think you had it in you. You didn't look as if you had the strength. I honestly don't know how I am going to get on without you. And that's the first time I've ever said that of any man."

Willard explains this by saying he knew figures, and evenings he wrote Pierce's reports out for him; the old section boss never had had such an easy time of it before.

Owen Pierce explained to Dan that there had been one of those upsets on the Connecticut and Passumpsic, periodic to many railroads, large or small, and that a good many of the engine crews were quitting their jobs up there and were going west. In those days "going west" to a Vermont railroader, generally meant somewhere out in Indiana or Illinois. That was about as far as the average imagination would carry him.

Daniel Willard decided to take the opportunity and go up to see Mr. Roberts, the roadmaster of the Connecticut and Passumpsic.

The Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad was but one link in a chain of small railroads that continued

up the valley of the Connecticut, through the valley of the smaller Passumpsic River and then beyond, to Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec. The southernmost links of this chain, from Saybrook on Long Island Sound to Hartford, and from Hartford to Springfield, Massachusetts, were part of the still expanding New York, New Haven and Hartford; the Connecticut River Railroad began at the old brick passenger station at Springfield and it reached to Windsor, Vermont; then there was a short link of the main line of the Vermont Central; and at White River Junction—in those days one of the busiest railroad intersections in all New England—the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers began. At Sherbrooke, 145 miles further north, it connected with the important Grand Trunk system of Canada.

But the Connecticut and Passumpsic had an even greater importance as a link of the rail chain between Boston and Montreal. This was a fairly complicated route. When you rode over it, north from Boston, you rode first of all over the Boston and Lowell, from the mansard-roofed station in Causeway Street, Boston, all of thirty-six miles to Nashua, New Hampshire. Nashua was far too important a place to be passed casually, and you didn't! You sat in the cars while they fussed and presently a fresh locomotive, a gay-looking little Amoskeag-built passenger-carrier, attached itself to your train and now you were riding on the Concord Railroad. You rode seventeen miles on the Concord Railroad before you were in the handsome capital town of New Hampshire, and then they were ready to change engines again! This time the road was the Boston, Concord and Montreal, and it was the pride of New Hampshire and your little train stuck to its rails all the way

north through Plymouth to Woodsville, which, as every high school student in the state knows, is on the east bank of the Connecticut, right across from Wells River, Vermont. Only in New Hampshire folks do not pay much attention to Wells River and those other *Vermont* places. They have Hanover and Peterboro and Concord and towns like that to keep them interested.

When you crossed the high-set, old trussed timber bridge over the Connecticut and came into Wells River, you were at last on the rails of the Connecticut and Passumpsic. Only the Connecticut and Passumpsic was a bit condescending and it sent its engines all the way over the bridge and into Woodsville, New Hampshire, for you! You rode quite a piece on the Connecticut and Passumpsic. Its engine hauled you sixty-four miles to Newport, on the Canada line, and there the little train was turned over to the Southeastern Railway of Canada, which carried you sixty-four more miles to Farnham, P. Q.; the Vermont Central had seventeen miles of your ticket to St. Johns, on the Richelieu River, and from there the Grand Trunk finished the job of bringing you through the Victoria Bridge and into the great Canadian metropolis, Montreal. Seven little railroads in this chain, of which the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers was the center link, with an engine and crew change at each of them; and sometimes an extra change at Plymouth, New Hampshire, just for good measure! Nowadays the Boston-Montreal trip is done with but one engine-run quite easily.

The man who sold you your ticket in Boston in the 'seventies probably advised you to take the sleeping car; it was the easiest way of making the run. They thought a good deal of any railroad in New England sixty years ago

which was important enough to have a nightly sleeping car run on it; the Passumpsic had two—the one between Boston and Montreal and another from Springfield up to Sherbrooke, Quebec.

The Passumpsic road was very largely a local property. It had been begun at Bradford in the late 'forties, but it was not until the Civil War was under way that it reached from White River Junction to Sherbrooke, and then only by three miles of a third rail inserted in the broad gauge of the Grand Trunk from Lennoxville, where the Connecticut and Passumpsic's own right-of-way began.

As the train made its way north out of White River Junction, it ran through a pretty country. Before you had gone six miles, the conductor was pointing out the tower of Dartmouth College rising above the tree tops across the river, the buildings below it all painted white, and prim as any New England belle. The train followed the river closely for a long way, to Wells River, in fact. There were frequent towns and at most of these were long covered bridges, each two or three spans in length, over the Connecticut into New Hampshire. One or two of these old bridges still remain. The years deal gently with them, and folk of the surrounding countryside have come to cherish them.

St. Johnsbury, where the Connecticut and Passumpsic at last had turned away from the Connecticut and now ran close to the Passumpsic, was a more important town than Wells River and something of a railroad junction to boot, with lines leading east to Portland, Maine, and west to Lake Champlain, and, by connection, to Ogdensburg,

New York, and the Great Lakes traffic. But to Connecticut and Passumpsic folk, Lyndonville, fourteen miles further north, was an even more important town for the railroad than St. Johnsbury. For it was here in the Northern Vermont hills that the Connecticut and Passumpsic had its shops and its headquarters, and here it was, in fact, largely owned. And here it was that Harley Folsom reigned.

They had had rather a hard time of it with the men on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad until Harley Folsom came to it as superintendent. Old Mr. Emmons Raymond, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the president of the road, was a God-fearing, churchgoing man, but the doings on the Connecticut and Passumpsic occasionally would exasperate him almost beyond Christian endurance. There would be drinking and such goings-on. Occasional whisperings of things about this engineer and that fireman...no pretty tales there! And then the stories of pilfering conductors and train crews. No wonder that Emmons Raymond's shoulders were bent.

Until one day the point of human endurance had been both reached and passed; and Emmons Raymond came up from Boston, his tall hat pushed onto the back of his head —always a sign of danger, rose up in his wrath, and fired the whole kit and caboodle of his staff! It happened to be the officers of the road that time. Then, as he caught a cool breath, after all the excitement of wholesale discharges, he had a sober and disturbing thought: with the whole staff fired, who was there left to run the road?

Well, there was Harley E. Folsom!

Harley Folsom was a chubby local boy who had been

acting as a clerk in the freight office in Lyndonville depot. He was a likely lad and even though he was hardly out of knee breeches, Emmons Raymond had found him more than once studying tariffs and timetables of outlying railroads. He liked that boy. He liked his interest in his job. He seemed to have something more in his head than just girls and getting drunk. The president of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad sent for the clerk in the road's freight office. Presently Folsom stood before him.

"I want you to go upstairs into the superintendent's office and set there until I tell you not to," said President Raymond.

Harley E. Folsom bowed and went up to the superintendent's desk. And there he sat, for fifty-five long years—more than half a century—until he was the best-known railroad superintendent in all New England, and the oldest railroad officer in actual service in all the United States. They do not change things easily up in Vermont. When he died, in 1936, Harley Folsom was about the most respected man in all of Lyndonville. He was president of the local bank, but to him far greater was the honor of still signing letters as President of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, which in all these years has never lost its corporate identity, although in more recent times the Canadian Pacific has operated the road north of Wells River; the Boston and Maine, south of that junction point.

It was to this Harley E. Folsom, now well established in his important job as superintendent of the Connecticut and Passumpsic, that Daniel Willard, carpetbag in hand, finally reported for a job there in the summer of 1879.

Folsom looked him over sharply, asked him a few routine questions, told him that he would be ready for him in a week or ten days and then assigned him to firing, on freight trains. The following Sunday, young Willard was sent out on an extra freight bound from Lyndonville to Newport, thirty-six miles north, on the Canada line.

Daniel Willard remembers that Sunday afternoon pretty well. The locomotive that hauled the extra freight was the *Enterprise* and the man who sat at the throttle side of the cab was one Orrin G. Chase, "a large stout man with a quiet manner," recalls Mr. Willard. He also recalls Chase as a tolerant man, and with his help and that of head-brakeman Stetson, young Willard managed to keep steam up, and at the same time learn the rudiments of firing a wood-burner.

It was no easy job. In the course of an average day an engine like the *Enterprise* would burn from ten to twelve cords of wood, at just that time mostly old ties sawed in two. They were just beginning to run a little short of wood supply on the Passumpsic. Nowadays the fireman of a railroad engine sits up in the cab and turns this handle or that, and the mechanical stoker does at least three-quarters of his job. But in those days, Dan Willard's good arms did *all* of his! The hours were long and there was no overtime pay. But Dan Willard was now getting a dollar and forty cents a day, and all the way up and down the run there were good beds and good meals and the price for both was invariably a quarter. And Dan Willard was in a new life and an exciting one. However, he kept a cool head and continued to stuff it full of book lore. It was a lot cheaper, borrowing good books and reading them, than

wasting one's time on liquor and cheap girls. Daniel Willard had no time for either of these.

Nor was it always easy, getting hold of good books. Dan was hard put to it upon occasion. Says he:

"There were no libraries at any station that I remember upon the Passumpsic Railroad, nor were there many books in any of the families. When books were to be found, among them would probably be a copy of the *Green Mountain Boys*, two or three stories of fiction of the time, and a popular one having the title of *The Lamp Lighter*, but I do not recall the author. The first book I ever bought after I left school was a *Life of Josephus*. Just why I bought it I do not know. It was poor print and cheap binding, all of which brought it within the range of my financial limitations. I read it with much interest, hoping to find therein something more informative about the life of Christ. I was disappointed when I found that only two or three lines in the entire book were devoted to Him. I have the book in my library today."

Daniel Willard, at eighteen, working on the Passumpsic road, weighed a little less than 125 pounds, but he was as hard as nails. His first winter upon the road there was a job open firing a donkey engine on a pile driver out over the ice of Lake Memphremagog at Newport. They were building a trestle over an inlet of the lake and the dead of winter, when the place was solidly frozen two feet thick, was by far the best time to tackle a job of that sort.

Firing the donkey engine paid \$2.50 a day. Willard, who made \$2.00 a day on his road engine, was offered the job and took it.

It was no easy one. When the day's work was over, there

was a walk of two miles to the boarding house, often through deep snow. After supper he had to trudge back again, to bank his fire with anthracite to keep the boiler from freezing during the night. Early in the morning came the same long hike again, to pull his coal fire and stoke up with wood—which was cheaper and hotter. Then back to the boarding house for breakfast, and return again to have a full head of steam up for the long day's work with the bridge gang.

There was neither fireman nor watchman for the outfit and Dan Willard, in addition to working all day at the donkey engine, was also expected to have it in working order at all hours. The construction gang came on the job at seven each morning—it took an early start to get in ten hours' daylight on a short winter's day—and if Willard had not had the little engine ready, the gang would have wanted no better excuse for quitting and going back to drinking and poker for the rest of that day.

But Dan Willard had the engine ready. It took time and energy, but he had plenty of both available. Each night without fail—along about ten o'clock, when it was getting good and cold—he would go out on the trestle to make sure that all was well with his charge before he turned in for the night. He would build a coal fire in its boiler and inspect everything before he went to bed. Often it would go to thirty below during the night, but Dan Willard was out on the trestle at his engine at a little after four o'clock in the morning, changing the coal to a wood fire and making sure that the work gang would have no excuse for quitting that morning.

Cold, bitter cold, and the wind sweeping down over the frozen surface of old Magog for miles from the north, but

Dan Willard did not seem to mind trudging against the cold.

"Cold? Of course it was cold at times in Northern Vermont," he says today. "By that I mean that the thermometer registered as low as thirty or forty degrees below zero, but I was accustomed to it because I had always lived in that part of the state, and the weather meant nothing to me then, more than it does now. I never think of the weather; I take it as it comes and have very little preference in that connection."

In addition to the extra fifty cents a day, the net of that experience was a thorough knowledge of how to handle a donkey engine, plus the learning of pile driving and the rudiments of bridge foundation work and trestle building.

(A few years later this experience stood Willard in good stead on the Soo Line. A 700 foot trestle burned down. Men and materials were quickly on hand to rebuild it, but there was no one who could run the donkey engine—no one until Willard showed up on his locomotive. Willard got the job started. Already when emergencies came, it was not unusual to hear the call—"get Willard!")

In the spring, Daniel Willard rode the line once again.

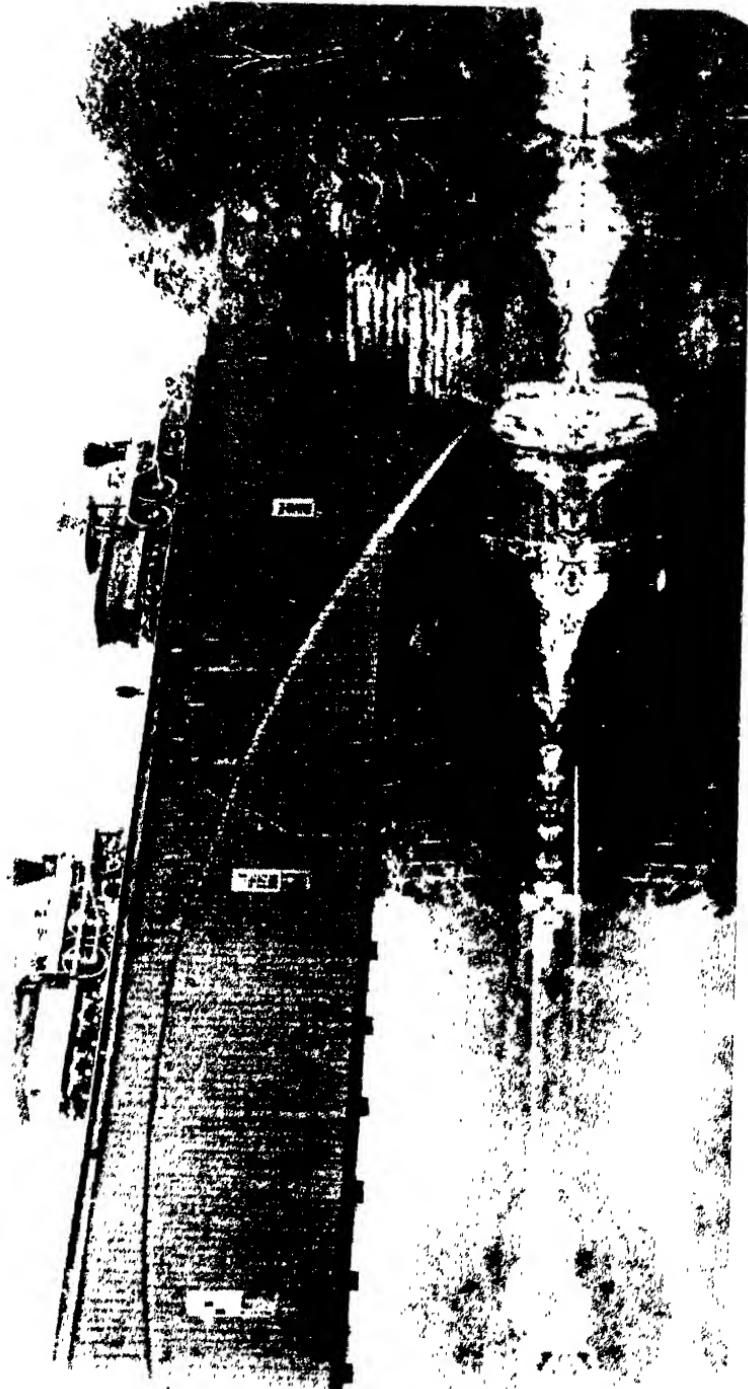
Harley Folsom had sought to engage him as clerk there in the Lyndonville headquarters, but young Willard had declined the job. Folsom liked Willard. He trusted him and respected him. And Willard had acquired a good deal of respect for the superintendent. But the boy had set out to be a locomotive engineer, and he kept after Folsom for an opportunity.

There still was more firing for him to do, however, and



Daniel Willard and Howard Miller

Willard, locomotive engineer at nineteen, and Miller, his boyhood chum from a neighboring Vermont farm and his life-long friend.



Woodsville Bridge

It carried both railroad and highway traffic from Woodsville, N. H., to Wells River, Vt.

he was now on a passenger run: the night express from Montreal down to Boston; engine *Dartmouth* and four cars, including the sleeper; engineer Shorey at the throttle, hauling her all the way over the Passumpsic from Newport to Woodsville, sixty-five miles.

Shorey was an experienced engine runner, but with one bad habit in his work. In the phrase of the road, he "petted his engine." There was a rather mean upgrade just below Lyndonville—eight or ten miles of it, thirty to thirty-five feet to the mile—and by his curious way of holding back the old blunderbuss, the *Dartmouth* invariably would come up to the summit of the grade ten or twelve minutes late. Dan Willard on his side of the cab was worried.

The track on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers in those days was nothing to brag about. The rails were each twenty-four feet long and they weighed about forty-five pounds to the yard. It was, at the best, poor track and if you ran it too rapidly your passengers were kept awake with the racket and the pitching.

Nightly, in an endeavor to make up all this lost time, Shorey would push the *Dartmouth* and her little train down the other side of the Lyndonville grade at a terrific rate; and still come into Woodsville depot ten to eighteen minutes late all the time. Daniel Willard distinctly did not like this. It was not the sort of railroading that he had been led to anticipate and he had some regard for his own precious neck (he already had been in a derailment and it was no pleasant experience). So he went to Harley Folsom to have his run changed. The next engineer he drew was Robert McVicar who was a different sort of an engine-runner—quite the star man of the whole road.

After he had been running with McVicar for a time, Willard sidled across the cab one day and said to him:

"Rob, you saved my job for me."

"Why?" said McVicar.

"I had made up my mind that I could not stand that sort of running any more, and I was about ready to quit railroading when Folsom transferred me and gave me this chance to run with you."

It has been a sort of fashion among some of the older men who knew Daniel Willard in his early days of railroading to say that Robert McVicar, a man ten years older, had "made" him the master railroader he really is. Not so long ago, when I talked this over with Robert McVicar at his pleasant lodge at Peaks Island, overlooking Portland Harbor, he denied this vigorously, saying:

"Daniel Willard always made himself; not only that, but he made me—not only a railroader, but a man. In all my life, no other man has had so potent an effect upon me. And I might add that in all my life there have been just two things which have made a really deep impression upon me: a book called *John Halifax, Gentleman* and Daniel Willard.

"He worked with me for about a year, firing the *William Thomas*, No. 13, helping push freight up the hardest hills of the Connecticut and Passumpsic, and that was about the pleasantest year of my life. Daniel Willard had a superior mind. When we were done with the run and another fellow on an engine would have been finding a place to get a cat nap somewhere—I liked the idea myself—Daniel Willard would never let me sleep; he was forever talking

to me—about this thing or that; everything in the world he wanted to talk about, advancing this idea or that. That man's mind never slept, day or night, and he never ceased talking."

Robert McVicar did not remain with the Connecticut and Passumpsic very long after that. He was ambitious, he wanted more pay, and he, too, "went out west"—to Elkhart, Indiana, where he got a job running an engine on the Lake Shore Railroad, upon which traffic flowed almost endlessly in great tides east and west. But he has to this day a very definite memory of Daniel Willard on the Connecticut and Passumpsic and of the existing conditions on the little road at that time.

The road had been having a particularly hard time with its engineers. McVicar recalls very definitely that if a man refused to take a drink he was out of favor with many of his fellows. There was always a bit of whiskey to be proffered at the end of the run, the suggestions of some "easy girls" on the edge of the town. McVicar did not drink. Neither did Dan Willard. Easy girls were not of their ken. Harvey Folsom knew these things—there was very little about the Connecticut and Passumpsic that the wise old superintendent did not know—and gradually the hard drinkers on the engine run had to walk the plank. Men like McVicar and Willard were advanced. The other sort were fired. One of them became an evangelistic clergyman of great popularity and power throughout the valley. Almost all of them got railroad jobs again. Good railroad men were much in demand those days, and because of this, the men who hired them were apt to be a little lenient in regard to past records.

By the time that Daniel Willard came to work upon the Passumpsic the heavy drinking among the engineers had been brought pretty much under control. Times were changing. Temperance advocates were gaining ground. And the firm discipline of Superintendent Harley Folsom had not a little to do with it. Mr. Willard recalls that there was comparatively little drinking of liquor when he arrived at Lyndonville. The engineers upon the Passumpsic were coming to be known as men of good character and habits. In his own words:

"A locomotive engineer had a status in any community that placed him, if he behaved himself, on a level with the best men of the town. This was long before the automobile had appeared. The locomotive engine was the only machine that was self-propelled, and the man who could operate one either in freight or passenger service was looked upon as something of an expert. Besides, he received a monthly salary which placed him on a parity with a superintendent of a small factory, small merchant, or men of that class."

In the days when he was running on a freight engine—and most of the time that he was on the Passumpsic road he was in that branch of the service—the crews changed at Lyndonville. Young Dan Willard lived there. He boarded with a Mrs. Wilmoth who had two sons also working on the road. Her husband was a helpless bedridden invalid who had to be waited upon, hand and foot, and again, as in the case of John Daniels, young Daniel Willard saw real human distress—and his heart was moved by it.

It was Mrs. Wilmoth who saw to it that his lunch pail was well filled each time he started out upon the line. It was

a plain contrivance with a cup on the top, and in it there were several compartments. In one of them was a bottle of coffee and in another, one or more sandwiches. It was an easy matter for Fireman Willard to place his sandwiches atop the boiler and similarly to heat his coffee. There also were sure to be not one, but several, pieces of apple pie in that lunch pail. Vermonters always have been rather partial to apple pie. The habit, widespread in those days, of eating it for breakfast still prevails there to some extent. The New England housewives almost invariably were good cooks, plain and simple in their fare, and the kindly Mrs. Wilmoth was no exception to this rule. She took good care of young Dan Willard too, mothered him at every opportunity. She saw to it that his shirts and things were neatly laundered.

He was particular about his appearance. Most of the engineers upon the Passumpsic, as he remembers them, were that way. They wore what was then called a "frock," which really was a short jacket and overalls held up by straps over the shoulders.

"We always put these on when we went to work and took them off when we finished, and most of the men took some pride in keeping their clothes as clean as possible, and inasmuch as the engines were all wood-burners, instead of coal-burners, it was possible to keep respectably clean most of the time. I remember clearly that it was the well-established habit of all the engine men to carry a boot brush and box of blacking in their seat box, and they usually were quite particular about polishing their shoes before they left the engine. It was not the practice at that time in any circle that I knew in Northern New England for a person not wearing a beard to shave every day. I sup-

pose the more particular ones shaved twice a week. A few of the older men grew beards and practically all wore a mustache if they could make one grow."

At that time young Daniel Willard was clean-shaven.

One incident of those beginning days in railroading is particularly impressed upon his mind today. He was still working with Robert McVicar, firing the helper engine, *William Thomas*. The *Thomas*, like most old-fashioned locomotives, had no injectors and in order to keep it alive and fit, it was necessary to take it out on the main track from time to time and run it up and down in order to pump water into its boiler.

On this particular occasion, McVicar was fishing for an hour or so over on a nearby pond. Fireman Willard did not know how long he would be gone. In the meantime a young woman whose father operated a mill and feed store near Barton depot came along, talked with Dan Willard and he, with a fine flourish, invited her to climb up into the cab and inspect all of its gadgets. Young man that he was, he yielded to temptation and ran the *Thomas* on a pumping expedition up and down the line. McVicar suddenly appeared from around the corner of the little depot, and Dan Willard realized that he had been taking liberties with the *Thomas*. He stopped the engine and quietly helped his guest to the ground. Rob McVicar said nothing. After a while he grinned and went away again. But Dan Willard had gained the import of his first look. And a lesson in the making of a railroader had been learned.

Mr. Willard recalls a similar incident at Lyndonville. He was still firing; this time on the accommodation train, which in those days still changed engines at that point.

After the train had gone its way out from the little station, it was the fireman's job to run the engine which had been taken off down to the roundhouse for its routine cleaning and inspection. Let Daniel Willard tell the story himself.

"I reached the roundhouse about ten or fifteen minutes after noon when certainly all the officers ought to have been at home eating their dinners. At any rate, one had a right to expect, so I thought, that that was where they would be! And with that in mind, I would show the wipers who were on duty how expertly I could handle an engine, and so I permitted the engine to go on the turntable faster than was at all necessary; then when it had reached the proper position, I put the lever ahead and opened the throttle.... The rails on the turntable were almost always greasy and naturally the engine slipped its drivers a number of times, as I expected it to do, and it made quite a noise, but nevertheless it stopped all right where it ought to and nothing happened, except that I had given another demonstration of how a damn fool might behave when he thought no one was looking on.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Brigham, who was master mechanic at Lyndonville in those days—'Old Brig' he was always called, rather affectionately—was not at his dinner. He was standing in the shadow of the roundhouse close to the window of my cab, as the engine stopped. He treated me just as McVicar treated me at Barton. Said nothing. Looked a lot. He cocked his hat on one side, as was his habit, looked up at me for a moment and then moved off slowly toward the machine shop. I was always fond of 'Old Brig' and I thought he liked me and I felt very much ashamed that he should see me doing something which I knew I ought not to do, and which I also knew might have resulted in

causing damage to property in case things had not worked out as I had expected. Fortunately they did work out as I had expected, and nothing happened, but I was careful to keep out of Mr. Brigham's sight for a time until he had had a chance to forget what was uppermost in my mind. Whether he actually forgot it or not, I do not know. He never said anything to me about it. Silent treatment sometimes, I think, is better than more drastic action."

DANIEL WILLARD—ENGINEER

AT LAST DANIEL WILLARD was to realize the fullness of his youthful ambition. He was to become a railroad engineer. He had loved engines almost from the first sight of the *Governor Smith* of the Vermont Central as it went racing its way across his father's farm. He had seen many other engines since that day—engines of the well-found Northern Railroad of New Hampshire; the funny little fellows of the Southeastern of Canada; one or two of the sleek and aristocratic Boston and Albany, far to the south; good pullers on the Connecticut Valley and the Fitchburg, but none of these have ever had the appeal to him of the *Governor Smith*, the engine which combined beauty with efficiency, which could run a mile in sixty seconds with a goodly train behind it and think nothing of it.

"That locomotive had more to do with my becoming a railroad man than any other thing I can remember. It was one of the most beautiful locomotives ever built, certainly the most beautiful I had seen as a boy, and I made a point to see it as often as I could," says Daniel Willard.

He will take a photograph of the *Governor Smith* today and point out the beauty of its lines, for they still appeal to him. He notes the symmetry of its design and the raciness of its lines; the oil paintings on both sides of the

tender...the graceful pointed arches of the cab windows . . . the "star decorations" between the drivers . . . the filigree work and painting here and there all over the engine...the shining brass of the metal work. He comments:

"Note the attitude of pride and sangfroid on the part of that engineer. He wears his cap at a jaunty angle, the white shirt that he is wearing suggests that he is handling a clean piece of machinery, his dressy vest and his long gold watch chain denote the prosperity of his profession. Engineers of his type were the idols of the countryside in those days. They were regarded in almost the same esteem as the president of the town bank or the head of its largest business enterprise. No wonder the boys living along the road in those days looked up to the engineer's job, as I did, as about the height of their ambition."

At nineteen years of age and still weighing scarcely 125 pounds, he was adjudged ready and fit to run a locomotive himself, to take it out upon the open line and to assume full responsibility for its safe handling. There hardly has been a time in Daniel Willard's life when he has not been asked to accept responsibility. He had it when he filled the wood-box at seven; when he taught school at fifteen.

He was ordered to report for duty at the roundhouse of the Connecticut and Passumpsic, at Lyndonville. Just why the Passumpsic's chief shops and roundhouse were not at St. Johnsbury, seemingly a far more logical place, it was hard to discover. When one dug deeply enough into the history of the little road, however, he found that it all went back to a row between the two Vermont towns in the early days. Lyndonville won!

The shops were within easy walking distance from the

somewhat pretentious two-storied brick passenger station on the main street. They formed a considerable plant. There at the end of the 'seventies the road had about thirty locomotives and their proper care and maintenance was no small business.

To this day Daniel Willard can tell you the name and number of each of the engines of the Connecticut and Passumpsic—Number One, the *Caledonia* (named for the county in which Lyndonville is situated)—Number Two, the *Green Mountain Boy* (enough said)—Number Three, the *Orange*—Number Four, the *Orleans* (another Vermont county)—Number Five, the *Dartmouth*—Number Six, the *Enterprise*—Number Seven, the *Magog*—Number Eight, the *Massawippi*—so the list runs. He remembers most of the engineers as well, for they still stuck to the pleasant old-fashioned habit of assigning a particular engine to each engineer.

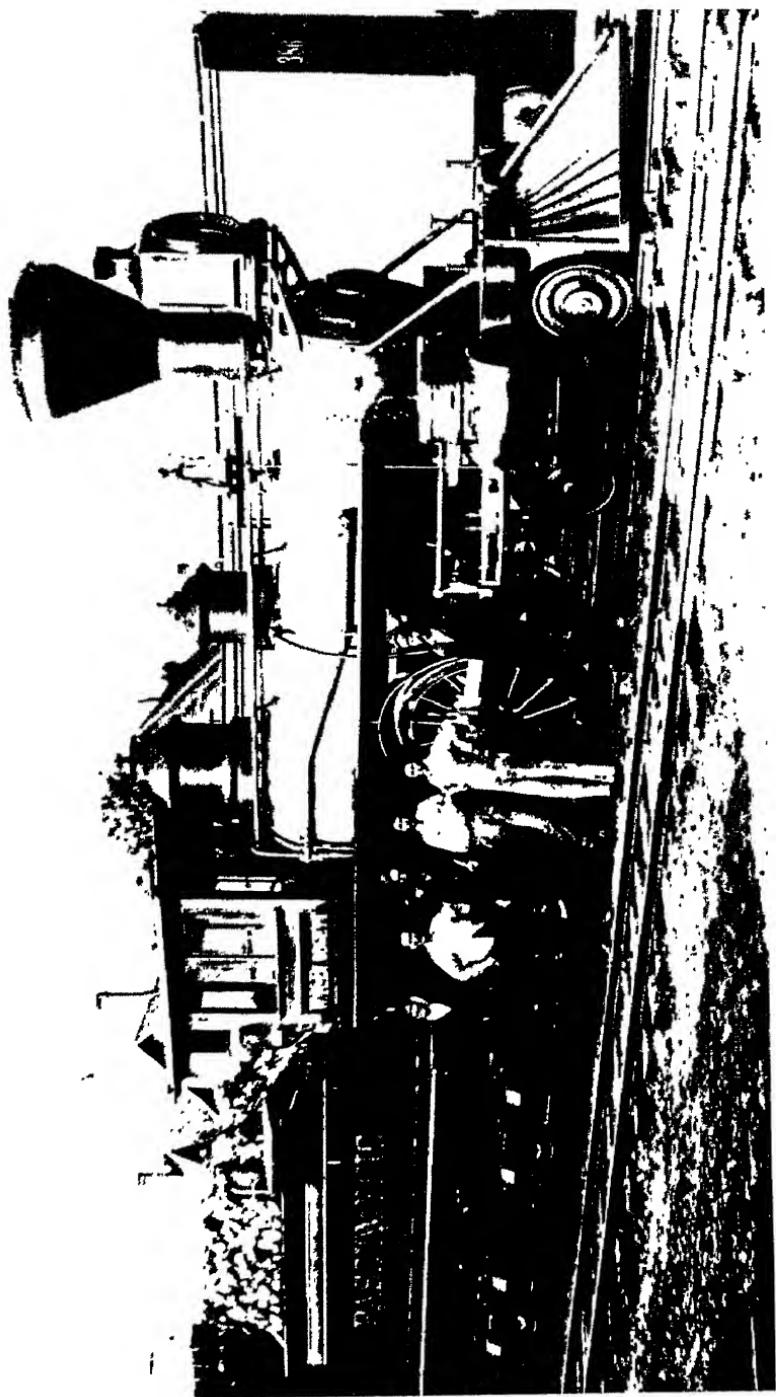
Best of all he remembers the Number Twenty-nine, the *W. K. Blodgett*, the engine which finally he came to drive and to love. The *Blodgett* was not particularly loved by most of the Connecticut and Passumpsic people. For one thing, she was an outsider. The road had had the habit of building its own engines; that is, they called it building the engines, when, as a matter of fact, it was for the most part a sort of assembly job. Still the back shop there at Lyndonville could do a mighty fine job when it was called upon to rivet and weld a boiler for a new piece of power, and they were not afraid, either, to forge a truck frame when it had to be done.

The *Blodgett* was different. The *Blodgett* was an outsider, not a product in any way of the Lyndonville shop. She was Rhode Island built and the men on the Connecti-

cut and Passumpsic didn't like her, both because of that and because she did not have a water-glass on her boiler. Instead there were three or four little gauge-cocks and you had to put in some time and effort occasionally to make sure that your water was well up over the crownsheet. But Daniel Willard did not particularly mind taking time and effort, for when you came to know the *Blodgett*, to understand her and she to understand you, there was no other bit of motive power on the road which could do a tidier bit of pulling.

With her, Willard would pull freights up the long grade on the Canadian side of the Line as you came near Lennoxville. That hill was a mean one. You cut your train (freight train, of course) in two and left half the cars standing on the main while you toted the first half up; then you went back and toted up the rest of the train. Seems like rather slow railroading these days, but that's the way they had to do it on the old Connecticut and Passumpsic.

Here is about the way you had to handle the *W. K. Blodgett*. You had to understand those gauge-cocks; you had to understand everything else about the cab-end of that boiler of hers—the rest of the engine as well. You could nurse her—without petting her as Shorey used to do with his engine. You had to understand the line as well and know just when to put the steam on and then cut it off—throttle lever out a notch here, in a notch again there. And then, soon, you were getting twenty-two cars up the hill into Stanstead Junction, no stalling and no losing a lot of time with "doubling." When Daniel Willard could do that trick he began to suspect that at last he really was an engineer. He could make the *Blodgett* snake its twenty-two cars along the level stretches at an even twenty-five to thirty



W. K. Blodgett—Daniel Willard's Favorite Locomotive on the Connecticut and Passumpsic



Bucking the Snows
Almost any old-time winter's day on the Connecticut and Passumpsic.

miles an hour, which was a little more than the running schedule demanded. He suspected that they had given him the *Blodgett* because no other engineer on the road could be induced to take her. And here he was—making good with her!

There came the time, almost inevitably, when young Engineer Willard had to go through his first accident, bringing a freight down over the line—this was before he tackled the *Blodgett*. There was a nasty derailment at Folsom's Crossing, just one mile north of Lyndonville. Let Engineer Willard tell the story in his own words:

"I was running a locomotive named the *Amos Barnes*, that being the name of a man who was at one time a passenger conductor on the Passumpsic railroad and, later on, a director of the company. Our train left Sherbrooke in the early morning and should have arrived at Lyndonville, its destination, in the late afternoon. We were delayed, however, getting by a burning shed filled with company wood for locomotive use at Smith's Mills (Canada) and so we were two or three hours late at the time of the accident and it had become quite dark. Furthermore it had been raining near where the accident took place and considerable gravel had washed onto the tracks at the highway crossing. I suppose the gravel was four or five inches deep over the rail and filled up the flanges. We were running at the time, I suppose, about fifteen or eighteen miles an hour and were only about one mile from Lyndonville station, the end of our run. Suddenly the engine began to ride very roughly, the headlight went out—meaning, it stopped burning—and we were in the dark. It soon became apparent, in much less time than I am taking to tell it, that the engine was off the track and running on the ties, and

I concluded that I had better get off, and I did so—after taking time, however, to reverse the engine. We had no airbrakes in those days. I jumped off in a somewhat shallow cut through a sand and gravel formation and naturally fell upon my face, but I was not injured. I got up immediately and with all the haste possible began to climb up the side of the cut away from the track because I expected that the cars following the engine would be derailed and might pile up on top of me."

Young Engineer Willard had been taught by his fellows what to do in emergencies like that; moreover, his own common sense was of no little avail at that bewildering moment when the bulky little *Amos Barnes* was piling her nose into the gravel. But the cars failed to pile up on top of her as Daniel Willard had anticipated. He was lucky. His fireman was not so fortunate. Let Mr. Willard resume:

"My fireman also jumped off, from his side of the engine, but did not get away from the track a sufficient distance. He was caught under the tender and died the next day."

The following account of the accident, taken from the *Weekly Caledonian*, published at St. Johnsbury, September 22, 1882, tallies well with Mr. Willard's memories of it:

SERIOUS ACCIDENT

The way freight south, due at Lyndonville about 4:00 P.M., was detained several hours at Smith's Mills, P. Q. last Friday (Sept. 15, 1882) by the burning of a woodshed. It reached Folsom's Crossing about one and one-half miles north of Lyndonville at 7:20 P.M., just at the close of a heavy shower. The storm had washed the sand from the road on the crossing to a depth of six or seven inches, and when the engine struck

the sand it was thrown from the track and was followed by the tender and three of the twenty seven cars in the train. The engineer, Daniel Willard, jumped from the engine very soon after it left the track and escaped unhurt. The fireman, Ed F. Jenness of Lyndonville, did not jump, and in consequence was severely, if not fatally, injured. The engine went about fifteen feet from the track and remained right side up buried in the sand almost to the boiler. The tank lay nearby, bottom side up, and on the top of the tank and engine was a box car loaded with lumber and piled all around were the trucks of the tender and three cars. Under one of the truck beams with the engine on one side, the tender on the other, a box car directly over his head and a dozen car wheels within six feet of him, young Jenness was found. The ground underneath him had to be shoveled away before he could be released. His escape from instant death was miraculous. His recovery, at present writing, is very doubtful. His injuries are all internal; not a scratch being found on his body and no bones broken. The damage to the railroad company will probably not exceed \$1500. The track was cleared for the passage of trains about 2:00 A.M.

P.S. Jenness died Wednesday.

That accident had a more profound effect upon young Willard than he realized at just that time. It gave him a new and quickened sense of responsibility for the profession he was entering—and remember he never has been a man to shirk responsibility. Moreover, having gone through a serious accident of that sort, he gained for himself a new sense of respect from his fellow workers, almost all of them men much older than himself.

They were getting used to Dan Willard by this time. Nobody seemed to care any more when he refused a drink. An odd duck, young Willard. Not always easy to understand, with all his questionings and his arguings, but a

young man to be respected always. Under that quiet exterior there lurked a quick temper. Men did not even try to play jokes on Dan Willard.

The Lyndonville shop stands today pretty much as it used to stand. It was a sizable place, brick, a sixteen-stall roundhouse, all roofed including the turntable, and then the big back shop. To get into the back shop an engine had to cross the roundhouse turntable, then the turntable had to be moved, just one track, after which there was clear track right down the middle of the shop. In the back shop they were forever hard at work. They might have the big fifty-ton *Emmons Raymond* down or the little *Pony* or the *Orleans* . . . but they were forever tinkering with one engine or another in there. . . . A locomotive looked pretty helpless and silly when it was dismantled in the back shop, but you knew that soon they would have it together again and off it would go, better than ever, snorting its yellow breath through that great balloon funnel and sending its rods and its drivers all at a tremendous pace, snaking its train through the pretty river valleys and then up over the hills.

They had good workmen in Lyndonville shop, men like John Shirley and John Hubbard and Clark Woodbury and Lucius Brigham, who was to become its master mechanic, known and respected from one end of Lyndonville to the other as "Old Brig." These men in the back shop were pretty much individualists in their way of working. Those in the machine shop alongside, like Tim Walter, for instance, who set the valves and did even more complicated and intricate jobs, worked more in gangs in the modern way of doing it.

They used to see Daniel Willard as he passed through the

shop on his way back from his engine-run to his boarding-house. It was always quite shadowy in the back shop and you could see his slim figure clearly outlined in the sunlight outside as he picked his way down the track and across the turntable—through the roundhouse and into the back shop. At that, he could have made a far shorter cut to the boardinghouse, but he seemed always to prefer going through the shop. He liked the shop. He liked to stop and talk with the men who were working there. He would watch John Shirley setting valves...or a gang working to get a locomotive "out of tram," which meant getting her pins straight on the quarters so there would no longer be a kick in her rods when she was under pressure....And he was forever asking questions. Tim Walter, the foreman, commented on this one time to young Robert McVicar. Said he:

"Somehow he always reminds me of the Boy in the Bible who used to go into the Temple and ask the money-changers questions they could not answer."

Harley Folsom did not work in the back shop, but his office window in the second floor of the passenger station commanded a good view of the yard and from there he used to watch young Willard, too, musing to himself. He liked young Willard. There was not one of the road's engineers whom he liked better. But he wished that young Willard would keep away from those meetings they were beginning to have in a hall just off the main street of the village. Brotherhood meetings, they were called—and Harley Folsom, superintendent of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, did not approve of them in any way, shape or manner. He wished his men would keep away from them;

above all, he wished that young Dan Willard would keep away from them.

Young Willard was smart. He had brains. If only he would mind his "P's and Q's" he might some day come to be a railroad officer, perhaps even a superintendent like Harley Folsom himself! Thus ran Harley Folsom's worried thoughts.

On the evenings after supper when he believed the boys were meeting there in the hall, he would feel a great restlessness coming upon him, and would put on his hat and his coat and his rubbers and would walk out of his house and down the main street of the village. No particular destination—but he could not keep away from the vicinity of the hall. He would see his men slipping quietly into it, and he did not like that. But he studiously avoided meeting them face to face, and they were just as careful on their part.

Harley Folsom did not know why Daniel Willard had joined the Brotherhood. And, for that matter, neither did Daniel Willard. Beyond the fact, as he has said since, that it had been made pretty clear to the men that they "mustn't." That didn't jibe well with the New Englanders' spirit of independence. He says that to this day he never has found the reason why. Working conditions on the Connecticut and Passumpsic were never bad. True, the pay was low and hours were long, but that was true of all jobs and living costs up there in Northern Vermont were not high. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, like others of its sort, unquestionably was being born of a bad condition of affairs in railroading. There were many injustices, some of which had found recent expression in the great railroad

strike of 1877, but these did not particularly apply to the New England roads.

If Harley Folsom was a hard master, he also was a fair one. Existing conditions wore him down, made him hard. Drinking and the things that went with it irritated him. He wrote the *Book of Rules* of the Connecticut and Passumpsic and thereafter it was always said of him that he was a "book o' rules" man, as if that implied something of a slight.

But Harley Folsom saw the conditions that arose before writing the book of rules. Take just one thing for example—the link and pin coupler. You could go the whole country over and railroaders were the same—a maimed lot. Fingers missing, or a hand, or perhaps an arm—and all because of that link and pin coupler. It was, at best, a nasty device, but the book of rules told a man how to use it; with a long stick this way and that. But the men of the rank and file refused to use the sticks. In some way they had figured it out that there was something demeaning in complying with the *Book of Rules* and using the stick—something a bit "sissified" about it. So they took chances. And in far too many cases, they lost.

That sort of thing angered the superintendent of the Connecticut and Passumpsic. He made no secret of his irritation. He was not a man who made a secret of any of his feelings.

For four years young Daniel Willard railroaded on the Passumpsic road. At last he was an engineer in his own right, and despite that unfortunate occurrence at Folsom's Crossing that September night in 1882, for which he was in no way responsible, he was a man sober and well-trusted in

his work. Yet he began to grow a bit restless and anxious for a change. He was tiring of it. He was come of age and the best money that he could get out of Harley Folsom was two dollars a day. Railroaders elsewhere did much better than that. And there was another factor that had come into the situation.

Daniel Willard had met a girl whom he was convinced was the finest girl he would ever meet. He wanted to marry this girl from North Troy, Vermont, this Bertha Leone Elkins, of whom everyone spoke so highly and whom he himself so much admired. But marriage meant that he must be earning something better than two dollars a day. Robert McVicar was writing east from the Lake Shore road, out there in Elkhart, Indiana, that a good engine man on that road was paid from three dollars to three and one half dollars a day. And Daniel Willard always had wanted to go out west anyway!

So he sat down and wrote a letter to Rob McVicar. In it he said: "If you think I am capable of running an engine on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, I should like to come out there."

McVicar took the letter to George W. Stevens, the master mechanic of the Lake Shore road at Elkhart. Stevens took it from him, read it carefully. Daniel Willard's handwriting, always exquisitely neat and well-formed, in those days looked like a bit of copper-plate.

"Did Willard write this letter, himself?" asked Stevens.

"Yes."

Then Stevens asked a few questions of McVicar! What sort of a fellow was this man Willard anyway? How old was he? How reliable? McVicar was able to answer the master

mechanic truthfully that he knew no one better fitted to run an engine.

"Then," said Master Mechanic Stevens, "let him come out here and I will assign him a regular engine."

When Daniel Willard, back at Lyndonville, Vermont, got that news he was overjoyed. He walked right over to the little depot and up the stairs to Superintendent Folsom's office and asked for a leave of absence. He said that he wanted to take a little trip to see how things were going out in the West. It was by no means an unusual request for an engineer to make.

Harley Folsom received him affably enough. He liked Daniel Willard and when Harley Folsom liked a man he sometimes went quite a way to accommodate him. But when Willard made his request, all affability faded out of the superintendent's face. His brown whiskers bristled. He did not want Daniel Willard to go, and he showed that plainly enough.

"Perhaps you won't be coming back?" he said coldly. "Perhaps you will be doing as Rob McVicar did and stay out there?"

Daniel Willard did not reply. He turned on his heel, left the room and went down the iron stair. It was to be many a day before he returned.

Do not misjudge Harley Folsom. As railroad superintendents in that day went, he was much above the average. He had a sense of fairness and of justice that is remembered along the Passumpsic road to this day, although it is more than a dozen years ago since the Canadian Pacific took over the little line and Folsom ceased to be its superintendent.

They permitted him to occupy the little office that he loved so dearly right up to the time of his death. He had worked his way up in it, from the day that Emmons Raymond sent him up there temporarily in 1871, until he was president of the company. Sixty-five years of service as an officer of the Connecticut and Passumpsic. Sixty-five years of faithfulness and loyalty. The Colonel, as they long since began calling him, had endeared himself to both the community and the railroad that served it all those years. He knew everyone in the town, everyone on the railroad; called almost every blessed one of them by his or her first name. He meted out fairness and justice.

But the Passumpsic road was always a bit hard up; never flush in ready money. It could not compete with larger roads for men. Harley E. Folsom knew that as Daniel Willard went stamping down the noisy iron stair. Knew that and regretted it. For he sensed that in losing that young man who had come up from North Hartland, he was saying good-by to a young man who might go a considerable distance in the railroad world. Sometime that same Dan Willard might rise even to be superintendent of a railroad.

DANIEL WILLARD GOES WEST

DANIEL WILLARD FINALLY WENT OUT to Elkhart through Canada—over the line of the Grand Trunk. The Grand Trunk, on its way from Montreal to Chicago, passed within walking distance of the Lake Shore's widespread yards and roundhouses at its chief Indiana operating point, and young Willard found it by far the easiest pathway for his journey west. Railroad passes, especially passes for railroad employees, were not easily obtainable at the beginning of the 'eighties, but a small bit of pasteboard showing that its holder was a member in good standing of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was, for all practical purposes, just as good as an annual pass. So Dan Willard found it. And you could pick up your meals for a song as you went your way. That did not worry Dan Willard. He was not broke. There were times when he was fearfully hard up—what young man has not had such grilling times? But somehow he always managed to have at least a few dollars in his pockets. Count upon Vermont thrift for that!

Arrived in Elkhart, he went straight to the master mechanic's office. George W. Stevens, the man in complete charge of the entire motive power situation, the master mechanic, a man of rather unusual attainments and des-

tined to rise high in his profession, greeted him pleasantly.

Stevens asked Daniel Willard if he had a watch, and to show it to him. That always seemed to be an easy method for a master mechanic to start conversation with a prospective engine man, and, beside that, there were in those days plenty of men who, if possessed of any sort of a watch, had one of dubious quality and reliability.

Daniel Willard produced his watch. He did not have to make apologies for it. It was a silver case, open faced with a very heavy safety crystal, for Willard had paid forty-five dollars for it back in Vermont and he had made sure that it would be a good timekeeper. He handed it to Stevens. The master mechanic gave it a cursory approval, grunted a bit and handed it back to its owner. Which meant that the young man from the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad had been hired to run an engine on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

"I want you to get out and ride the line for a week or so," said Stevens. "Ride it a good deal at night so you see the signals and get the hang of them."

At that time the Passumpsic had never had a signal of any sort. The Lake Shore was fairly ablaze with them. They fascinated Daniel Willard. He never tired of studying the red and the green and yellow lights and the semaphore blades and interpreting to himself the message that they spelled.

"It is a typical trait of Daniel Willard's, and outstanding," says one of his old confreres today, "his instant perception. One of the great secrets of his success has been his knowing of the relation of one thing to another. A railroader always must have quick perception. He must not only be able to tell red from green, and green from

yellow, but he must instantly translate that change into full meaning. That is what I mean by perception."

That was what Daniel Willard was gaining, riding in an engine cab in and out of Elkhart yard. Finally they assigned him an engine. Even as big a road as the Lake Shore still clung to the pleasant old-fashioned practice of assigning definite engines to different engineers. As Daniel Willard recalls it, his engine was the *413*, Rhode Island built. It was one of the Atlantic type—4-4-0, four truck wheels, four drivers, good lines and a lot of speed and energy. Not a large engine—not a hundred tons all-told—but with her seventeen by twenty-four cylinders, a good puller, for the moderate weight freight equipment on the American railroad of fifty-five years ago.

Willard roomed with his old friend, Robert McVicar, at Elkhart. It was quite a Connecticut and Passumpsic headquarters, for Charles Newcomb, another engineer from the old Vermont road, also roomed there. Despite their work, which kept them on the road much of the time, the three men saw a good deal of each other. Willard always was especially attached to Robert McVicar. McVicar would discuss books and other things with him, time without end. They got their meals together in the same boardinghouse and that gave them more time for talk. It was just as well to concentrate upon conversation there in Elkhart, for the food was quite far from Vermont standards.

Still Daniel Willard did not particularly care. He was in a new environment and it all fascinated him. He hauled freight trains from Elkhart to Chicago on to White Pigeon and back; and from Elkhart east to Toledo and return, both on the old line, through Hillsdale (that's where the Lake

Shore got the Michigan Southern part of its name) and the newer air line which runs for sixty-two miles without a waver in it, straight as a ruler's edge, and very little grade to boot. For a great railroad, the Lake Shore, in 1883, still possessed an astonishing amount of single track. The dispatcher's jobs along the lines were no sinecures.

Yet it was indeed a great railroad—that old Lake Shore. It always has been an outstanding railroad—the main stem of one of the most important routes between New York and Chicago—almost always throbbing with vitality and traffic. Willard and his friend Robert McVicar both remember the procession of grain trains moving east that winter of 'eighty-three—twenty and twenty-five sections to a train and no particular attention paid to that, or much excitement raised. Of course in those days trains were much shorter, cars and engines far lighter than they are today. But it was, none the less, tremendous traffic. Traffic that throbbed like the arteries of a man under high blood pressure. The golden grain of the Northwest making its way toward the populous East and vessels waiting at the ocean rim to carry it far overseas. Granaries chock-full of that grain outpouring themselves; if not through a pipe, then through trainload after trainload on a main-stem railroad. And cattle moving East as well. Stock trains in fifteen to twenty sections a night. Merchandise freight. West-bound coal. Passenger trains. Trains of every sort, all moving like streetcars down the main street of a metropolitan city.... Traffic.... Far to the west of Elkhart stretched the facilities to handle traffic, in flood tides—yards and shops and roundhouse after roundhouse, vast sprawling things, each of them, and each of them holding all the way from forty to

sixty locomotives.... No small matter running a railroad like that.

Daniel Willard found it no small matter.

The rigors of a Northern Indiana winter are only a little less than those of a Northern Vermont one, and that winter of 1883-4 was a little stiffer than the average. The cold months arrived, promptly on schedule, the snow came and settled itself over the flat Indiana country and then the north wind whipped it up, from wide spaces left open and bare, into miniature mountain ranges which hurled themselves over the tracks and defied the railroaders to cut through them. At such times the big snow plows went into service, six and eight and ten of them at a time—it was just before the day of the rotaries—and behind them the delayed trains crept slowly along, engine pilot of one train almost touching the caboose of the one ahead of it; and each man in each cab of each engine praying that the snow would not get under *his* wheels and clog *his* engine and make her bury her nose impotently in a white ridge of bitterness.

Once, just once in those days on the Lake Shore, Daniel Willard's locomotive buried its nose in something different than a snow bank—the rear end of the train ahead of it. It was a serious infraction of the book of rules. Let Willard tell of it in his own words:

"The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern had—still has—a sixty-two mile tangent, almost gradeless, from Butler, Indiana, east to Air Line Junction (just outside of Toledo). It was a great stretch for an engineer to make good running time.

"At the time of which I speak, I was hauling the second section of one of those big stock trains east over the air line.

We were supposed to pick up local stuff along the line, but on this night traffic was light and I only had ten or twelve or fifteen cars at the most.

"I was very tired. So was my fireman. We had come into Elkhart from Toledo—a twelve-hour run with its incidental stops—between four and five that afternoon, and in a matter of a little more than an hour we were ordered out again, and headed east with a train. Present-day laws would not permit such abuse of an engineer, but that was 1883. We both were tired and we both were sleepy. My fireman kept catching cat naps and so did I, without taking my fingers from the throttle. I might sleep only five seconds at any one time, but these tiny naps were restful and I could not have avoided them, even had I so wished, for I certainly had no wish to fall asleep at the throttle.

"Remember that sixty-two mile airline stretch—straight as a ruler's edge for every mile of the distance. I could see the first section of our train just ahead of us—five rear tail lights on its caboose. If you were within a mile of that caboose, then you saw five lights, separately and distinctly. Over a mile away and they seemed to blur together. So when the five came out sharply apart, that was the time for you to take care. You also watched the smoke and steam from the train ahead of you as it swept backward over the cars like a great plume. There were no block signals on the Lake Shore in those days, but that cloud of smoke served as a pretty good warning signal. Except that at night you could not see the smoke and the steam, save at such times as when the fireman threw open the firebox door. Then you could see it—a yellow-red flash against the blackness of the night.

"Here we were, second section and I, watching the tail lights and the smoke of the first section there ahead of us on the ruler-edge track. Both trains were idling, running not more than ten or fifteen miles an hour, I should say, and my fireman and I were getting those cat naps. The engine ahead was throwing back its smoke pretty steadily and the rear lights were a blur. That was correct. That was safe.

"But I caught one nap too many. I woke, with a start, and this time I saw those five lights, all *separate* and distinct, blazing just ahead of me. I reversed my engine, applied the brakes, and blew the whistle, then my fireman and I both jumped.

"It was not a bad smash and it was a good lesson. Both trains were running slowly, so I only broke one or two slats in the cowcatcher of our engine and knocked the rear truck of the caboose just off its kingpin. I don't suppose the total damage done would exceed ten dollars, but I had had a real scare—and a good lesson. The conductor of the first section came back and said that it would be 'all right by him.' We shook hands and then we prepared our reports of the accident. They jibed,—and neither of us was punished."

Daniel Willard tells this yarn without a smile.

That was railroading along the Lake Shore road in the 'eighties. Snow and wind and cold and keeping traffic moving steadily forward. Dan Willard got a man-sized taste of all of it. Now his pay was good. No more worrying about the pay envelope. Three dollars a day at least in it, and living in Elkhart cheap as dirt. Money being saved. And Daniel Willard forever dreaming of the girl...of the time

when that charming girl back in North Troy, Vermont, would be his.

Winter gave way to spring and freight traffic along the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern all but ceased.

The Lakes were open!

From Buffalo to Duluth every old hulk was churning her propeller fretfully, anxious to get the grain and tote it to market. Activity in the water lanes. Twelve hundred miles of water pathway, offering the cheapest natural freight route the whole world over—competition of that sort was desperately hard for the Lake Shore and its fellows of the shining rails. Activity at Elkhart slackened. Empty freight cars ranged themselves upon the sidings; engines, by the dozens, stood cold and unused—in their stalls or out upon the open track. A new engineer upon the road, like Daniel Willard, was lucky if he could get a run once a week. Willard was not often that lucky, for he was not even posted upon the extra board. And George W. Stevens, the friendly master mechanic, had been transferred to Cleveland; a stranger sat at his old desk at Elkhart.

At first Daniel Willard had not realized that he was out of work. Out of a job. Gradually it all came home to him. Perhaps it would have been better if he had stuck it out on the Connecticut and Passumpsic. Harley Folsom was a pretty good sort of a boss after all; Vermont was his home country and he loved every inch of it.

Willard never held any vast ambitions in those days as to the place that he finally was to attain in the railroad world.

"I never set out to be a railroad president," he said, only

a little while ago; "in fact I never have known but one young man who set out with such an ambition—and finally realized it. That was the late W. A. Gardiner of the Chicago and North Western. Gardiner set out to be president of the North Western and the day came when he *was* president of that road.

"I never expected to be president of Baltimore and Ohio or any other railroad. In fact, as a young man, I did not know very much about Baltimore and Ohio. My problem was to hold the job I had, and the only possible way that I could see to hold it, was to do my level best in it. Otherwise I might be fired. And I could not afford to be fired. I was poor. I needed the work. But somehow by doing it to the best of my ability all the while, I advanced."

Daniel Willard almost always has landed pretty squarely upon his feet. Disappointed in his Elkhart experience, he was by no means discouraged. He began making inquiries here, there and everywhere. Then he began to get a lead.

Up in northern Wisconsin, Minneapolis capitalists were beginning what was afterwards to become the fairly prosperous Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie. Willard chanced to hear of this new enterprise and he wrote—in his impeccable copperplate—to see if he might possibly get a job with it. In due time he received an answer; they had no openings for engineers, not at just that time, but if Willard cared to come up and act as brakeman on a construction train, they would give him a chance. Willard did not hesitate. Brakeman in railroad caste is far below engineer, which is almost at the top. But a job's a job. He packed up his duffel, said good-by to Elkhart without regret, good-by to Rob McVicar with a great deal of regret—and

hopped aboard the first train to Chicago. A new world was opening itself to him. Again he was "going West."

In the autumn after he had gone up into the Northwest and ice was again beginning to form upon the Lakes, he received a telegram from D. W. Gillmore, Stevens' successor at Elkhart, urging him to return to it. This time there would be better pay and a better engine for him. But Willard only laughed as he tore the telegram into small bits. They had added forty-six miles to the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sault Ste Marie and Atlantic, since he first arrived upon it—and within the following two years they would build more than 150 additional miles. Then it would be a real railroad. But, real railroad or no, he had cast his lot with it and the next fourteen years he was to spend in its employ, rising higher and higher all the while in its organization.

AND FINDS HIS WAY INTO THE NORTHWEST

IN THE EARLY DAWN of a summer's day a long yellow train came to a grinding stop at the little depot at Cameron, Wisconsin, and half a dozen men alighted. Four of them were lumber huskies, familiar to the Northern Wisconsin of the 'eighties; the other two were of a different sort. Slim, neatly dressed and carrying small satchels, they obviously were not lumberjacks. Railroaders they were, men come to work on this new railroad enterprise, which already stretched itself squarely across the North Western track there at Cameron. A fool enterprise; so it had seemed to the citizens of little Cameron at the outset. What it seemed to Daniel Willard when he got off the night train up from Chicago that summer's morn, no man knows. He must have felt that he needed a microscope to find the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sault Ste Marie and Atlantic Railroad—a grand sounding name for a mere half mile of track, all told. On its lightly laid rails there stood a single hand-me-down locomotive, which had worked itself out in the service of the Omaha road (the western portion of the North Western system) and a dozen or more flat cars and "boxes." This was the entire motive power and rolling stock of the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sault Ste Marie and Atlantic.

If Daniel Willard, ex-engineer of the important Lake

Shore road was disappointed at the first sight of the new road to which he had attached himself, he did not show it. He took off his coat and prepared to go to work at once. He was young and he was filled with optimism. There have been but few times in his life when he has not been at heart an optimist—even at times when adversity seemed to be bearing very hard upon him.

For Willard already had learned of the powerful forces that were backing this enterprise just being born there at Cameron—unrelenting forces they were, strongly entrenched, that some day would expand that half-mile of lightly laid track until it would reach from the international boundary at the Soo, westward 501 miles to Minneapolis, and then another 561 miles west from that city to the Canadian line again—at Portal. The great single human force of the road was W. D. Washburn, already the outstanding citizen of brisk Minneapolis and a little later to become United States Senator from Minnesota. In flouring and kindred enterprises Washburn already had acquired a considerable fortune. A native of Livermore, Maine, he had not only native New England thrift and energy, but the New Englander's sentimental feeling for running rivers—swift-running rivers, filled with energy and capable of turning many mill wheels.

The Falls of St. Anthony on the upper Mississippi were New England reincarnate to W. D. Washburn—State of Maine man come into the still new Northwest. There he built his flour mills, within easy reach of the newly developed wheat fields of the Red River Valley and the Dakotas. The enterprise prospered. Almost before Washburn realized it, he owned one of the largest flour mills in the entire world: its great stones ground ceaselessly night

and day. With these mills as a nucleus, a clean, beautiful new American city sprang up—Minneapolis—which contrasted with staid old St. Paul, six miles further down the river, as new always compared with old.

Already there were several rail routes between Minneapolis and Chicago and the railroads stretching east and south from that hub. But Washburn and the Pillsburys and Thomas Lowry, outstanding citizens of the Flour City, were not satisfied with the service they gave, nor the rates. Moreover they conceived the idea that the older, neighboring city of St. Paul was being favored by these roads, at the expense of its young rival. The only alternative was the rail-and-water route through Duluth and down the Great Lakes, but, as has been seen, the lakes were closed a good part of the year and the relief that this route offered the millers of Minneapolis was only partial.

Washburn had experimented with railroad building. He had had some experience in the building of the Wisconsin Central and the Minneapolis and St. Louis, and with this as a background he had no trouble in inducing some of his fellow citizens at the Falls of St. Anthony to join with him in the building of a relief line which would ignore the Chicago and Duluth gateways and strike due east across northern Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan to Sault Ste Marie; and by an easy bridge crossing there on to a connection with the new Canadian Pacific line at Sudbury, Ontario. After which there would be easy haul, not alone to tidewater, but to the important consuming cities of the entire Northeast. The picture was an alluring one and Washburn had little difficulty raising money to take advantage of it. The beginning there at Cameron in

the early spring of 1884 was full proof that the opportunity was not to be neglected.

The man who had landed at Cameron with Daniel Willard that June morning—he was to be the conductor of the construction train, with Willard as its brakeman—stuck it out for just two weeks. After which he departed for parts east, swearing by all that was holy that he never wanted to see northern Wisconsin again. Willard watched him go rather ruefully.

Cameron was indeed pretty desolate. It was small and rough and utterly devoid of housing accommodations of any sort. For a time Willard and his conductor slept on the floor of one of the box cars, which was one of the reasons for the conductor trekking off toward the East again.... Willard stuck it out. Willard is that way. Conditions slowly improved. A construction gang began lengthening the track; and finally Willard found a room, not very good, but a real room in a real house, and arranged for grub which was tolerable, if not particularly tasteful. The construction train gradually lengthened its run and Daniel Willard was its conductor, and actually beginning to enjoy the experience.

Things improved still further. Pretty soon he learned that the new road had another engine, a new one this time, arriving up from Eau Claire. With his passion for locomotives, Willard wanted tremendously to be the engineer of that engine. He asked for the job and got it. Then he went down to Eau Claire, got the engine and ran it up to Cameron and on to the tracks of the new line. Before the year was over, the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sault Ste Marie and Atlantic had been extended to Bruce and to Turtle

Lake. Now there were forty-six miles of it all told. A good beginning.... They did not do so well in 1885, only ten or a dozen more miles were laid down that year. But in 1886, the Soo, as it was beginning to be called, did much better. With Turtle Lake as a headquarters, it was built east into Rhinelander—145 miles—and then west to Minneapolis and, through a connection at Cardigan Junction, into St. Paul. It acquired a third locomotive. Daniel Willard was beginning to be rather proud of the road, and he ceased longing to go back to the Connecticut and Passumpsic.

Turtle Lake was to be the theater of his activities for some time to come.

The only comparison to be made between Cameron and Turtle Lake was that both were about equally bad. But Willard did not particularly mind that. This flat country with its great impenetrable forests, its many lakes and ponds and streams, its plenitude of game and fish of every sort, was not without its appeal to him. He was pioneering. He felt that he was in on the making of a new land and that thrilled him not a little. He was not lonely, because he was too busy to be lonely. And he felt that at last he was in a position for distinct advancement. A position in which he had not before found himself. Therefore he was content.

They had built a small engine house at Turtle Lake—three stalls all told—and Daniel Willard was put in charge of it. His pay was fixed at sixty-five dollars a month. Not as much as he had received running an engine "back East" on the Lake Shore, but it was steady pay and that was something. And Dan Willard still was but twenty-four years old. He had health and he had strength. And he stood in good need of both, for it was a hard job that faced him. Again,

as in the days back at Newport, Vermont, he was facing the rigors of a hard winter.

Two winters he stayed at Turtle Lake and in one of them he slept nights on a cot in the engine house. There was reason for this. The thermometer on some of the January and February nights had an uncomfortable habit of dropping to fifty or sixty degrees below zero. It would be serious business if, in one of these bitter drops, the water in the locomotive boilers should ever freeze. Dan Willard knew enough about a locomotive to know that; and he loved a locomotive far too well ever to permit it. So, at some little sacrifice to his personal comfort, he moved his bed into the engine house. There was no water tank at Turtle Lake so the water must remain in the engine boilers; and there was no steam heating plant of any sort, yet that water must never approach the freezing point. Three box stoves were installed in the engine house and Daniel Willard's job, night after night, was to keep these stoves going full tilt. He had to get up every hour or so all night long to replenish the fires. He kept a water pail alongside his cot and it was his custom to put his finger into the pail without getting out of bed; if thin ice was beginning to form, it was his job to get up at once and stir up the stoves anew.

That was his night job. Daytimes, he was a sort of engine house foreman, master mechanic, and road foreman of engines all rolled into one—for sixty-five dollars a month. His duties were varied. When the one regular train—passenger and freight—came into Turtle Lake each noon and remained for two hours before turning round and going back to Bruce, it was Daniel Willard who went through the two passenger cars and cleaned the floors and the windows and, upon occasion, replaced a windowpane. A good

many windowpanes seemed to get broken on the Soo Line train in the early days. Literally, he was a jack-of-all-trades. Word would come by wire from headquarters, have Willard do this...have Willard do that....An engineer or a conductor would turn up missing. "Have Willard run the train." The station agent would be taken sick...."Have Willard run the station." They seemed to know back at Minneapolis that Daniel Willard was on the job.

Best of all he liked the mechanical end of his job there in the engine house at Turtle Lake. Working with few materials and little or no money, he liked to accomplish things mechanically.

For instance, there was that time in the summer of 1885 when Captain W. W. Rich, then chief engineer and superintendent of the Soo, came out to Turtle Lake and found one of the flat cars belonging to the railroad not in shape to run because of a bent axle. He turned to Dan Willard and said that the car was very much needed and he wished Willard would have it fixed. The master mechanic, engine house superintendent, and road foreman of engines scratched his head reflectively. "All right," said Willard, "I will get it fixed." Not knowing at the time how he was going to do it. However, with the assistance of one of the trackmen, he removed the wheels with the bent axle from under the car where it was standing near the engine house and pushed the wheels over one of the pits in the house. He then moved the Buffalo forge which was a part of the engine house equipment into the pit and blocked it so that a fire could be built around that part of the axle which had been bent. Then with this ordinary blacksmith's forge, he kept a constant fire going for some two hours or more until he

was sure that the axle, where bent, was heated completely through. When the color on the outside, in the heat, had reached a bright yellow, he knew from his reading in Unwin's book on metals, that the axle was hot enough to serve his purpose. He then moved the forge out of the way, rolling the wheels beyond the end of the pit and so placed that the narrowest distance between the flanges was exactly where the wheel contacted with the rail. He then placed a ten-inch jackscrew with a piece of four by four oak timber between the end of the jackscrew and the opposite flange, and with the aid of the screw, he was able to press the flanges near the floor apart so that the distance between the flanges was the same all around the circumference of both wheels. He then left the wheels in that position until the axle had time to cool off. When it was found that regardless of whatever little kink might remain in the axle, but which was not easily observed, the distance between the flanges of the two wheels was the same all around, the wheels were replaced in the flat car and the car was reported for service. Captain Rich was grateful for the job Dan Willard did that day, and wrote to him and commended him for it. He began to feel that he had a pretty competent man there at Turtle Lake.

One other thing confirmed Captain Rich's belief in this regard. Willard, as usual, was deep in serious books. He noticed in Captain Rich's office quite a thick book entitled, "The Economic Theory of Railway Location" by Arthur M. Wellington, a closely printed blue-bound book, chock-full of information, and Daniel Willard at his first opportunity procured a copy and he carried it with him in his traveling bag for nearly two years, while trainmaster, before

he could find opportunity to read it through carefully and with as much understanding as possible. Later on he procured two more books that interested him very much, both primarily about the locomotive—one by M. N. Forney and the other by Angus Sinclair, both men, in their day, recognized authorities on the subjects about which they wrote.

So when word reached him one day at Turtle Lake that Engine No. 2 had slipped an eccentric up at Bruce, Wisconsin, engine foreman, roundhouse foreman, master mechanic Daniel Willard at once was called on to go and fix it. He packed up his kit quickly and caught the afternoon train. At Bruce he found Engine No. 2 on a side track, her engineer and fireman seated on a bank near by. They were surrounded by most of the population of the new town which comprised at that time not more than three or four houses. The assemblage gazed rather blankly at the young engine doctor from Turtle Lake—a youth of twenty-three, 125 pounds in weight, pink-cheeked, beardless. Quizzically they looked at Dan Willard. Quite obviously he did not, immediately, at any rate, command their respect or confidence. But for his part, he ignored them. He opened up his kit-box, recalled his Forney and his Sinclair, and with his book learning at command, he quickly readjusted the eccentric....He signaled to No. 2's engineer to go ahead. The engineer and the fireman climbed into the cab, the engineer pulled the throttle, No. 2's smoke ascended into the blue, her drivers began to catch the rail, and she moved off.

Just then a terrible thought convulsed Dan Willard.

He thought of his book by Angus Sinclair and realized that he had placed the eccentric on the wrong quarter. Shades of Angus Sinclair and of N. M. Forney!

The engineer waved at him and No. 2 was sliding down the track as easily and gaily as you please. Willard scratched his head in perplexity. That damn book could not be wrong...? He looked at it once again. Angus Sinclair was not wrong. Angus Sinclair could not afford to be wrong in matters such as placing the eccentric upon the right quarter-pin. Yet neither was Daniel Willard wrong, but he had done exactly the opposite of what he had intended to do. His instinct, not his intent, had served him rightly. In his haste he had avoided doing the wrong thing and had done the right.

Two or three of the local citizens came forward and shook hands with him. Now they were impressed with the young locomotive-doctor. Willard grinned at them, a bit sheepishly. He was not thinking of them. He was thinking that he had just come through another close squeak, and did not think it necessary to talk about it.

Rumor went up and down the Soo that there was a new general manager coming to it and that he was a hellion. His name was Underwood, he had just been superintendent of the southern division of the St. Paul road (nowadays, better known as the Milwaukee) and he had inaugurated a number of new practices well calculated to take much of the joy out of an engineer's life. It was said that he had introduced a plan for rating or loading locomotives by tons, instead of by the number of cars as formerly, and that every day was now a sad hard day for the engineers on the southern division of the St. Paul. This man Underwood actually expected an engine to pull a full train all the time instead of some of the time! Why, the idea was revolutionary, nothing less. And W. D. Washburn had brought this Frederick

D. Underwood to become general manager of the Soo. The men on the new road shook their heads ominously.

Daniel Willard heard the news, said nothing, and did not shake his head. Instead he prepared for the inevitable coming of the new general manager to Turtle Lake. And he was not long to be disappointed.... Let Daniel Willard tell of that visit in his own words:

"Finally I received notice that the 'old man' was coming out over the line soon and to have everything picked up and in good shape, as he was very particular. I immediately stopped my whole force from doing useful and necessary things and we spent all of our time, until the general manager's arrival, getting the plant in nice shape for him to look at.

"There was only one locomotive in the house and I was at much pains to straighten it up and to have it neat and clean. The house was heated with wood-burning stoves and I had all the stovepipes carefully adjusted so they would not leak smoke or drop cinders on the floor. The pits were all cleaned out, the floor was swept and the 'No Smoking' signs were resurrected and placed in conspicuous positions. In short, I put everything in such shape that I hoped the whole show would be pleasing and merit generous praise.

"I learned that Mr. Underwood would arrive in his car about four o'clock in the morning and I took no chance of his inspecting that plant without my company, so I got up at 3:00 A.M. and stayed around until he came out. It was midwinter and dark until after seven o'clock. I was pretty ignorant to imagine that a general manager would be up and out before daylight to inspect a roundhouse, or, for that matter, anything else, but I still was very young.

Finally I saw him leave his car and start toward the engine house and out I went to meet him.

"One of two things about his appearance I remember very clearly. He was wearing a fine stand of reddish-brown whiskers, cut somewhat in the fashion affected by Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, and he also had a large and excitable boil on the back of his neck. As he approached I noticed with some concern that he walked with his head bent slightly forward, giving the impression of one engaged in deep thought. I am now inclined to think that his attitude suggesting deep thought was probably due to the influence of the boil. You could hardly expect a man adorned in the manner I have described to be very sociable—and he was not—but even so, what he said was sufficient.

"At that time Mr. Underwood had a very free-and-easy running vocabulary. As we approached the engine house he remarked that there was too much snow against the outside of the door and that the house and all its contents might burn down before it would be possible to get the door open and the engine out.

"Having taken the lead in the conversation, he proceeded to walk through the house. As he passed along the side of the engine, he apparently took no notice of its neat and attractive appearance, but as he reached the pilot at its front end, he stuck his toe under its head and wiggled it up and down once or twice and ventured the observation that it was four inches higher from the rail than the rules prescribed. His observation in that connection was unanswerable.

"He continued his tour of observation through the engine house and in passing made the somewhat banal remark that he thought it would require less fuel to keep the house

warm if I would have a missing windowpane replaced, which, somehow, I had overlooked. Apparently he failed to notice the perfect condition of the stovepipes. But he did not fail to notice that there was no zinc under the stove in my office; nor did he fail to make some original and illuminating remarks in that connection.

"Among other matters inviting his attention that morning were the icy condition of the steps outside the small door, and the entire absence of barrels filled with water for fire protection. Otherwise as I recall, the inspection was quite uneventful. He went from the engine house directly to his car and left at once for the East. After he had left and I had had time to compose myself somewhat, I registered the very definite and un-Christian wish that that boil on his neck would not fail to do its full duty."

The next time that Daniel Willard saw Fred Underwood the boil was gone. So were the whiskers. He was looking more like the Frederick D. Underwood that within a few years was to become president of the Erie, one of the best loved railroaders in the United States and the "white-haired boy" of Wall Street. "I don't know just what it is about Underwood," one of his compeers said to me some years ago; "he is far from being an outstanding executive; he is not so terribly hot as an operating man; a good many men can beat him out as a traffic getter; yet, by and large, he is the best damn railroad president in the whole country." Which perhaps tells the story of the capable president of the Erie, who for twenty-six years held that post and regenerated that ancient property from being a laughing-stock and a byword into one of the best managed roads in the entire land.

Coming back to Daniel Willard's call upon General Manager Underwood of the Soo lines. Says Mr. Willard:

"I was very agreeably surprised by the change which I noted in the general manager's appearance since I had last seen him. He had removed the camouflage from his face, which now presented a very pleasant and agreeable appearance. The boil had evidently wound up its affairs and disappeared. I had never seen Mr. Underwood before with his hat off and I was much impressed by the broad and liberal expanse of his forehead, extending well below the skyline. He greeted me very pleasantly, asked me to be seated, and told me that he had decided to promote me."

Underwood had never forgotten his first visit to Turtle Lake that winter's morning. Despite the discomfitures of that occasion, young Willard had made an impression upon him, and it was not an unfavorable one. He decided that he would watch that young man.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie had been laid down as cheaply as possible. The great effort had been to get the line through and at a minimum of cost. So it was that the road possessed many very bad stretches of track. Roadmasters would tear their hair in despair, and, one after another, they would quit. The track got no better and, in turn, General Manager Underwood became desperate.... The Soo had a division headquarters at Gladstone, Michigan, and there it had a combined master mechanic in the person of Winfield Scott Haines, a Massachusetts Yankee, "a very plain, profane sort of a fellow, but competent," as Mr. Underwood now recalls him. Haines always refused to be burdened by rules of any sort or description. Of him, Underwood wrote at that time, "I have a fellow

over at Gladstone (meaning Haines) who is either going to quit or I will leave myself. He makes no reports and pays no attention at all to my letters." Then he went to Gladstone and called Haines into his private car for a talk with him.

"You've just got to have a chief clerk, Haines," said the general manager. "You hire him and fix his pay, and, if necessary, you can fire him too. Put his pay on the voucher and I will see it through."

Haines seemed a bit flabbergasted at the suggestion and frankly said that he did not know where he could find such a man.

"I have him for you," said Underwood. "His name is Willard and he is one of the men who came up from Cameron, Wisconsin."

Haines grunted, "I don't want any engineer. All engineers do is to loaf around the roundhouse and they don't get anywhere anyway."

But the general manager persisted and finally Haines said, "Bring him in."

Underwood had planted Daniel Willard just outside the door. In a moment he was in the master mechanic's office.

"Mr. Haines needs a chief clerk," said the general manager, "and he thinks that you can fill the bill."

Willard's brow wrinkled. After that rather grueling experience at Turtle Lake, wet nursing a locomotive and acting as chambermaid to an engine house, he finally had gotten for himself a real engine run—a passenger run in a brand new engine. It was the sort of work he best loved. Next to Frank Harrison, he was the ranking engineer in seniority upon the road and that meant a good deal. Chief clerk's job? That did not mean so much to him. Writing and figur-

ing all the livelong day. Why, that was the stuff he used to do for old Mr. Owen Pierce, the section boss in his first railroad job, back there on the Vermont Central, and he had done it at odd times in a half a dozen places on the Connecticut and Passumpsic. He began shaking his head slowly.

"This is a sad day for me," said he. "Here I am, an engineer on this line, getting a new passenger engine and a fine new train. I have four days a week off and can make more money than sitting in any office. Won't you please lay off this idea, Mr. Haines?"

Haines laid off. Another chief clerk was installed at Gladstone and then a few months later Willard was summoned to the general manager's office at Minneapolis. Underwood was determined that Daniel Willard was not to remain an engineer, no matter how much he liked it. He had been a good engineer with a good record, despite a slightly unpleasant time during the engineers' strike on the Burlington, when loyal brotherhood men all over the land were called upon not to handle or touch Burlington cars in any way, shape or manner, and Daniel Willard's loyalty to brotherhood and to his employer were both put to hard test. He refused to handle Burlington cars. But Underwood was determined to advance him.

Arrived at Underwood's office, Mr. Willard remembers not too pleasantly, how a chief clerk kept him cooling his heels in the outer office. He gained the impression that the chief clerk was entirely too officious, and then and there he made up his mind that if he ever came to hold an executive job of any sort, he would not permit that sort of business in his outer office. As he sat there, cooling his heels, he kept wondering if the general manager was going to

fire him. Getting fired seemed to be a good deal in Daniel Willard's mind in those days. He felt that it was very unfair, to put it mildly, to bring such uncertainty into seeing his superior officer.... The impression that all of this made upon Daniel Willard was to have large influence upon him in future years.

Yet when he went into the executive office his worries were dissipated—immediately. The general manager was most affable. He fairly beamed upon Daniel Willard. He was making the young engineer into a trainmaster—his first real step upon a long upward ladder. Willard accepted the offer instantly. He would have more time with his little family there at their pleasant new home in attractive Minneapolis, and that alone was not to be gainsaid. For a time the two men talked, about many things. Fred Underwood also was something of a reader. They fell to discussing that mighty book of Richard Henry Dana's—*Two Years Before the Mast*. Both men knew it well and loved it.

"Do you remember," said Underwood, "that fine young man going out to sea as a common sailor and coming back on the return voyage as second mate, with the crew addressing him as 'Mister'? From this time on, you will be *Mister Willard*."

And so "Mister Willard" it was, up and down the far-strung line of the Soo. Daniel Willard found it at first a little difficult not addressing his old cronies by their first names and having them reply in kind. But discipline on a railroad is discipline—or should be—and Willard, with all of his kindness and sentiment, has always been, of necessity, a disciplinarian. There is much difference between being that and a martinet. And no one who ever knew Daniel

Willard and his methods might ever honestly call him a martinet.

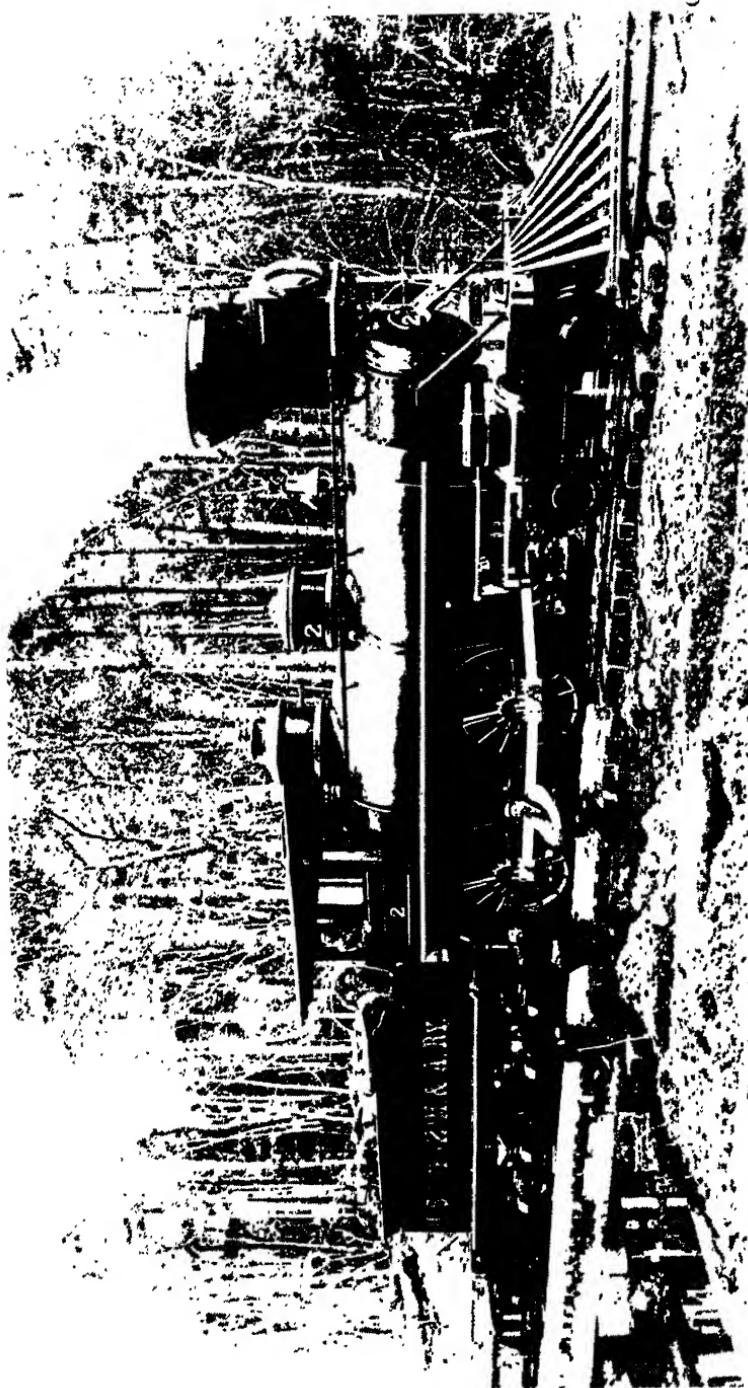
In the spring of 1885 he had returned to Vermont and there he had married Bertha Leone Elkins of North Troy, and had brought her back to Turtle Lake, but he was only to remain there for a few months more. They found a pleasant apartment in the city of Minneapolis—half a house, the other half of which was occupied by a brother engineer of the Soo. The two men were good friends, and so good friends became their wives.... It was here in Minneapolis that Daniel Willard's two boys were born. The first, Harold, in 1890; the second, another Daniel, in 1894.... Life in that peaceful town became very pleasant indeed.

And life out upon the line was far from unenjoyable, even before Willard had been elevated to the trainmaster's job.

At first it had not been pleasant. The country still was in the crude roughness of a virgin territory. Lumberjacks swarmed through it by the hundreds and the thousands, and they were a rough crowd; dangerous when drunk and they were drunk a good deal of the time. Train crews went armed, although the most practical weapon of defense for a conductor or a brakeman was a link of heavy rubber air-brake hose. With a piece of metal on the end, it made an effective cudgel and one that had to be used more than once.

Sometimes there was plenty of excitement in the engine cab as well.

Daniel Willard recalls one day in his engine, coming through a long stretch of forest, open only in the cropped strip wherein lay the railroad right of way. It was dusk and



On the Soo Line
Locomotive No. 2 of the Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie and Atlantic Railway.



The Bewhiskered Age

When Daniel Willard first came to the Baltimore and Ohio, he was in fashion with the railroad executives of that day.

the headlight was on. Its long rays shot on something that made Willard pull his throttle wide open.... Too late.... Just as the train entered a small bridge it dug itself into a two-year old steer, that, running, had caught its hoof in between the ties.... Willard had a bad scare but nothing worse. The cow-catcher had lifted and thrown the steer clear of the track. Otherwise there might have been a derailment—over the bridge. "That experience," he still says, "has made the locomotive cow-catcher a friend of mine for life."

Fourteen years Daniel Willard remained with the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie and they were busy and profitable years for him, with steady advance to assistant superintendent and superintendent. "Fred Underwood's white-haired boy" ran rumor up and down the line, and perhaps he was. But he had justified the friendship and protection of one of the smartest railroad officers in all America. Underwood trusted Willard; he liked his honesty, his efficiency, his thoroughness.

Before me as I write is a small brown leather book, pocket-sized, and faded and worn from hard usage. Upon its fly-leaf is inscribed, in bold Spencerian:

D. Willard

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dec. 20—1890

"A"

This little book is filled, brimful, with facts and figures arranged with meticulous care and all written in that fine copperplate. Turn its pages. Here it is.... *A*—Airbrakes—Accidents, etc., etc.... *B*—Ballast—Bridges—Boilers—Bolts.

... C—Cars—Coaches—Canadian Railroads.... A small encyclopedia, hand compiled, not only of the Soo, but of railroading in general—Wellington and Forney and Sinclair condensed into one—and detailed in its information, as "*Horse Power*—one horse power is equivalent to the work performed in raising 33,000 pounds one foot high in four minutes. The rule to find horse power is..."

I doubt if there has been any time in the past fifty years when a person searching Daniel Willard's pockets would not have found a small memorandum book of this sort, hidden snugly away in an inner pocket. For that is his way of doing things.

Underwood made history on the Soo. Already with over 1300 miles of line he was planning its future expansion. James J. Hill watched him make it, with increasing uneasiness. With his pet child, Great Northern, and his step-child, Northern Pacific, Hill had come to believe in his own mind that Minnesota and the Dakotas were to be his own private domain—and he did not relish this Washburn outfit from Minneapolis poking its nose into it. Underwood was too aggressive. At least, so thought James J. Hill. He gave the matter much thought.... His interests were varied and they extended many hundreds of miles from Minnesota. There was the Baltimore and Ohio, for instance. Baltimore and Ohio needed a new general manager. Baltimore and Ohio must need a new general manager. Baltimore and Ohio could afford to pay more for a general manager than could the Soo. James J. Hill would see to it that Baltimore and Ohio had a new general manager and that his name would be Frederick Douglass Underwood, *late* of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie.... When Jim

Hill had thought a thing out, to his own satisfaction, he generally acted pretty quickly. Before Fred Underwood knew exactly what had happened, he had a corner office in the historic Baltimore and Ohio office building in Calvert Street, Baltimore, with "Vice-President and General Manager" painted in large letters upon its door.... And destiny was about to turn Daniel Willard's footsteps toward that door.

AND COMES EAST AGAIN

THE STORY OF Daniel Willard's first engagement with Baltimore and Ohio in an official capacity is a short one—to be quickly told.

The Baltimore and Ohio was one of the oldest, if not the oldest railroad in the land. It had been incorporated as far back as 1827, with a definite objective to connect the thriving city of Baltimore and the Ohio River, three hundred miles distant; all as an offset to the Erie Canal and the canal and railroad system which the rival seaport towns of New York and Philadelphia were planning and building from the rim of the Atlantic into the interior country. At the beginning, the Baltimore and Ohio was a vaguely indefinite enterprise. The men who were promoting it had rejected steam as a possible motive power and they seriously proposed to operate the entire three hundred miles of their new line by horse power, with a change or relay of horses each ten or twelve miles and inclined planes, horse-powered, to raise and lower the cars up and over the ranges of the Alleghenies. One Peter Cooper, alderman of the City of New York, had saved them from being the laughingstock of all time by fabricating a very small experimental locomotive, which he dubbed the *Tom Thumb*, and with this he succeeded in changing their minds and bringing about

an early adoption of steam rather than horse power for the new railroad.

Even then it had lagged. It took a quarter of a century for its rails to meet the Ohio at Wheeling, and a full ten years after that before it began to show even a promise of the greatness that had been prophesied for it at the beginning.

The first great guiding genius of Baltimore and Ohio was John W. Garrett, a Baltimore banker who, at the insistence of Johns Hopkins, came to it as president in 1859 and at once placed it firmly upon its feet. Prior to that time it had been a football in the hands of Maryland politicians who, because of the peculiar conditions in its charter which exempted it from taxation from the State of Maryland for all time, were on its directorate, in a privileged position.

Garrett changed all of this. He gradually eliminated the political directors and put shrewd business principles into the operation of the road. He guided it successfully through the difficult days of the Civil War—Baltimore and Ohio ran through the very heart of military operations; its great "Y" bridge at Harpers Ferry within four years was burned repeatedly by the Confederates—and began active plans for its expansion: west from Cincinnati to St. Louis, by the acquisition of the broad-gauge Ohio and Mississippi; and then into Chicago, by the construction of new line; in similar fashion from Baltimore to Philadelphia and New York. At a later time Garrett planned a Baltimore and Ohio invasion of the South; from Washington to Atlanta, and eventually to New Orleans. This last plan, however, failed completely.

For twenty-six years John W. Garrett ruled Baltimore and Ohio and ruled it with a rod of iron (Daniel Willard

has now been its president for twenty-eight years). They were great years. He was a man worthy of his mighty competitors to the north, Thomas A. Scott and J. Edgar Thomson of the Pennsylvania and Commodore Vanderbilt of the New York Central. Garrett kowtowed to no man. Ruthless, domineering, autocratic, he served but one master and that was Baltimore and Ohio. When he died in 1884 the road suffered an overwhelming loss. It began sliding downhill. Good men were brought in to succeed John W. Garrett—Samuel Spencer, afterward to become president of the Southern Railway, and Charles F. Mayer, chief among them. They could do little or nothing. The failure of the great Baring banking house in London, in 1893, which had its gradual repercussions all over the world, was the culminating force that eventually forced the Baltimore and Ohio (like many and many another far distant concern) into the hands of receivers.

Then began a campaign for the salvation of the property, which in wit and shrewdness matched that of Garrett's for expansion a quarter of a century before. John K. Cowen and Oscar G. Murray, the co-receivers were men of ability. They faced an unusual situation. If the Baltimore and Ohio were to be permitted to go into bankruptcy, there would be heavy losses. But the road was not sold under the hammer of the sheriff of Baltimore County; it retained its charter. Something like \$35,000,000 was expended upon the property. Its reorganization and refinancing was a triumph of the legal skill and manipulation of John K. Cowen. This was accomplished in 1899, and the road emerged, free and upon an apparently firm footing once again. The brilliant lawyer of Baltimore, John K. Cowen, became its president, Oscar Murray, the vice-

president in charge of solicitation of traffic. The one fly in the ointment was the fact that, during the trying period of receivership, a large block of its stock, practically a controlling block, in fact, had passed into the hands of its chief competitor, the Pennsylvania Railroad.

If I have digressed in making this brief summary of the fascinating history of Baltimore and Ohio, it is because it is all most important to the proper understanding of Daniel Willard's thirty-one years with the property—first as assistant general manager, and then for twenty-eight more of them, as president.

Consider Willard now on his first arrival on the property. What a change from his first arrival at the Soo! There, at Cameron, Wisconsin, a brand-new railroad, a railroad in fact just being born; here in Baltimore, one of the oldest, if not the oldest railroad in the land. There, a country still in the youth of its development; here a city settled in its ways and habits, conservative among the conservatives. A city of curious habits and traditions. Baltimore is a southern city in the North, just as Atlanta is a northern city in the deep South.

Willard liked Baltimore. He liked it from the first; and gradually as Baltimore came to know him, it liked Daniel Willard; took him straight to its heart—perhaps more so than any other outlander in its recent history.

Frederick D. Underwood was already on hand. He greeted the Willards upon their arrival and helped them get ensconced in a comfortable house in the then-new Roland Park suburb of the town. Willard was assigned an office in the elaborate Mount Royal passenger station that the road had builded in uptown Baltimore, four or five

years before....A little later Underwood brought his assistant downtown. He said that he "wanted him around." The great, cavernous headquarters building of the Baltimore and Ohio, which had been John W. Garrett's pride, and which was to go to ashes in the great fire of 1904, already was overcrowded, so the new assistant general manager was placed in a wooden building adjoining. It was not a pretentious office, but he did not care.

Willard arrived in Baltimore wearing a fine crop of reddish whiskers—a good deal the same as Underwood had worn when first Daniel Willard had seen him. As he explained, those whiskers were somewhat of a necessity in the Northwest to a man who had a rather delicate throat. But in the milder climate of Baltimore, such herbage was something of a nuisance. Moreover, Willard was disappointed in the way that his whiskers were growing; they had a tendency to part in the middle of his chin and to grow in opposite directions from it. Nothing patriarchal in such a beard. So he promptly removed it, and has been clean-shaven ever since.

He did not, however, have much time to ponder over hirsute adornments. There was a job waiting to be done in Baltimore and Willard at once plunged himself into it.

It had irked the soul of Fred Underwood, smart progressive railroader that he was, to see the condition of things upon the ancient Baltimore and Ohio. From one end to the other, it was down at the heel—despite the expenditures upon it but a few years before. It was moth-eaten. It was moldy. A veritable travesty of a railroad.

No one was displaced to make way for Willard. His job was a newly created one, quite apart from the routine of

the operation of the road. Underwood did not expect his new assistant to enter into routine detail—not, at least, at that moment. "I want to know all about this road," Underwood had said to him, "I am terribly ignorant about it." Daniel Willard's job was to get out over the 3500 route-miles of Baltimore and Ohio main lines and branches and to study them. To traverse them by train; by horseback; by foot, if necessary, but to know them, every inch of them. To spend four and five days out of every week out on the line, and then to come in to Baltimore and report to the general manager what he had seen—verbally and in writing. No details too small to be omitted. Willard always has had a passion for detail. He has had to school himself against letting details weigh him down. But he always has a liking for getting into all the fine points of a situation. His old friend Sam Dunn, editor of the *Railway Age*, used to say of him:

"I never knew another railroad officer who so envied the rear brakeman his job."

Willard found much upon the Baltimore and Ohio upon which to report to Underwood. It was a choice collection of antiques that ran upon its rails. Some of the curious freakish "camel-back" locomotives that were built by Ross Winans, its first chief of motive power and the man who originally came down from New Jersey to Baltimore to buy horses for that purpose, still were in use, shunting cars in smaller yards, or in the Mount Clare shops. There were other shops...at Cumberland, close beside the abandoned rolling mills that John W. Garrett once had erected for the railroad...at Piedmont...at Grafton...at Pittsburgh...many other places upon the lines. Daniel Willard went to

everyone of them, spent weeks in some of them. Before he was done with a shop he knew every piece of machinery in it, as well as every locomotive housed in its adjoining round-house. His innate knowledge of engines and of the shop conditions that bettered their operations, steadily extending itself, came into constant play.

Not the least of the tasks of the new assistant general manager was to gain the knowledge and friendship of the men of the road.

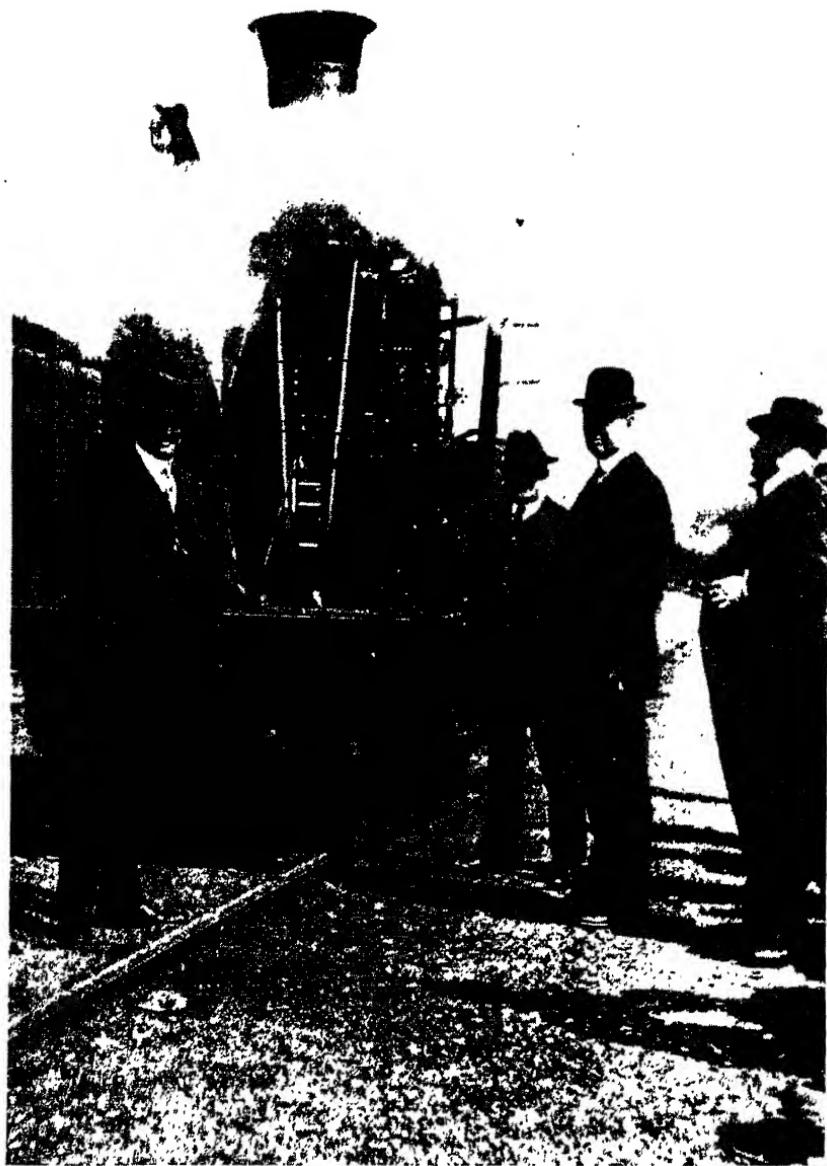
For instance there was Tom Fitzgerald.

Tom Fitzgerald, general superintendent of all lines east of Pittsburgh, was a typical old-time railroad operator. He was possessed of almost all of the strengths and the weaknesses of that disappearing breed. He was known and respected and feared and loved up and down the line. He was a "rule-of-thumb" man and had little use for this new sort of rail statisticians and efficiency men that was beginning to arise across the land. But he knew his railroad and loved it more than his very life. He was strict, his discipline was proverbial upon the line. But he was just and he was sympathetic. If there was an accident upon the road anywhere—and in those days there were plenty of them—he would get up and out at any hour of night or day and ride to it. It is related of him that at each presidential inauguration he would go to the old Baltimore and Ohio passenger station on New Jersey Avenue in Washington, and there he would stand at the narrow double-track throat of the station yard for hours at a time, getting the excursion specials in and out of the crowded terminal. Upon one occasion he stood forty-eight hours at this task, without resting. It rained steadily all the while, and Fitzgerald had



Daniel Willard Rides the Line on Horseback

The new assistant general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad inspects the property with Tom Fitzgerald, its general superintendent.



Daniel Willard and the Baltimore and Ohio's Oldest Engine, the
Atlantic

Left to right: Daniel Willard, Charles W. Galloway, Vice-President, and Arthur W. Thompson, Vice-President

donned his rubber boots and his greatcoat. It was all a good deal of a mess, but not one train was detained one minute getting in or out of the station.

Fitzgerald was the type of railroader that railroaders respect—and for this general superintendent, Daniel Willard had nothing but admiration. He liked that sort of men operating Baltimore and Ohio there at the end of the century—ofttimes under the greatest difficulties.

With the traffic end of the road he had but little to do. Baltimore and Ohio, like many another railroad of that day, was filled with intrigue and jealousy. Engineering barely spoke to operation; and operation never to traffic. Oscar Murray was the traffic vice-president of the road and he was, in his way, as much of an individualist as Fred Underwood, or even as Cowen, the former co-receiver and now president, whom Murray eventually was to succeed.

It was with a feeling of real relief that Daniel Willard heard one day in 1901 that Underwood was going to the Erie, and that he was to follow him there. That report reached Cowen almost as soon as it had reached Willard. He summoned Willard to him. The then president of the Baltimore and Ohio sat slouched in his great chair. He looked very tired.

"I don't want you to go, Willard," said he. "You can have Fred Underwood's job—if you will take it. I will make you general manager of this property."

Willard was slow to answer. When he did, it was to decline the offer. He had come to like both Baltimore and the Baltimore and Ohio. But he had promised Underwood to accompany him to the Erie, and that was all there was

to it. He would not go back on his big boss—his friend and his adviser.

"That means that I shall go also," said Cowen, sadly. "I had thought that if you would stay, I might stick it out."

Cowen accepted Willard's decision with tears in his eyes. Already he was a defeated man. A little later the Pennsylvania overlordship in the Baltimore and Ohio would be asserting itself, ruthlessly, and Cowen would be asked, bluntly, to relinquish the presidency of the road for which he had done so much. He was to be let out with a sop that he might remain as its legal head. Pennsylvania direction of a railroad has never tolerated anything else than an engineer operating man at its head. That is the unrelenting tradition of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and now it was proposed to extend that tradition to the newly acquired possessions just to the south. Cowen was offered his president's salary as legal head of the Baltimore and Ohio. But that was not satisfactory to the deposed president. He slumped a little lower in his great chair and when they came and lifted him out of it, he was no longer the brilliant John K. Cowen, he was a defeated giant who, in his defeat, had been bereft of his health—even of his reason. His was one of the tragedies in the history of the Baltimore and Ohio.

Daniel Willard was not in Baltimore in the hour of Cowen's tragic passing, and that must have been a relief to him. He was in New York then with an office in the old Coal and Iron Building at Church Street and West Broadway, and a house up in West Seventy-first Street, across from the location of that great castellated residence

on Riverside Drive for which Charlie Schwab was just laying the foundation.

Daniel Willard never became as attached to the Erie as he had been to the Baltimore and Ohio. He adored Underwood and that was about all there was of it. He helped bring brilliant men to the property—like J. C. Stuart, who came to be general manager after Willard had ascended to a vice-president's job on the Erie.... Stuart was probably the only railroad officer who had a copy of Voltaire in the original French on the top of his desk, and who could and did read it.

Delos W. Cooke was another Erie officer in the days when Daniel Willard came to it. Cooke was the general passenger agent of the road and had succeeded D. I. Roberts, who afterwards became a ward of Leonor F. Loree on the Delaware and Hudson properties in and about Montreal, and then president of the United States Express Company. The Erie did not have much passenger traffic, beyond a rather husky suburban business and an annual flow of summer visitors in and out of Sullivan County, N. Y., but Cooke was not the sort of man to let that daunt him. He also advanced steadily and became a sort of co-general director of the Cunard Steamship Company and, at a later date, a director of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Daniel Willard always has had a way of recollecting the capabilities of men.

At few points did the Erie equal the Baltimore and Ohio. It had a dreary row of shop and divisional towns, all the way from Jersey City to Chicago—Port Jervis and Susquehanna and Hornellsville and Salamanca and Meadville and Youngstown (Briar Hill), and Galion and Hunting-

ton. Of these, Meadville was the one bright and shining star—Meadville is really a very attractive town. Daniel Willard came to know them all. He rode the Erie branches, Newburgh and Carbondale and Rochester and Buffalo and Oil City and Dayton. He came to regard them all with the calm impartiality of a Japanese elder statesman.

He acquainted himself with the men of Erie—rank and file, as well as the officers. As on the Baltimore and Ohio, he was tremendously interested in the colorful history of the road. The old master mechanic at Susquehanna told him of the memorable day, a quarter of a century before, when word had been received that Vice-President Jim Fisk was coming through on his private car to inspect the shops there. A memorable day it was indeed. With Fisk had come a gaily dressed lady: Josie Mansfield. She went through the shops with him. Her shoe became untied and Jim Fisk had to get down on the dirt floor of the machine shop and tie it for her again.... There was not much work done in the Susquehanna shop the rest of that day—or for several days thereafter. And Willard recalled that when he first had been assigned an office at the Erie headquarters in New York, he had been given Jim Fisk's ancient desk, had pulled open the draw slide, and there he had found a piece of paper pasted, with Josie Mansfield's uptown address written on it.

At last, Daniel Willard was really a railroad executive of the topnotch grade. No longer to be reckoned as a "minor officer." There were plenty of problems round-about him aside from that of merely moving the trains.

For instance, there was railroad labor.

For a good many years past, the Erie had had fairly

good relations with its workers—despite the fact that at times, it had overworked them outrageously. No one saw this situation better than Daniel Willard. It troubled him. It came to him sharply one time when a young engineer—his name was David B. Robertson and Willard was to see much of him in future years—came to him and told him how Erie firemen, after arduous runs (this was before the day of the automatic stoker) were being compelled to clean their engines, inside and out, scour the bells, and do other housecleaning chores of an increasingly difficult nature. Willard saw the point at once; the inherent justice of the men's complaint. In his days in an engine cab, Daniel Willard had cleaned the engine and scoured the bell. But in those long ago days, men were assigned their engines and were passing proud of their upkeep. Nowadays, the thing was different. A fireman could hardly be expected to have the same interest in an engine he perhaps would not see again in a month.... Always, this has been one of Willard's strong points—this ability to see both sides of the fence at the same time. More than once has it stood him in good stead.

The two men talked the matter over at some length. At last Willard asked Roberston what he felt should be done.

"*You write a rule and we will abide by it,*" said the general chairman of the firemen and engineers. Willard looked at him sharply, and proceeded to write the rule. It was at once accepted by the men and it remained in effect upon the Erie for years thereafter.... And a long-time friendship between a man who was destined to be an outstanding labor leader of America and one who was to be its outstanding railroad executive was begun.

Fred Underwood had great plans for the Erie. He proposed to make it an aggressive competitor both of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania.

Passenger traffic? No. The big boys to the north and to the south of him had that sewed up pretty tightly; with their plenitude of swift, comfortable through trains. But freight was another matter. Erie was miles shorter to most of the important traffic centers of the Midwest than New York Central; far less mountainous than Pennsylvania. A little ironing out of the grades and curves here and there and Underwood would have done the trick.

He sent down to Baltimore, and from the Baltimore and Ohio, he filched its brilliant chief engineer, Joseph M. Graham, and gave him carte blanche completely to rebuild the road. Graham conferred with Daniel Willard and with Underwood, and between them they laid out a plan of action—in considerable detail. A relief freight line from Arden, New York—where E. H. Harriman was erecting his castle-like house atop a mountain—to Port Jervis in the valley of the Delaware....Another from Hornellsville to Cuba through the valley of the upper Genesee....Still other relief lines west of Jamestown, New York. They were going to make a thorough job of the rebuilding of the Erie.

Daniel Willard was not to see that job through—hardly more than its beginnings, in fact. Underwood was having constant difficulty getting money for it. No road enjoyed a lower credit than Erie. If it had not been for Harriman and Harriman's personal influence in the Street, the job never would have been done or the Erie put upon a firm enough footing to make it a considerable factor in the freight traffic situation of the East.

Daniel Willard watched its completion from afar—with a kindly and a sympathetic interest.

Underwood knew full well that he could not keep Willard bottled up forever on the Erie and he was far too generous even to cherish such an idea. Willard was to be bigger than Erie. The only post on that historic road that would ever be big enough for him was its presidency, and Underwood had no intention of letting go of that job. He was destined to hold on to it for more than another quarter of a century. But quietly—and deliberately—the man who was in high command of the Erie began planning for the advance of his extremely capable lieutenant. The best immediate possibility for Willard's future seemed to be with James J. Hill. The Empire Builder, after the turn of the century, was at the peak of his career. Hands down, he had won from Harriman and the House of Morgan, in May, 1901, his mighty battle for control of Northern Pacific. That once proud road was his. There it lay in the roughish hand of its former opponent, a wounded and a fluttering thing. The master of Great Northern was now the master of Northern Pacific as well, plotting cleverly and ingeniously for the merger of the two former rivals into a single railroad, and only to be defeated in this major plan by the high authority of the United States Supreme Court.

Jim Hill! There was Willard's man, thought Underwood. Hill was no piker. When he wanted capable men he paid well for them. He was a severe taskmaster, but a generous one. Jim Hill could make good use of Daniel Willard. Willard would become a valuable man to him, and as Hill prospered, Willard would prosper. Underwood

had it all figured out. And now he proceeded to put his matchmaking plans into activity.

He threw Daniel Willard as much as possible into the company of the Empire Builder. Hill's interest in Erie at that time was fairly heavy, and increasing. Constantly he rode back and forth over that road. It was easy for Underwood to see to it that Willard rode with him.

"You will like Willard," he told Hill. "He is just as good for a railroad as a dozen locomotives—and then some better."

Sometimes Willard rode with Hill's sons, too. The opportunity of direct contact with the powerful Hill clan was not one that he was likely to ignore. And when Hill, struggling almost always against Union Pacific and its allied interests, stole the control of the rich and conservative old Chicago, Burlington and Quincy almost out from under their noses, Daniel Willard again was confronted by opportunity.

Fred Underwood had not labored in vain. There came a day, late in 1903, when James J. Hill walked into Daniel Willard's office in the Erie headquarters in downtown New York and said that he would like to have a little talk with him. He came to the point quickly. Would Willard go out to Chicago and become the operating vice-president of the Burlington? The salary would be right—\$30,000 a year in addition to a cash bonus of \$50,000—and there would be every opportunity for his advancement.

Willard was a little staggered at those figures. But, with the innate caution of the New Englander, he did not jump at the invitation. He thanked Hill for having offered it

and finally said that he did not think he could accept. He felt a certain definite loyalty to Fred Underwood.

It was not long before Hill was back again; this time the salary offered was \$50,000 a year and a cash bonus, \$100,000. Willard excused himself and went into Underwood's office and told his chief exactly what was happening.

Underwood chuckled—with pride.

"What do you think I had best do?" said Daniel Willard.

"Do?" snapped Underwood. "What else can you do? Take it. You must accept it—at once. If you do not, the whole railroad world will talk of it. They will think that you've had something pretty soft here on the side to make it worth your while to refuse such an offer."

Still Daniel Willard did not show undue haste to accept the Hill offer. When Hill asked him why, the New Englander did not hesitate to tell him. In his own words:

"I told him," says Willard, "that while I had never worked directly under his authority, I had heard those who had worked with him speak of him as a very hard man to get along with. They said he was exacting; that he expected everyone to see things as he saw them, and do things as he would do them. I said that I doubted very much if I could do that, and I assured him that if I were able always to see things as he saw them, and to do things as he would do them, I also would be hiring vice-presidents just as he was doing, instead of trying to be one myself. He seemed to be quite amused in what I said, but he assured me that the reports about him were not justified; that he really was not hard to get along with; that he simply wanted his officers to do things as they ought to be done, and that when they did not do that, he got some-

body else. I replied that there, to my mind, was the difficulty of the situation.

"We were standing by a window at that time, looking down into the street. I said to him: 'Mr. Hill, if I were down on the sidewalk and were confronted simply with the problem of getting across the street, I would probably get across all right and without injury to myself, but if I were down there on the sidewalk, confronted with the same problem and if I had to figure out how *you* would cross the street if you were there; whether you would go to the right or to the left, the chances are that I would get run over in my effort to do a very simple thing, and that is why I do not think I would like to work for you.'"

Hill laughed. He told Daniel Willard that he always wanted him to cross the street as he felt would be best. And that he still wanted Willard to come to the Burlington—after which Daniel Willard capitulated, and the deal was made. As F. D. Underwood recalls it, Hill told his new vice-president that he expected him to save a million dollars a year in the operation of the Burlington and not lose one friend for the road: shipper, stockholder or employee.

In those years of preparation Daniel Willard was rounding himself out for future ones. His education was by no means complete. The competent locomotive engineer, the smart railroad superintendent was becoming something more than engineer or superintendent; much more than merely competent or smart. He was making himself an executive—in the fullest sense of the word. A railroad *president* was being born; one who, when the right day came, would be the ranking railroad president in all the

land. For such a high role Willard seemed to qualify—abundantly. His fondness for reading; his passion for acquiring information from every conceivable source; the pleasant routine of his home life—no hint of scandal or of domestic upset ever in the Willard home—the charm of that family is in its happiness and simplicity; even his recreation in culture was going into the making of a real leader of men. To all of which was to be added the even balance of a warm and genuinely sympathetic heart and a cool and reasoning brain. God fashioned Daniel Willard to achieve outstanding things.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BURLINGTON

THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILWAY, to no small extent owed its origin to the rapid decline of the American Merchant Marine after the Civil War. New England, in particular, for more than half a century had staked its fortunes on sailing ships and profited heavily. It was a gamble that nearly always won. Boston, and to a lesser extent, New Haven and Providence and Salem and Portland, had put much money into the clipper ships and had taken far more out of them. The Civil War changed all of that. The United States ceased to be a dominant seagoing nation. Capital was thrust back from the shores of the Atlantic into the hinterland. Railroads still were a new enterprise, a worthwhile one for any smart man's money and brains and open to none of this competition from alien people.

Into the railroads of the West there came the gold stream of New England investment and the flower of New England youth. The new capital finished building the Union Pacific Railroad just as it had finished, a decade before the war, the Michigan Central and other roads to the east of Chicago. It gave life to the lagging Northern Pacific project. It touched with its Midas-like fingers railroads here and railroads there. And among all of these, it

built the Burlington, stretching from Chicago southeast down over the fat prairie lands of Illinois to the banks of the Mississippi. Nor was the Burlington long to be halted there. It forced itself over the river by bridges and continued its onward march across Iowa and Missouri. It touched Nebraska and it touched Kansas, and then it invaded both of those farming states. It went west, north, south. Everywhere it went, the Burlington prospered.

Prosperity begets prosperity. In those early days, the Burlington did not have to fight for traffic; traffic fairly poured into its cars. Livestock, corn, best of all, the golden wheat—these were growing and fattening on the flatlands and, when grown, were fairly begging for transport to the eastern markets. And the Burlington was there to carry all of them, ever constantly bettering and enlarging its facilities for this purpose.

James J. Hill was not blind to any of this. Even before he had clinched his hold upon his erstwhile rival, Northern Pacific, and was planning in fine detail that Northern Securities Corporation, which was ultimately to go down to ignominious defeat before the Supreme Court, Hill had full control of the Burlington and was parcelling its shares out, share for share between his beloved Great Northern and its foster brother, the less loved Northern Pacific. The old Beacon Hill clan of Forbes was out of Burlington—distinctly and completely out. A new order of things had come to pass upon that road—in those days still called the “Q.” Soon there were to be new officers and a new way of doing business upon it. The grip of James J. Hill was no velvet grip; it was iron.

Hill acquired the Burlington with two definite purposes

in view. These were quite apart from his natural desire to retain and upbuild its existing great traffic from the farm-lands of Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska and Minnesota. First of all he wanted to provide a line from the coal fields of southern Illinois up to the Twin Cities, over his river division along the east bank of the Mississippi from Savanna, Illinois, north; and second, he wanted another line running, in a general way, north and south from Texas, through Denver, to Billings, Montana, where it would have connection with the main line of the Northern Pacific; and so providing good movement for cotton, northbound, and then west to Seattle for shipment to the Orient as well as a return movement into the South for the immense lumber production of the Northwest. It was a pretty picture, although one not destined to great success. For while men labored to perfect this plan, other men were at work two thousand miles to the south—men stripped to the waist, working with pick and shovel and with giant construction machinery in the swamps and morasses of Panama to make good the age-old dream of a canal at the Isthmus, from the Atlantic into the Pacific. When that dream had come true, James J. Hill's dream lost a bit of its luster. As one Burlington vice-president said to another, "What we need to handle the traffic now, is not freight cars, but wheelbarrows."

To make this last line, Hill did not rely alone upon Burlington development. He picked up the somewhat moribund Colorado and Southern and the Fort Worth and Denver City railroads and brought them into Burlington control. A few other adjustments and he had a workable line of reasonably easy grades all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to his main stems across Montana. And

a line which, despite the hard wallop given to it by the opening of the Panama, has since more than justified Hill's sagacity.

It was not all to be done as easily as this—the wave of a hand and the acquisition of feeding lines or unpleasant competitors. There was a great construction job to be done as well. Existing lines had to be reconditioned, grades reduced, curvatures taken out, new facilities provided. Millions of dollars would have to be expended in this way alone before James J. Hill's dream could anywhere near come true. And it was for all of this that Daniel Willard was being brought to the Burlington; to help re-create an important railroad.

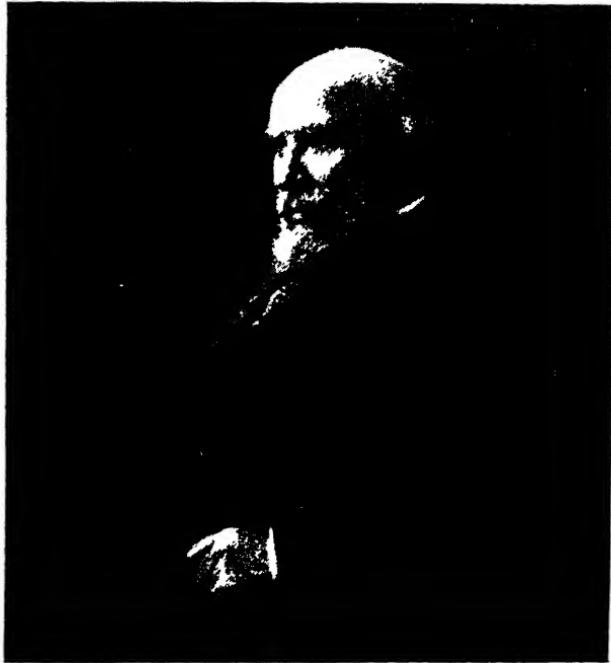
At the moment of Willard's arrival in Chicago (early in 1904) the president of the Burlington was George B. Harris, who had a few years before succeeded Charles E. Perkins, who had made an enviable reputation in his conduct of the road—not the least of it in his masterly handling of the great engineers' strike which had all but paralyzed it in 1888. Harris, an able railroader, was in no large sense a railroad operating man. His job was to uphold the financial and corporate development of the road, just as that of Darius Miller, who was destined eventually to succeed him as president, was to conduct the traffic end of the problem. Willard was given a pretty full authority over both the operation and the maintenance of the road. It was a pretty effective three-horse team; Harris, as president and corporate head, and vice-presidents Miller and Willard in charge, respectively, of traffic and operation. It was a three-horse team that pulled very well, but the genius of a man up in St. Paul was the driving force that held

the reins and kept the traces from ever dragging on the ground.

Hill dominated the Burlington just as he had always dominated Great Northern and now was beginning to dominate Northern Pacific. It was not in the man to do anything else with a railroad. Whole hog or nothing. The Empire Builder could think, could work in no other terms. Daniel Willard after twenty-five years of railroading had at last found a real master; but it was typical of that New Englander that he accepted that mastery cheerfully and loyally. He was paid to work for James J. Hill and he purposed to render a full and honest measure of service for his pay. That has always been Daniel Willard's way of doing things.

"It was the beginning of the age of statistics for the 'Q,'" says one of the older officers of the road as he looks back upon it today. "We used to get along in a rather happy-go-lucky way in regard to finances. I remember President Harris coming into Mr. Willard's office one day and saying that the earnings had been so good that month that they would use a half a million dollars out of them to retire the debt on the Kansas City bridge."

They do not do things that way these days. They sweat and figure and study over zigzag lines and charts and prepare reports galore—for the Interstate Commerce Commission, the state regulatory commissions, and still other governmental bodies as well. Some of it is pretty close figuring. That is what James J. Hill, working through Daniel Willard, began to develop back on the Burlington in 1904. The road was to be made into the most efficient railroad in the whole land. Jim Hill would be satisfied with nothing less.



Top: James J. Hill, Empire Builder of the Northwest, made Willard operating Vice-President of the Burlington, and offered him the Presidency when Willard was invited to head the B. & O. Willard speaks of him as "one of the greatest men I ever knew."

Left: John K. Cowen, whose great mind and character lastingly impressed Willard in middle life.

Right: Charles A. Rausch, Willard's secretary during his Presidency of the B & O, now his assistant. "In twenty-eight years," says Rausch, "I have never had an unpleasant word from him." Says Willard, "Ditto."

always seemed to have an uncanny sort of luck in such things. Or should it just be called persistence?

Track ties in those early Burlington days presented him with another problem. The humble tie on the American railroad was already in a fair way to become an aristocrat. Good ties became fewer and farther between and the price rose steadily to a dollar a tie and upwards. The white oak tie supply that once had been the pride of the Burlington system had entirely disappeared from its territory and was nearly gone elsewhere.

Willard decided that with tie costs rising fabulously, the time had come to cease looking for really fine timber like oak for this purpose and to begin the substitution of somewhat inferior woods, raised by chemical treatment to equality with the real high-grade woods. Accordingly, he set up a fine timber treating plant at Galesburg, Illinois, in the eastern part of the system, with another at Sheridan, Wyoming, in the western part, and in the heart of a fine pine tie country. Both of these steps were in keeping with his policy of neglecting no problem of the line.

Opinions seem to vary as to just how much time "D. W." spent out upon the line once he was well into the saddle on the Burlington. One of his former secretaries out there with him says a quarter of his time, the other puts it at a third. Not only as a prerogative of his job, but as a working necessity, he had been furnished a comfortable working car, the 99. The layman would quickly call it a private car, but your railroader frowns on that word, "private." He prefers to call it a business car, and he is right. It is a rolling office in which an incredible amount of work is done each

twenty-four hours that it is in service. In it are charts and maps and files galore. There are typewriters and the other impedimenta of a modern business office. And each executive carries with him his secretary—a young man trained to a fine edge, who works for his boss sixteen hours out of every day. The work is not only incessant, it is grueling.

The day is well remembered when Willard, just into Chicago on a Saturday morning after a particularly hard five days out on the line, received a telegram from James J. Hill that he, Hill, would be in Chicago early next morning on his way home from New York, and that he wanted Willard to accompany him to St. Paul. Arrangements were at once made for the trip—an all-day one. Willard's secretary, tired as a dog, faltered:

"Do you want me to go along? I hope not."

Willard's jaw set in a way that is typical of him.

"I do not," said he. "You are excused."

There was a young man just come into the vice-president's office, a lad by the name of Cooperider, who had arrived a fortnight before from the Burlington's divisional headquarters down in St. Louis. He was given quick instructions to be ready to go to St. Paul with the vice-president the following morning.

When the trip was over, Cooperider was again summoned into the vice-president's inner office.

"Where is your secretary, Mr. Willard?" he asked.

"You are," said Willard. And so he was and so he remained during Daniel Willard's service with the Burlington.

It had been noticed by the Burlington men that when this newcomer, Willard, arrived in the headquarters offices in Chicago, from the Erie, he brought no Erie men with him. From the beginning, he filled vacancies with Burlington men and this made a good impression. A reputation that Daniel Willard was pretty harsh in discipline had preceded him from the Erie by the mysterious grapevine telegraph known only to railroaders. It was said that once he was boss there in Adams Street, fur would fly; that there would be trouble all along the line. Officers dreaded letters from him. They said that they were afraid that they "would find a man"—a successor—in any one of them.

One comment upon Willard at this time is worth recalling. When he came to the Burlington as vice-president from the Erie, one of his cronies remarked:

"He won't last there. He's always figuring on the fellow down below, rather than the fellow up on top. He won't stay long with the aristocracy."

Willard's predecessor, Howard Elliott, who had resigned two months before to become president of the Northern Pacific, was an exceedingly popular man, much loved by all the rank and file of the Burlington—officers and employees alike. Elliott was not lacking in discipline. But he had had a rather pleasant way of enforcing it that had endeared him to the men, who had come to respect him as well as to love him. He was a hard predecessor for Daniel Willard to follow.

But time justified the new vice-president. He was by no means the hellion that he had been advertised. He was strict and he was firm, but he was both fair and generous. A different type of man from Elliott, he was not less effec-

tive. Men were to come to love Daniel Willard, too—and to respect him as well. He was not easy. But he was infinitely removed from the oldtime swashbuckling type of railroad boss whose name had become a byword in the transport world, and who, by his stupid attitude, had done so much toward the upbuilding of bad feeling among railroad employees and the growth of the railroad union. Willard was not that sort. He not only was fair, but he knew his business in its many details—and the men of the Burlington respected him more than ever for that. There had been executives on the road who had bluffed it through at times. Daniel Willard was not that sort.

If the rank and file of the old "Q" had but realized it, they might have known that Jim Hill would not put a bluffer in a job as important as that of operating the Burlington. Hill's own judgment in regard to men was always good. He read them and he understood them. And he knew that in Willard he had an uncommon one—a man of vast future possibilities.

And for that reason he had Willard with him as much as possible.

Those Sunday trips by day from Chicago up to St. Paul along the bank of the lovely upper Mississippi were frequent. The two railroaders—the one at the height of his fame and the other on his way there—found much in common for discussion. They talked railroad and when, for the moment, they were done with railroading, they talked of every other thing in the world—including violins.

Daniel Willard, with no pretense at all toward being a virtuoso, from boyhood days has always been able to find diversion with a fiddle. Once he wanted to go out and have a contest with Henry Ford, who also has a yen for bow and

string.... In the years that he was in Chicago, Willard had a habit of stopping in at Lyon and Healy's store and taking home an imported violin of some renowned make—Stradivarius, for instance—in temporary exchange for some one he already had. He felt that he could not afford to own such valuable violins, but he had a real joy in playing them. At about this time he happened to lunch with Jim Hill. The two men walked from the old Burlington offices in Adams Street over to the Chicago Club. On the way, they stopped for a time in front of Lyon and Healy's window and looked at a Stradivarius displayed there. The talk veered quickly to violins, particularly to those of Stradivarius. Willard found that Jim Hill was immensely interested in violins, and for the better part of the next hour the two men talked, not railroad, but Stradivarius. Hill told Willard that he had found a man up in Minneapolis who seemed to have an uncanny skill in fashioning violins, but that he did not have the proper wood. Thereupon the Empire Builder had dug deeply into his pocket and had purchased the violin-maker an assortment of very rare and valuable woods. But Minneapolis could not produce a Stradivarius.

Willard always has possessed this passion for cultural attainment. Back in his Burlington days he developed a tremendous desire to know about paintings—and painters.

He went into O'Brien's art store in Chicago and sought out the proprietor.

"My name is Willard," said he. "I want to know something about pictures. You will have to tell me all about them."

O'Brien smiled. His job was to sell pictures, not to con-

duct a school of art. But there was something in this stranger's manner that appealed to him, and Willard's visits to the store became frequent and long.

For a long time he engaged an elderly painter—a man past his prime and somewhat broken in health—at a fee, to accompany him to the Chicago Institute and other collections and to point out to him the strengths and the defects of the important pictures. I remember one time, some years later, lunching with him in Chicago and his insisting that I spend an hour with him in the Field Museum.

"I always like to spend a certain amount of time in these museums when I am in this town," said he.

It was Daniel Willard's habit in those days when he was vice-president of the Burlington to have his car—the comfortable old 99—attached about once a month to the train leaving Chicago just before midnight on Sunday nights. This would bring him well across Iowa by daybreak, and into the heavy traffic country of the "Q." Daniel Willard was up at daybreak. To him, inspection meant inspection.

Once, ten or twelve years after that, when he had gone to the Baltimore and Ohio as president (and had a new car, also numbered 99), I rode with him on one of these inspection trips. It was an unforgettable experience. A telegram had reached me in St. Louis saying that we would leave Camden Station, Baltimore, promptly at seven o'clock Sunday morning. I wired back a faint suggestion that, being already in the West, I might meet the inspection special at Cumberland, or even Pittsburgh. Nothing doing. A second telegram informed me that I was to be ready to leave Baltimore at seven, Sunday morning. No quibbling. I hurried over to the Union Station and caught an eastbound train

that pulled me into Baltimore late Saturday afternoon. The genial Charlie Rausch, for many years past Daniel Willard's most efficient secretary and right-hand man—Willard calls him "my close friend" and some years ago made him, officially, his assistant—met me with the cheering information that the *99* would be in the train shed at Camden Station that evening, that a stateroom had been reserved for me in it and that I could go aboard at any hour I so pleased.

That was good news. I went up to the Rennert Hotel, had a wonderful seafood dinner, and went aboard the car rather late. Seven o'clock in the morning no longer had worries for me. I could sleep as late as I pleased, then get up leisurely and begin the inspection with Mr. Willard.

From a pleasant dream there was sharp awakening. At a few minutes after six there was a sharp rat-a-tat upon my door. I flung it open. The big boss, himself.

"I don't want you to miss the yards as we go out of here," said he. "Breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes. We never lose time from inspection by just eating."

And so we did not. We dined at Youngstown, Ohio, at eight that evening, after the welcome dusk had come at the end of a long June day and the car had been placed upon a siding for the night. For lunch we had sandwiches and iced tea upon the observation platform of the *99*. No time out for lunch. One eye on the sandwich and the other on the curving rail. It is just 405 miles from Baltimore to Youngstown, and we saw every station, every yard, every highway crossing, every telegraph pole and every rail for the entire distance. For slight variation we might stop and alight at the principal stations and then we would walk miles—picking our way over tracks in railroad yards, peering into

roundhouses and shops and freight houses; Daniel Willard inspecting stations carefully, especially as to lavatory facilities. Mr. Willard cannot tolerate uncleanliness, dirt in any form. I have seen him go into the *Capitol Limited*, waiting in Mount Royal, Baltimore, for its nightly trip to Chicago, rub his fingers along a window sill, find a bit of dust as big as a half-dollar and raise hob with the porters about it. He used to delight in saying that he would pay a dollar if I could find one broken window along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio. I always had a feeling that if I had found such a window, someone would pay Daniel Willard that dollar.

I think that it was on that trip that Willard espied a gondola up on a coal chute somewhere west of Sand Patch. He turned quickly to Arthur Thompson, his operating vice-president at that time.

"How long has that car been there?" he demanded.

"Only a short time," was the reply.

"That is not enough of an answer," said Daniel Willard. "I want to know *exactly* how long it has been there. Get me a report on it—at once."

When the telegraphed report reached us later in the day, it showed that the gondola had been up on that chute just seven days.

"I knew it," laughed Willard. "I could see the rust on the tires."

On that memorable day it was pretty hot and sunshiny, I grew a bit drowsy by mid-afternoon. On some trivial excuse I found my way to my comfortable stateroom. Nothing could have looked more inviting than its big bed. Yielding to temptation, I threw myself across it for the traditional

forty winks. Before I had had twenty of them, there came the familiar rat-a-tat upon the door.

"I suspected something of this sort," said the boss. "Come out here. I don't want you to miss Sand Patch Tunnel."

Of course, there may be something to seeing the inside of a six thousand foot tunnel.

W. L. Barnes, for many years general superintendent of transportation of the Burlington and for many years a devoted associate of Daniel Willard, used to have something of the same sort of experience. Each morning when Willard was in Chicago, Barnes used to report to him at nine, and the two men would spend a half hour or more in going over the picture of the road for the past twenty-four hours, as presented by the telegraphic reports; the traffic moved, car shortages and car overpluses, engine failures and motive power conditions generally; track work...all the rest of it. And when Daniel Willard rode the line Barnes almost always went with him....Barnes is not a man inclined to slimness. He used to sit on the broad bench of the observation car of the Burlington 99 with his arms folded and parked upon his stomach, then doze gently off until he was awakened with a jerk by the boss having catapulted a book into the pit of his stomach. Daniel Willard always has had a lively sense of humor and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous. The men who have called him austere have never known what they were talking about.

His powers of observation are tremendous.

Barnes and Newton and Cooperider all remember in those tremendous trips over the 9000 miles of the Burlington system (in one year, Daniel Willard covered every

single one of them by daylight) how keen the boss's eye was on everything outside.

"Funny how, when a locomotive whistle blows, a pig in a field will always turn squarely about," he would say.

Or, about a fleeing coyote:

"Poor brute, he has to scavenge pretty hard for his food. And we sit on this train and fill our bellies with no trouble whatsoever."

And upon one famous occasion:

"Do you think that these prairie-dogs could ever be good eating?"

This last remark started something. There were two schools of thought aboard the *99* as to the edibility of prairie-dogs. One school maintained that they were indeed good eating; that it had partaken of prairie-dog flesh and had enjoyed it. The other was radically opposed. Did Mr. Willard know that prairie-dogs and rattlesnakes dwelt in communal peace, together, in their holes? Henry Turner, the cook on the *99*, had his own ideas, and these were definite. He was one of the older generation of negroes, brought up in "private car" service and very proud of it, and he opined publicly that he would about as soon cook one of those rattlesnakes as its prairie-dog companion.

Daniel Willard laughed. He had started something—and he always has been fond of starting things.

"I think that we will take a try at them, Henry," said he. "It cannot be any worse than your whistling." This last, a dig at the old chef who used to whistle religious airs until the boss would beg for "that Merry Widow Waltz" as a measure of slight relief, at least.

Henry Turner finally yielded and the prairie-dog feast

was prepared. As to the results of the experiment, Daniel Willard, to this day, is strangely reticent. It is known, however, that prairie-dog was not again offered as a *pièce-de-résistance* upon the 99.

Willard was immensely interested in the lore and the tradition of the West into which the rails of the Burlington led. He met Buffalo Bill and entertained him upon the 99, also the last survivor of the Custer fight. He was fascinated by the quaint cemetery at Deadwood and there was hardly a point at which his inspection train would stop that he was not leading the whole party off over the hills to some elevated point where they might view the landscape. He was a prodigious walker in those days and he made his guests walk with him. He felt that it was good for their souls, as well as their bodies.

He got much enjoyment out of the Indians, too. There is a memory at one of the agencies of the dignified vice-president of the Burlington in feathered head-dress, powwowing and yah-yelping with the red men and finally joining with them in their ceremonial dance. The old chief liked that. Willard responded in kind. They talked at length--through an interpreter. There was much exchange of stilted courtesies. Finally the old chief said something in his native tongue that made the interpreter hesitate for a moment.

"Go ahead," said Daniel Willard.

"The chief, he says that he would like to know when you are going to pay that flour claim of his."

The party broke up at that point.

There was not much play, however, on these excursions. The most of it was work, hard and unrelenting work, charts

and maps to be gone over, in profusion and in detail, Daniel Willard in his unceasing task of bringing up the average mileage of the freight cars the whole system over. Working patiently with Barnes, he had increased, within a few years, that average from twenty-five to thirty-seven miles a day. But today, Barnes thinks that that was not so difficult, with traffic offering itself at all times.... Cars to be handled here and to be handled there—by the dozens and by the hundreds. Car shortages to be avoided. Southern Illinois to get its coal cars; the granary country, its grain cars; Minneapolis its flour cars. Barnes still recalls the day when a car shortage up there at the Falls of St. Anthony was becoming acute.

"What are you doing about it?" asked Willard, in the terse way that was so characteristic of him then.

"I have asked the superintendents all over our eastern lines to rush the cars into Minneapolis.... I am doing everything possible in the situation."

"Doing everything possible doesn't mean a damn," snapped the vice-president. "I want you to wire each superintendent to advise how many cars he will send—and when he will deliver them. Let me know the result."

There was another railroad phrase that also was anathema to Willard. He would blow up when one of his traffic men would come to him and say that the road was getting its "fair proportion" of the business.

"What do you mean by fair proportion?" he would ask. "It means nothing whatsoever to me."

Night after night, conference after conference, in the cleared dining room of the old 99. I know myself how Willard goes at it. That memorable night when we reached Youngstown, after 405 grueling miles of inspection from

Baltimore, the hot sun in the pre-air-conditioned era of railroading had reduced me almost to pulp. And after a smacking good dinner in the *99*, I felt sleepy. But no retiring to that comfortable stateroom even then.... Conference. ... "I want you to see how we work it out," said Daniel Willard. Two hours of conference and then the big boss of the road suggested that his staff get to bed, as he wanted an hour with his visitor. Finally he bade me good night. "I have a new book that I wish to spend an hour with," said he, "and then tomorrow being a week day, we will get a better start. Breakfast at 5:30. Inspection begins at 6:00. We must get at it."

Seemingly, Daniel Willard has always been at it. Soo, Baltimore and Ohio, Erie, and here, in 1904, the Burlington. The road's program was an extensive one. New rail to be laid down, new roadbed to be graded for it... lengthened passing tracks for lengthened modern trains... in connection with the Alton, a new short route built between Kansas City and St. Louis... gradients upon the lines that led to the coal mines of Southern Illinois reduced to a three-tenths of one per cent maximum so that the big coal trains could move solidly from that colliery district up to the Twin Cities and beyond without the breaking of length or bulk. There were new yards, new roundhouses, new shops, new bridges constantly to be planned and built. The task, seemingly, was endless. The Burlington still was in its era of pioneering, of swift and steady expansion, and Willard was the able lieutenant directing the program.

Not only right of way, but motive power and cars. Good water for the locomotives was but one of the motive power problems of the 9000 miles of the system; good fuel was a puzzling matter as well. Upon one occasion Willard brought

Samuel Vauclain, the great guiding genius of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, out over the road with him. They were burning a lot of local coal, a low-grade lignite, which had a tendency to sparkle like a Fourth of July celebration. Vauclain helped work out a new plan of dampening the lignite so that materially less of its energy would go out of Burlington stacks in pyrotechnic display. Willard was delighted.

Once George B. Harris, the president of the road, came to him and said that earnings had been so good that Mr. Hill was quite ready to go ahead and let them order a hundred new locomotives. I know just what I want, thought Willard, I'd like a hundred new Prairies, we could do a lot of good with Prairies upon this road.

But when he suggested the Prairie type to Harris, Harris merely shook his head, doubtfully, and went in to speak to Hill, who happened to be in Chicago for the day, and who was occupying his own private office there, in the Burlington headquarters....He came back after a moment to Willard.

"Sorry, Willard," said he. "Mr. Hill says that he just won't have the Prairies, he wants Consolidations. They use Consolidations up on the Great Northern and he likes their performance."

The chief structural difference between the Prairie and the Consolidation is that the former has three drivers upon each side, and the latter, four. There is endless dispute as to the relative merits of the two types of locomotive. Daniel Willard has always preferred the Prairie and he is as definite in his own mind as ever Jim Hill was in his. He marched into the inner sanctum. Hill reiterated his demand that the Burlington buy the Consolidations, repeated their achievements upon his Great Northern.

Then it was Dan Willard's turn. He talked. He always has been a persuasive talker. He talked for the Prairie as if it had been a favorite breed of horse, or even a pet child. Willard talked and Jim Hill listened. Willard always knew when Hill was interested, because at such times the old Empire Builder would lift his upper lip ever so little and show his white teeth; there was a gleam in his eye and a thrust of great shaggy head that went with it.... The lip began to lift. Willard talked the harder. Finally Hill silenced him. He leaned forward and he patted Dan Willard upon the hand, gently as a mother might do to a child.

"Danny," said he, "you can have any kind of engine you want."

Daniel Willard always has had a way with him.

The friendship between the two railroaders deepened into real affection. They spent more and more time together—in Chicago, in St. Paul, in New York, and out upon the line. They talked still more of railroads and violins and "cabbages and kings." And sometimes they sang. At least Jim Hill sang. In his Canadian childhood, in his many excursions as a young man of St. Paul into the Red River country, Hill had learned the songs of the French Canadian *habitants*. He treasured these, with their speech and their traditions all the years of his life. Daniel Willard still remembers of a crisp September evening, pulling out of Kansas City, east over the old Hannibal and St. Joe...harvest moon, silvering yellow corn in the shock...and Jim Hill's shaggy head thrown back, singing French Canadian songs at the very top of his voice. He never did anything by halves, did Jim Hill.... He loved Dan Willard. He loved

to be in his company. He would do anything in this world for Dan Willard.

Yet back in Wall Street, that old marriage broker of the railroad world, Fred Underwood, was moving Daniel Willard into a new destiny. One day "Uncle Fred" was walking in the direction of the House of Morgan, when he almost collided with Judge Robert E. Lovett, of the Union Pacific. "I want to speak to you, Fred," the tall Judge said. Union Pacific was a bit worried about the way things were going just then down on the Baltimore and Ohio. Union Pacific had a \$4,000,000 stock interest in Baltimore and Ohio at that time and it did not like to have things go wrong—a lot of coal operators up in the West Virginia hills complaining bitterly that they could not get enough cars to ship their coal to market and finally going to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and even to the courts, and raising hob over the situation. The Baltimore and Ohio had a good traffic-getting president, but very poor facilities for handling the traffic, once it had been garnered. Jim Watson and the rest of the West Virginia coal crowd were in a non-competitive rail territory, and because of it were badly caught.

Underwood thought for a moment of Jim Hill. But he thought more in that moment of his protégé, Willard, and so he said:

"Judge Lovett, there are three names that I can suggest to you for president of the Baltimore and Ohio, but there is only one of those whom I can recommend—unqualifiedly."

And who is that?

"Daniel Willard," said Underwood.

Lovett said that he would speak to "J. K." about it. "J. K." was Julius Kruttschnitt, the great guiding genius

in those days of both the Union and Southern Pacifics. In a week he was knocking at Fred Underwood's door.

"J. K. says that if that man Willard is all that you say he is, he just can't be true. . . . But we want him."

When Hill heard the news he was much cast down. . . . He hurried to Willard and said that he would make him president of the Burlington, nay, he would do more, he would merge the Burlington and the Great Northern—what a whale of a line it would be, twenty thousand miles of highest grade railroad reaching by a variety of routes from Chicago to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian borders; lines here and there and everywhere, lines still to be built—and Daniel Willard president of all of it! But Willard shook his head. He had cast his lot with the Baltimore and Ohio and he proposed to go through with it. . . . The shaggy old head of the Empire Builder shook sadly.

"Remember, Dan," he said, "that there's always a desk waiting for you up here with me."

Daniel Willard went to Baltimore at the beginning of 1910. Yet in those last few weeks that he was operating chief of the Burlington, he never for a moment let down in his unremitting effort to get results. As long as he drew Burlington pay he was working for Burlington, tooth and nail. One of the superintendents out on the main line found that out for himself.

Pride of the Burlington always has been its *Fast Mail*, wrested under hottest competition away from its rivals. In the first decade of the century it carried no passengers, simply five to seven cars of United States mail and about the same of express. Leaving Chicago at nine each evening,

it ran at top speed to Omaha. To keep this great train on time to the minute was the work of every man along its route, from president to track-walker. Daniel Willard always made that his special job. And when, at the beginning of 1909, he decided that the main line track no longer was quite good enough for the *Fast Mail* (increasing in weight all the while) they arranged for a lot of new track to go down. On one division they laid 245 miles of new ninety-pound rail that hot summer of 1909, and the superintendent of that division will never forget the experience. The work dragged. Daniel Willard went out there, toward the end of November, noticed the slackened pace, and was visibly annoyed. He summoned the superintendent.

"What is the trouble?" he asked. "When are you going to have this rail all laid?"

"By the fifteenth of December. We've had a lot of trouble getting the material."

Willard frowned. Fifteenth of December would mean that they might well be snowed in by that time. Said he:

"It's a shame to have a road tied up as long as this. And winter right at hand."

"I agree with you, chief," replied the superintendent. "There was a lot more to this than we had anticipated. We did run short of material."

"But you should not have run short of material."

"I feel that I have worked too hard on this job to be criticized, Mr. Willard."

Willard looked at him sharply.

"No one is criticizing you," said he, coldly. The division superintendent stood his ground.

"Yes, sir, I am the superintendent of this division and any criticism of its conduct is a criticism of its superintendent."

Willard was silent for a moment, then he said, "I guess I will have to send some one out here."

"I shall be glad of that."

Willard laughed. Then he lowered his voice and said, gently:

"I don't mean to replace you. I want to assist you. I really want to help you out."

In thirty days Daniel Willard was saying good-by to the Burlington, forever, but, up to the final minute he stuck at his work as if it was a lifetime job.

Two things stand out sharply in his record on the "Q." When he came to it in 1904 the memories of the great strike of 1888 were still bitter and poignant. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had had a dominant part in that strike and until 1904 it did not succeed in getting a new operating contract with the road. Frederick Delano, the general manager, had finally negotiated an agreement. It was a most generous one, but it was Willard who had the job of making it work.

The other thing was the softening of the road's official discipline by making a rule that when men in the service required punishment, it should no longer be administered by laying them off and stopping their pay. Instead, a system of demerits was adopted, by which the number of demerits for an offense against the discipline varied according to its seriousness, and these might gradually be reduced and finally eliminated entirely by good service on the part of the employee. This rule was fair. It was humane. Daniel Willard was responsible for its adoption, not only on the Burlington, but a little later when he was in command at Baltimore, upon the Baltimore and Ohio as well.

PRESIDENT OF BALTIMORE AND OHIO

GOING BACK TO BALTIMORE and to the Baltimore and Ohio was just like going home to Daniel Willard. For once he was not immediately confronted with the problems of studying out a brand-new railroad organism...the physical condition of the property; the strengths and defects of its operation; its traffic and its traffic potentials; its history and its relationships with its public; its staff and its security holders. Daniel Willard already knew the most of this. The eighteen months that he had spent studying the property for Underwood had been a season well spent: a highly necessary preliminary training and education was behind him. Moreover, in the ten years that he had been away from Baltimore and Ohio he had broadened himself immensely—in his whole point of view of railroading and in his philosophy of life in general. At last he was, in a full sense of the word, a trained railroad executive.

Some things had happened since his first regime in Baltimore City: For instance, Tom Fitzgerald was gone—and with him an appreciable part of Baltimore and Ohio morale. John K. Cowen, leaving the road not long after the departure of Underwood and of Willard, had been succeeded by that brilliant railroad economist and operator, Leonor F. Loree. Loree was the Pennsylvania choice. He was, at that

time at least, in every sense a Pennsylvania Railroad man—Pennsylvania trained and reared—until he had come to be its operating vice-president at its most important Pittsburgh headquarters.

The time had come, said the powers in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, for the Pennsylvania Railroad to show its hand more firmly in Baltimore. What is the use of controlling that Baltimore and Ohio underdog if we do not in actuality control it? And so, suiting action to thought, Pennsylvania minor executives were poured into Baltimore, among them, G. L. Potter, as operating vice-president. With Leonor F. Loree the guiding genius above all of them. Of the old high command in Baltimore, only that consummate traffic genius, Oscar G. Murray, had been suffered to remain. Broad Street had respect for Murray, if not actual fear of him. He was, unquestionably, a traffic getter without a peer in the land. Flamboyant, picturesque, extravagant in his whole mode of living and in his outlook on life, he was none the less much loved—and not a little feared. It was said of him that even after he became president of Baltimore and Ohio the big shippers—the men who had plenty of traffic to give—would come and sit by the hour in his anteroom, hats in hand, waiting to be called into his presence, to pour business into his lap.

Loree came, and after two years, went. There was a reason for that.

A new man, a big man, with eyeglasses and shiny teeth had come to live in the White House just forty miles away, and there he was to shake a big stick at big business as he breathed vengeance against its iniquities. Roosevelt apparently meant what he said. At least, so Broad Street began to figure it out. And so Broad Street began loosening its

fingers on the stepchild down in Baltimore.... Cinderella was in luck again.... Baltimore and Ohio once more breathed the blessed air of freedom.... Whether under pressure from Washington or not, the Pennsylvania disposed of its great holdings in the road to the Union Pacific in exchange for the Union Pacific's Southern Pacific holdings. Union Pacific then distributed its Baltimore and Ohio shares to its own stockholders on a pro-rata basis—which was a very good thing for Baltimore and Ohio.

Most of the Pennsylvania personnel began slipping quietly home from Baltimore. Much mischief had been done, but it was not irreparable. The chief damage was to Baltimore and Ohio morale—and this, gradually, was to be remedied.

Among the Pennsylvania men who remained was Potter, the operating vice-president. Potter, for some time past, had had his eye on Tom Fitzgerald, his general superintendent east of Pittsburgh. Whether he was jealous of the superintendent's great popularity or just what it was, will never be known, but he began picking on him. One thing led to another until that day when the operating vice-president of Baltimore and Ohio walked into Oscar Murray's office and demanded the resignation of Fitzgerald.

He caught the president of the road in an unthinking mood.

"Oh very well, do as you think best," Oscar Murray had said. And within the hour a telegram had been dispatched to Tom Fitzgerald, out on the line, telling him that he was fired "as of date." ... Afterwards Oscar Murray was to regret bitterly that hastily made decision. He tried to retrieve it. But to no avail. The mischief had indeed been done. Tom Fitzgerald had been broken on the wheel, just as John F.

Cowen had been broken before him. And another bit of serious damage was done to Baltimore and Ohio morale.

"It was like doomsday," says one of the road's senior officers.

It was this heritage of sad memories and divided loyalties that faced Daniel Willard upon his return to Baltimore. It caused him much reflection and some worry—even though ordinarily he is not the worrying kind. And it was to be noted among those in the general offices in Baltimore that it was not many months after the arrival of the new president before there was a new operating vice-president—one Arthur W. Thompson, a likable fellow, of real charm. Willard is never a vengeful man, but he always is a just one. And the fate of Tom Fitzgerald had saddened him very much indeed.

Since Daniel Willard last had sat in the seats of the mighty in downtown Baltimore City there had been a change in the physical aspect of things as well as in personnel. The fire of 1904 had destroyed much of the downtown commercial section. Among others, the garishly elaborate general headquarters building of Baltimore and Ohio, which John W. Garrett had built at Calvert and Baltimore Streets—and with it many of the road's precious historical records.

Even in his heyday, John W. Garrett was never more flamboyant than Oscar G. Murray, and the headquarters building that, twenty-five years later, supplanted Garrett's creation would have quickened his heart beat. It may not have had quite as much headdress as a tribute to the genius of the French Mansard, but it did pretty well in other ways

—with its president's offices on the third floor approaching a sort of imperial grandeur in their decoration and setting.

For twenty-nine years now, Daniel Willard has occupied these offices, and if the simple nature of the man ever questioned the need of so complete a suite, he has made the most of it. The small private dining room adjoining his office is particularly choice, but it is in use almost every day Willard is in town. To it come by invitation members of his staff, with an occasional outside guest. There they lunch, simply but well, and discuss the problems of the railroad and the day. Sometimes he has in officers of the Johns Hopkins University, and his associates on its Board of Trustees, to talk about university affairs, or a group of citizens with whom he shares interest in some civic project. A favorite lunch hour is that spent with Baltimore newspaper men. That started when Charles Grasty was the power on the Baltimore *Sun*, and he and Willard became close friends. Willard seldom talks for publication at these informal affairs. He just likes these newspaper men and he likes to get their views. He is insatiable in his thirst for information.

Adjoining it is a much larger room, with a great table running its length; known officially as the "boardroom"; it is frequently pressed into service for staff meetings or special work. The annual stockholders meeting is held there. The Board of Directors rarely convenes there. Usually they meet in a plain and unembellished room at Number 2, Wall Street, in the city of New York. . . . It is hard these days to gather a railroad board together far from the shadow of Trinity spire, even though the Illinois Central out in Chicago is now making the experiment.

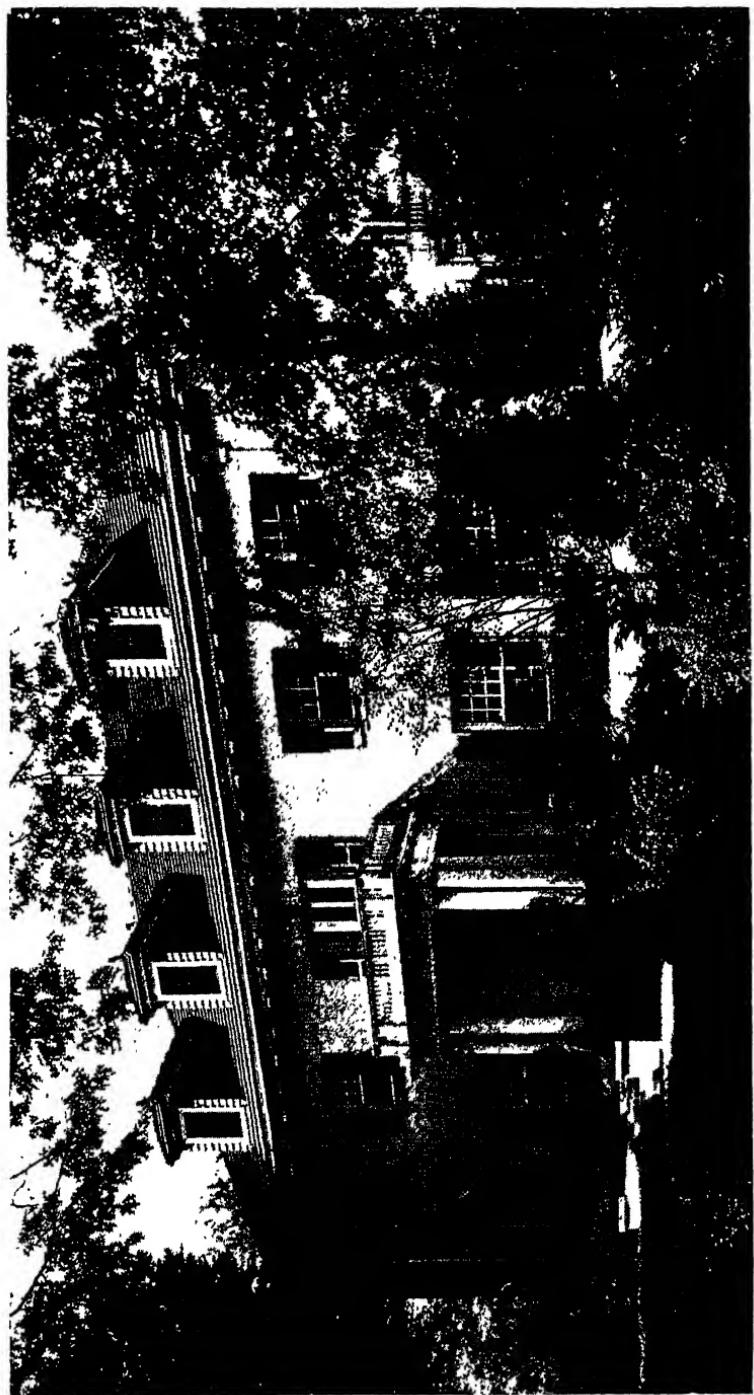
The Baltimore and Ohio board room in Baltimore is a handsome room, dominated as it is by the historical painting of the builders of the road during its first seventy-five years. That interesting painting makes an effective backdrop for the central desk, the desk that Oscar G. Murray, as chairman of the board, was to occupy for years after the coming of Daniel Willard—in fact almost up to the time of his death, in 1917. For Daniel Willard would not hear of Murray having less dignified and appropriate quarters than he had previously occupied. Willard was fully appreciative of Murray's ability and of the good work he had done for the Baltimore and Ohio. And although their tastes differed somewhat, they respected and liked each other. Willard frequently went to the older man for advice.

Murray had greeted Willard warmly and there had been little fuss about the arrival of a new president, or the practical retirement of an outstanding older one. Shortly after Willard took over the new work, he was honor guest at a dinner given by General Alexander Brown in his home. This was most appropriate since the general was the head of the famous Baltimore banking house which, nearly a century before, had played a big part in the organization of the Baltimore and Ohio. George Brown, in his day the head of the Brown bank, was one of the founders of the railroad. Thirty of the most prominent men in the public life of Baltimore and Maryland were guests at this dinner, and while Willard had been told by General Brown that he would not be called upon to speak, he could not refrain from giving expression to his appreciation of the courteous and friendly hospitality that had been extended him. A year later, when Willard felt more at home on the railroad and in the community, he had General Brown as guest of



"Suggestions Are Always in Order"

Daniel Willard faces this sign which stands on his office mantel; overhead is a picture of his old chief, James J. Hill.



No Ostentation Here

Daniel Willard's comfortable residence in Goodwood Gardens in Baltimore. Distinguished by its simplicity and dignity.

honor at a similar dinner. On this occasion and perhaps for the first time in Baltimore, buffalo steak was served—certainly not as a novelty to the host, who had spent so many years in and near the buffalo country—but presumably to his guests.

Another dinner given by Willard himself was in the then new Belvedere Hotel, atop Charles Street hill. It was given by the new president of Baltimore and Ohio in honor of the new president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Samuel Rea, who had just succeeded James McCrea in control at Broad Street Station. That dinner in more than one way was significant: it marked a genuine effort at friendliness and conciliation to a hard and bitter rival, which was to bear fruit in more ways than one. Incidentally, it was to be noted that of the one hundred and one men who sat at the table, seven of them were men who in their earlier years had sat upon the right-hand side of a locomotive cab. Daniel Willard was proud of that.

The problem that confronted him at Baltimore in the early winter of 1910 would have baffled and alarmed many a younger or less courageous man. The new job was no sinecure. The road that he had come to head had passed through a long, hard season of lean years. Its decided setback after the outstanding Garrett administration...its three years under receivership, despite the rather favorable outcome of the regime...the sinister effect of the overlordship of its great rival upon its personnel and morale...all of this, and more, had contributed to bring B. & O. down to a definite low. The road had been expanded, just how wisely no one at that time could tell. The once Ohio and Mississippi, more recently the Baltimore and Ohio South-

western, was being absorbed into the parent property. The Ohio Valley road, from Wheeling southwest to Huntington, West Virginia, had been purchased, and so had Oscar Murray acquired, from right under the nose of Fred Underwood of the Erie, the once-prosperous Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, at one time the property of Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati. Some of these properties were eventually to prove their value, in part at least, to Baltimore and Ohio. But in 1910, no one knew which.

The parent road still had much to be done to it. True, in Loree's short administration many major improvements had been made to the property (some of them suggested by Willard in his earlier term with it)—great new intermediate interchange freight yards, costing all of a million dollars each had been created at Keyser and Fairmont, West Virginia; at Connellsville and at New Castle, Pennsylvania; and at Holloway, Ohio, each with its well-lighted, well-ventilated and well-tooled roundhouse...yards added at Demler and at Pittsburgh...an engine house and power plant at Pittsburgh (Glenwood)...a new boiler shop in the road's most historic main shop, Mount Clare...a cut-off line (the Patterson Creek) built south of Cumberland, Maryland, to shorten the Baltimore-Cincinnati run by ten miles...and still much remained to be done. A great central car-building and locomotive-building plant had been planned at Wheeling, the real balance center of the entire Baltimore and Ohio system, but nothing had been done about that; and there had been delay in creating, in a joint line with the Pennsylvania, a much needed shortening of the Chicago line, just west of Youngstown, Ohio.

But these things were in no way as essential to the proper operation of Baltimore and Ohio as another.

Take the map of the road and study it for a moment: There are plenty of duplicate main stems west of Cumberland, at the eastern base of the Alleghenies, and any man with half a knowledge of the Baltimore and Ohio property can tell you that east of Cherry Run (just across the Potomac from Hancock, Maryland) there is decided relief for the road's great carrying problem—that of bituminous coal from the West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania fields—by a use of the combined Western Maryland and Reading facilities, north through Harrisburg.... But between Cumberland and Cherry Run!

There *was* a bottleneck, indeed, and no one knew that better than Daniel Willard.

In his early season with Baltimore and Ohio he had stood, more than once, at the entrance of Doe Gully Tunnel, alongside the Potomac River, appalled at the congestion which arose at that bottleneck of the bottleneck. Once he counted over six miles of freight trains held up there, awaiting the passage of passenger trains.

For any railroad to function effectively, it must operate like a pipe. Traffic is a running thing, and if it does not flow easily and naturally there is bound to be trouble. The real genius of the successful railroad operator must be exerted to prevent obstruction in traffic flow. Before Daniel Willard had been president of Baltimore and Ohio very many years he had solved the problem of Doe Gully Tunnel by the simple and highly effective method of removing Doe Gully Tunnel; blowing the roof off the thing and substituting for it a four-track open cut through solid rock; thus smoothing the pipe it was, and quickening traffic flow through it. Willard never has liked tunnels. He would have liked to have blown the roof off two others; at lesser

bottlenecks upon the older portion of Baltimore and Ohio —Sand Patch upon the Pittsburgh line from Cumberland, and Kingwood on the line from Cumberland to Wheeling. But each of these was more than a mile long and each passed under the high crest of the Alleghenies; so Willard finally had to be content with double-tracking Sand Patch, and putting a new parallel double-track tunnel in at Kingwood, after which neither was in the least degree a bottleneck to traffic.

It was that fifty-seven mile bottleneck in the Potomac Valley between Cherry Run and Cumberland that worried Daniel Willard most of all. In the man's honesty and clarity of mind and soul he knew that he could not hold his operating officers to sharp account as long as they had to work against such a handicap.... It was not to be removed in a day... or a week... or a month... or a year. Daniel Willard was to go patiently to Wall Street time after time before he was to get the money, in millions of dollars, to straighten and perfect the line, three-track it and four-track it. Before those extra main lines could be added, he worked out a system of putting in more and still more passing tracks.

"Be sure you get those passing tracks on top of the hills and not down in the valleys," he kept telling the construction engineers. "It is a lot easier to start an engine down hill than up."

His practical experience in a locomotive cab more than once has stood him in good stead.

Willard's problem in Baltimore was one far different than he had encountered elsewhere in his railroad experience, unless perhaps upon the Erie. On the Soo and on the Burlington he was on railroads still in their primary phases

of development and growth; roads still reaching ambitiously for distant virgin fields. Baltimore and Ohio was a finished railroad product. It reached New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis; hundreds of important industrial cities intermediate. It could hardly hope for large new virgin fields of conquest. It was set. It had its job to do and the problem was to make it do that job in the simplest, most effective, most economic fashion.

All this took money—a lot of it.

It began to be Uncle Dan's habit—they had begun calling Willard "Uncle Dan" out on the Burlington and the name has stuck to him ever since—to go up to Wall Street, hat in hand, for money. He was a persuasive talker. More than that, and this is what interests the cannier of bankers, he knew what he was talking about. No catching Uncle Dan on slips. It was serious business for the president of the Baltimore and Ohio to go to Wall Street to raise money and no one knew that better than he. But it was a rather successful business, after all. Because in that first year of visiting the Wall Street bankers, chiefly Kuhn, Loeb and Company and Speyer and Company—Uncle Jacob Schiff developed an uncanny liking for Uncle Dan Willard—the scholarly looking president of Baltimore and Ohio succeeded in extracting not less than \$62,000,000—a large sum, very much needed in the development of plans for the road.

While Daniel Willard has had frequent occasion to call on his bankers in New York, he has testified before Committees of the House and Senate as well as other public bodies like the Interstate Commerce Commission that, contrary to what the public seems sometimes to believe, the bankers of Baltimore and Ohio have not sought to influence

its policy. More than that, they have performed, from time to time when needed, most important and invaluable services in assisting the Baltimore and Ohio to secure the capital which has been spent for new equipment and new facilities, such as double-tracks, tunnels, bridges, and the like during the last twenty-eight years.

Not all of that sixty-two million was to be expended at once, or to go into the rebuilding of the right of way of Baltimore and Ohio.

The road stood in crying need of new locomotives and cars—particularly the former.

There had been much improvement in its motive power since those days when Willard had first gone to work for it. The first twenty years of this century was to be a period of vast development in the American steam locomotive and Daniel Willard was to be in the forefront of those who were bringing it about.

He surveyed the scene at Mount Clare and the other engine building and reconstruction works of the road and decided to start in, without a moment's delay. Keen judge of a locomotive that he is—having personally watched every stage of its development from the days of the old wood-burning *Governor Smith* of the Vermont Central and the *W. K. Blodgett* of the Connecticut and Passumpsic to those of the swift *George H. Emerson* of the Baltimore and Ohio of today—Daniel Willard decided not to trust too much to his own judgment, not at least, without expert advice at his side. There is the canny New Englander for you.

The entire motive power department of Baltimore and Ohio was in bad shape when Willard first came to it in 1910. There had been a long drawn-out strike in the shops

over the system. Locomotive construction had ceased entirely and maintenance had fallen to a low ebb. The new president sized up the situation almost instantly. He decided that he must have a new chief of motive power. Frank H. Clark, who had held that job on the Burlington would do, Willard felt. He sent out to Chicago, engaged Clark and set him to work in Baltimore.

Here is evidenced a change in policy on Willard's part. When he came to the Burlington from the Erie, he had made a point of bringing no Erie men with him. Yet when, in his opinion, the situation in Baltimore justified the importation of talent, Willard did not hesitate to do it. Clark came and for seven years he made a good record with Baltimore and Ohio. He knew locomotives.

They abandoned any policy of the road attempting to build its own locomotives. The process at the best is a slow one, and it should be a program arranged over a considerable number of years. Willard in 1910 had to think in weeks and in months, rather than in years. He found the road possessed of but 1886 engines all told, and these of a type, in strength and efficiency, far inferior to those of most of its compeers. The total tractive power of the entire engine fleet was but 58,130,121 pounds. Compare this fleet with the 2149 engines of the Baltimore and Ohio today, steam, electric and Diesel, and their combined tractive power of 119,882,100 pounds—and remember when you do this that the individual steam power plant on wheels of a railroad today is a far vaster and more complicated thing than the locomotive of thirty years or so ago. The average road can perform a given amount of work with about half the number of engine units that it would have required in 1910.

To meet Baltimore and Ohio's immediate emergency on power, Willard and Clark decided upon engines of the Consolidation type, with a tractive force of about 40,000 pounds each at the drawbar. The so-called Mikado engine always had appealed to Daniel Willard. He likes its traction and its quick pick-up. During the first eighteen months of his presidency of Baltimore and Ohio, of the 187 new locomotives ordered for it, the greater part by far were Mikados. In the following twelve months 105 more engines were bought—chiefly Mikados. Willard kept right on buying these sturdy engines until finally he had a fleet of more than 600 of them alone; in addition to about 150 Mallets and an almost equal number of Santa Fe types.... Nor does this tell the entire story. It does not begin to tell of the improved equipment of each individual engine, superheaters, hot water heat, automatic stokers—of these and other devices calculated to make the steam locomotive a better puller; as well as to save the manual labor involved in its operation. Daniel Willard sat too long in an engine cab not to have consideration for the men who sit there today.

Long before those days, and for many years thereafter, one of Willard's closest advisers was Samuel Vauclain, the head of the Baltimore Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. A friendship between these two outstanding men of their profession throughout the years has ripened into a deep affection....

Vauclain recalls that he first became acquainted with Daniel Willard when Willard was working on the Burlington. It was at that time that he began selling locomotives to Uncle Dan—as well as tires and wheels. His affiliated company, making these last specialties, had received an

inquiry from the Burlington, and the salesmen had come to Vauclain to ask what they should do. He told them to get to bed-rock and to quote the lowest possible price for the assortment. His company got the order. It was not a particularly large one, but it had variety.

Another time Vauclain went out to Chicago, he took his son with him. He went straight to Daniel Willard's office—was there on the stroke of nine.

"Why am I so honored?" asked the vice-president of the Burlington.

"I came out to sell you some locomotives. You need fifty locomotives and I want to sell them to you."

Vauclain began making a rough sketch of a Consolidation locomotive upside down, a draughting room trick that he had learned long before. With fascinated interest, Willard watched him.... They began to discuss details.... The talk lasted three hours—until noon. Vauclain got his order for the fifty engines. When he returned to his hotel, his son said to him:

"Father, you did well. How did you do it?"

Samuel Vauclain winked.

"Son," said he, "you have to know your customer."

Just prior to Willard's return to Baltimore Vauclain heard the rumors of his coming. He reached out, grabbed a sheet of paper and wrote a letter to the future president of the Baltimore and Ohio. It consisted of one word:

"ACCEPT."

Willard cherished that brief letter for a long time. Soon Samuel Vauclain was down in Baltimore, this time bidding on twenty-five Mikados and ten switchers for Baltimore and Ohio. Another concern was the lowest bidder on the

Mikados and the highest on the switchers. Willard had hoped it would be the other way around.... Vauclain suggested that he give the other concern the switchers, at its price. "Then how about the Mikados?" said Uncle Dan. "Will you cut?"

"We cannot cut," said the locomotive builder from Philadelphia. "I am down at rock bottom already. It is only a matter of two hundred and fifty dollars an engine anyway."

"Too much," said Daniel Willard.

They argued for a time, then Vauclain suggested that they toss a quarter. Willard finally agreed, reluctantly. They flipped the coin. And Willard lost. The order went in at the Baldwin price.

The point of this story is, of course, that Daniel Willard never would have agreed to such a procedure had he not been convinced that the Mikados were worth the higher price. If he could save two hundred and fifty dollars apiece on them, so much the better. He is a horse trader, to that extent at least. But in either event he felt that the road could not and would not lose.

"Daniel Willard," Vauclain will tell you, "always is a square man with whom to do business. He never misleads you, never deceives you about anything. He will plague you and kid you and toy with you, but he will never, not in a million years, deceive you."

The two men have been closest friends for many years, but when it comes to business, Willard does not let a thing like that stand in the way. With him, business is always business. Friendship is one thing—business quite another.

RE-CREATING A RAILROAD

AT THE BEGINNING OF 1910 Daniel Willard in his office at the corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets in Baltimore, was impatient, anxious to hurl himself into his new job—a perfect human dynamo that New Englander, if ever there was one. Or, as Fred Underwood had said, as good to the Baltimore and Ohio as ten locomotives. Perhaps it would have been more accurate if Underwood had said a thousand locomotives.

There Willard sat and dreamed and waited and planned and looked forward to the regeneration of an important American railroad.

Nor would he have to wait long before he could pull off his coat and plunge into the thick of a real railroad problem. For trouble had anticipated Daniel Willard when he returned to the Baltimore and Ohio.

When John W. Garrett had failed, apparently through no fault of his own, in his shrewdly planned attempt to purchase the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad—important hundred-mile link of the sole rail route for many years between New York and Washington—and had made a magnificent effort to recoup the fortune of his railroad by building an independent competing line between Baltimore and Philadelphia, he had encountered a

genuine obstacle in the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, Maryland. It was the same broad mouth of that river that for years had baffled the efforts of the old Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore to bridge it. It was not until after the Civil War, when the handicap of the ancient car-ferry at Havre de Grace had proved a real military menace that the bridge finally had been constructed.

Garrett bridged the Susquehanna fully a mile above Havre de Grace. There the river widens itself, with a wooded island in its center. It seemed like a poor place to build a bridge and yet, apparently, it was the only one available to the new extension of the Baltimore and Ohio toward the East. At any rate Garrett availed himself of it and he erected a steel structure of many spans, eighty-five feet above the turgid waters of the Susquehanna and a mile and a half in length. In one of those spasms of economy that occasionally overtake a man in a large enterprise, John W. Garrett provided for only a single track in the bridge. That was a mistake, which, before Daniel Willard came to Baltimore and Ohio, they were trying to rectify by completely reconstructing the bridge, so that its long spans might bear parallel tracks instead of a single one.

In that attempt they failed. While the workmen were still busy on the reconstruction, working as best they might between the passage of the many trains, the entire fabric on one of the easternmost spans of the bridge came down under the weight of a heavy freight. Fortunately there was no loss of life, but when they brought the new president the distressing news that his important Baltimore-Philadelphia line had been severed completely, Daniel Willard

made up his mind that there must be no more temporizing there at the Susquehanna.

He decided to build a brand-new bridge and began at once to clear away the wreckage of the old one in order to get the bridge gangs into action.

Fortunately there was that parallel line of the old Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore—now an integral link of the New York-Washington run of the Pennsylvania—close at hand. It would be absolutely necessary to use the tracks of the rival road, and this Willard arranged to do. (The bitterest of competitors in the American railroad field, in emergency, will always work together for one another's salvation.) Then he sent for Arthur W. Thompson.

Thompson was one of the road's youngest executives, at that time thirty-five years of age, and already in full charge of the maintenance of the entire line. Willard always has liked young men. He came up pretty rapidly himself as a young man. And Thompson was possessed of many qualities to make men like him. A graduate of the old Allegheny College at Meadville, he showed an energy and fervor and brilliancy that captivated Daniel Willard. He had great faith in that young man from Meadville with the great shock of snow-white hair and the mouth and eyes that smiled at one.

Thompson will rebuild the Susquehanna Bridge, decided Willard. Thompson is the one man in this organization that can do it. I will give him the opportunity.

Arthur W. Thompson rebuilt Susquehanna Bridge and he made a splendid job of it. It was not one of those Horatio Alger jobs—where a brilliant young engineer jumps in and overnight builds a new 7500-foot bridge. Yet Thompson did nearly as well. Order in hand, he took the first train

to Havre de Grace and there, in sixty brief hours, he constructed a short stretch of double-track railroad connecting the severed Baltimore and Ohio line and the main stem of the near-by Pennsylvania. A similar connection already existed at Perryville, on the far side of the river. In sixty hours a detour connection had been built that was capable of use for an indefinite period and which in the course of the two years that it actually was used, saved the Baltimore and Ohio many hundreds of thousands of dollars of trackage charges over the rival line. Fortunately the Pennsylvania had recently double-tracked its own bridge across the Susquehanna which thus was able to handle the traffic of two busy railroads without serious delay. The old Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore original single-track bridge had been turned over to the highway, for which purpose it still is in use.

Thompson, having relieved the emergency situation there at Havre de Grace, remained in general supervision of the entire construction of the new double-track bridge over the Susquehanna. It was a huge job, costing considerably more than a million dollars before its completion, but once it had been done, Baltimore and Ohio was rid of another bottleneck upon its main stem. There would be no more "slow orders" for Susquehanna Bridge and Superintendent Philip Allen and his dispatchers were rid of the bane of their existence. Just as, at a later time, years after both Allen and Thompson had left the picture, a similar bottleneck in that same Philadelphia division was removed. The long tunnel in which it pierces almost through the very basements of Baltimore City had been dug and bored in the 'nineties when freight cars were not quite as wide

and as high as they are today. To permit the largest of these cars to pass through the 7400-foot tunnel, without, at almost prohibitive expense, reconstructing the entire bore, finally had meant the insertion of extra rails within the double tracks (your railroad expert calls the device a gauntlet track). When that gauntlet was planned, the engineers scratched their heads in a new perplexity. Electric motive power is used within the tunnel. The inclusion of a peculiarly placed third track would also mean the placing of a new third rail for the delivery of the electric power. Here *was* a complication!

Uncle Dan solved it.

"Why don't you place your third rail shoe on a slightly longer arm and use the third rails of the existing tracks?" he said, gently.

It was done at once. . . . George H. Emerson, the present head of motive power of Baltimore and Ohio, says that there has not been an important improvement in locomotive construction on the road within the eighteen years that he has headed its motive power department that has not been suggested at the beginning by Daniel Willard.

There is another bridge story about Baltimore and Ohio in the early days of the Willard administration that deserves a place in this record:

It was in one of those springtimes which occasionally come to the northeastern United States when winter lingers unconscionably late. Late into March the mountain lines of Baltimore and Ohio lay deep under the snow. Daniel Willard was a bit uneasy. One of the road's big problems each year is getting the West Virginia coal to Lake Erie for water shipment up the Great Lakes. It is a heavy move-

ment, as a rule, and it takes all the summer and well into the autumn. Willard was worried for fear that, with the late start, it would not be accomplished before another winter set in and navigation came to an abrupt close. He had lived long enough in the Northwest to know the vital importance of coal to it; he did not like even to think of the possibility of homes being without fuel in the dead of another bitter winter.

He called his organization heads to him. The best suggestion seemingly that most of them could give him was to do a lot more double-tracking. But double-tracking a railroad, especially in a highly mountainous country like West Virginia not only takes much money, but time as well. And time, in this situation, was a tremendous factor. Not only would there have to be much excavating and filling and actual track laying, but new tunnels would have to be bored, new bridges built....And time was passing on all the while. Willard rejected that solution.

Like the problem of the third rail in the Baltimore tunnel a far simpler one was possible:

By using the former main line from Grafton to Wheeling—a portion of the road's first through route to the Ohio, and then taking with it the route of the so-called West Virginia Short Line—from Fairmont through Lumberport to Brooklyn Junction and practically parallel to, although a number of miles removed from the original main line to Wheeling—and then putting an articulated movement of coal trains upon them—loaded trains over the one of easiest grade and the long trains of empties over the other—here at once was the practical equivalent of a double-track operation. And the long coal trains, loaded or empty, could move in battalions.

A serious obstacle of this plan presented itself, however:

At Clarksburg in a narrow defile of a deep river valley between overhanging mountains there was a difficult switching movement—a drilling backwards and forwards—for all trains; a very bad situation made necessary by the narrowness of the yard. Impossible to put a swift and heavy movement of trains through such a niche. The only solution of the Clarksburg bottleneck was the construction of a heavy bridge back at Lumberport over the swift-running, deep Monongahela River. Only by such a bridge could there be real relief.

Daniel Willard looked at maps and profiles and directed that that bridge be built at once.

The engineers were skeptical of its being “built at once.” . . . Of course, they said to one another and to the big boss, the thing could be done, but it would take time—much time. And time was the critical factor that the president of Baltimore and Ohio was battling at just that instant. . . . The engineers went on: The Secretary of War would have to be consulted, his permission for the bridge sought (the Monongahela is ranked as a navigable river); there would be some delay there . . . then there would be extensive soundings, taking days . . . weeks perhaps . . . to be made at the site of the proposed bridge.

Arthur Thompson sat at the right hand of Daniel Willard at that conference. The big boss turned to him.

“I shall see the Secretary of War—at once,” said he. “You build that bridge—at once.”

It is written in the imperishable annals and tradition of Baltimore and Ohio that Arthur W. Thompson built that great bridge—seven spans, eight hundred feet in length, double-track in width—in just ninety days.

Within the hour after he had received his instructions from Willard, Thompson was again aboard a train, this time bound west from Baltimore to the West Virginia mountains. Within that hour he had been on the telephone to Pittsburgh, ordering bridge steel, by the hundreds of tons. There was some steel available at a rolling mill there, prepared for a bridge order that had been canceled.... Thompson said that he would take that. As he rode west and Daniel Willard rode with him as far as Washington to see the Secretary of War, dozens of young men in the draughting room of the Baltimore headquarters of the road, with racing pencils, prepared the designs for the bridge.... Thompson stayed with that bridge until it was completed. Then he returned to Baltimore and received the quiet praise that he knew would be meted out to him.

Daniel Willard liked Arthur Thompson. He still thinks that he was one of the smartest men that he ever knew. He made him, successively, chief engineer of the road, vice-president in charge of its operation, and vice-president in charge of its traffic solicitation and commercial development. It was an education worth at least a million dollars to any ambitious man. But Thompson left the service of Baltimore and Ohio and went to alien fields.

Willard has always been rather proud of the executives he has trained down on the old Baltimore and Ohio—men like J. M. Davis, the present president of the Lackawanna, and E. W. Scheer and George D. Brooke, who hold similar posts on the Reading and on the Chesapeake and Ohio... Roy B. White, president of Western Union... several others. Some seven or eight of them all told, any

one of whom at one time or another might have been reckoned as a future president of Baltimore and Ohio.

So it went those days.... Uncle Dan going up to New York and seeing Mr. Schiff or Mr. Warburg of Kuhn, Loeb, or James Speyer, arguing, pleading, persuasively and intelligently, for money and always getting it.... And then back to Baltimore on the first train possible—to make a better railroad. More great bridges to be fabricated; more tunnels to be bored; more new line to be laid down and old line corrected . . . more locomotives and cars to ride over all this trackage, old and new.

It was plain to see what Willard was trying to do. He was trying to re-create a railroad—one which had been pretty badly neglected for more than a decade past.

He hardly had settled in his new offices in Baltimore before the publicity people were after him—advertising solicitors and printers and the bright young account executives from the advertising agencies. They had different stories to tell him; and yet they were all the same story—sell the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to the American people. Willard listened to every one of them, patiently. That is his way always. He listened—but did not act. He does not like that use of the word “sell.” He still remembers a flippant young evangelist who once tried to “sell” him “the gospel of Jesus Christ.” He used those very words, and Daniel Willard, immensely shocked and irritated, bade the young man good-by.

“No, sir,” he kept telling all of these solicitors, “we will not ‘sell’ this railroad to the public or to anyone else. We are not going to advertise until we have something worthwhile to advertise. Some day we are going to have fast

and handsome passenger trains, but we shall not have them until we have good track and good engines and good cars—tracks and engines and cars equal to the very best in American railroad practice. Then, and not till then, will we begin to advertise. More than this, in the meantime we will withdraw all of our present advertising. I will not advertise a service unworthy the name of this railroad."

It was in those early days of the Willard administration of Baltimore that a difficult new problem was moving itself to the fore—not only upon that road, but upon practically every other one in the land.

We have seen Daniel Willard back on the old Passumpsic road joining the local chapter of the new Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers...his superintendent, Harley E. Folsom, losing some sleep over that step; Folsom going down the Lyndonville street on the nights that the Brotherhood met and wondering just what "his boys" were doing there back of the curtained windows of the old Masonic Hall....For that was Vermont and the years were of the 'seventies. Different times, different conditions. The poison that had been spread in the great railroad labor riots of 1877 at Pittsburgh and elsewhere had not yet permeated to the far corners of the land.

Of his experience in joining the Brotherhood in those early days on the Connecticut and Passumpsic, he has said:

"Why did I join a labor union as soon as I was qualified to do so? Looking back after all these years I am inclined to think the answer is as follows:

"It was said among the men, but upon what authority I did not know then and do not know now, that the super-

intendent, Mr. Folsom, had remarked to someone that if any man in the service of the Passumpsic railroad should join the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers he would be discharged. I know that four or five of the old engineers of the company did belong to the Brotherhood because they told me so and they wore pins concealed under the collar of their vests. Many years afterward, while reminiscing with Mr. Folsom, I told him all this. He was much amused. He said that he had no recollection of ever talking with anybody about the matter and he was quite sure that he had never given such an order, although he might have said something that gave the impression that he was opposed to the engineers joining the Brotherhood.

"I always have had a sympathetic interest in the engineer, and, for that matter, in all of the men engaged in train and engine service. My first work on the Soo was as brakeman and then conductor on a work train. I know that I am the same individual now that I was when I began firing a locomotive. I wanted to be treated fairly when I was running a locomotive or running a train, and I was willing and expected to do good work in return for the wages which I received. I am just as anxious now, as the chief officer of the Baltimore and Ohio, that engineers and all other employees be treated fairly as I was anxious to be treated fairly myself in the years gone by."

Remember that Daniel Willard had gone to the Lake Shore railroad after leaving the Passumpsic and had been laid off, ruthlessly, when traffic had sunk to nothing...had found himself for the first time in his life out of a job and needing one. He had wondered way back there at Elkhart if some method might not have been discovered by

which railroad employment and pay might be stabilized, in part at least.... When he had worked upon the Soo he had hesitated about handling the freight cars of the Burlington while the engineers of that road were engaged in what seemed to them a life-and-death struggle with its management.... Then he had been made a minor officer of the Soo and he had turned in his union card; railroad officers, so he thinks, should not hold memberships in the Brotherhoods. But he never turned in his feelings of human sympathy and human understanding.

Shortly before he had arrived at the Baltimore and Ohio as president, there had been a rather nasty strike in some of its shops, and Willard saw for himself the demoralizing effect that it had had, not only upon their output, but upon the rank and file of the men themselves. Indeed, at the very moment of his arrival in the new offices at Baltimore general headquarters he had faced a committee of the conductors and trainmen of the road, making "demands" upon him. If their demands were not granted, they would strike. They said so frankly.

This was just before the day of collective bargaining between employers and employed in the railroad field. The men, through their Brotherhoods and kindred organizations, were well organized for it already; they were a jump or two ahead of the railroads who had very little and very ineffective national organization of any sort.

The Baltimore and Ohio men stated their problem to the new boss who listened to it all, very quietly and very attentively. The demands they made for increased wages he could not meet. They could strike if they so wished. But he had his own limitations. His inheritance was not a good one. His railroad was weak and down at the heel.

He told them this, but they merely repeated their demands.

Then Willard took another tack. He suggested mediation. This the men were in no position to refuse.... After some consultation they made the fine gesture and consented to mediation.

Judge Martin W. Knapp of the Commerce Court (formerly of the Interstate Commerce Commission) and Dr. Charles P. Neill, well-known United States Labor Commissioner acted as mediators.... A few days later, having been accepted in the meantime by the conductors and the trainmen, they called on the president of the Baltimore and Ohio. How far would he be willing to go in this matter of a wage increase, they inquired.

Daniel Willard told them. He could go just so far—and not one cent further.... They talked it over with the men. They handled the matter with great fairness and honesty and finally made a settlement a little under the figure that Willard had set.... The other eastern roads gradually accepted that settlement, followed the Baltimore and Ohio pattern. With one exception: One of the medium-sized roads protested it; sent its operating vice-president post-haste down to see Daniel Willard. "You had better accept," Willard had advised; "it is an equitable award." The vice-president of the other road shook his head vigorously; he was under great nervous pressure, perspiring and mopping his brow all the while. His chief would never permit it. He knew he would never permit it. They could not, would not, accept the Knapp and Neill award.... That particular road fought it out with its men—and lost. In the long run, it paid a higher advance than Baltimore and Ohio and the rest of the eastern group.

This decidedly was *not* collective bargaining, not, at least, as we know it now. Collective bargaining was to be the next step, two years later. For it was in 1912 that Daniel Willard faced a serious labor crisis in the eastern railroad field; a crisis that was to require all that he possessed of wit and energy.

New times. New conditions. The oldtime railroad executives had done little or nothing to cope with a situation that gradually gained strength and which they might have averted, had they in the beginning used a large and sympathetic human understanding. There were few times in the American railroad field, prior at least to the beginning of the century, when the problem between the employers and the employed might not have been amicably adjusted and settled and the present cumbersome scheme of contracts and inflexible wage scales completely avoided—to say nothing of the misunderstandings and bitternesses that have followed in their wake.

The locomotive engineers of the eastern roads—the roads east of Chicago and St. Louis and north of the Potomac and the Ohio—had, in 1912, made identical demands upon all the lines for certain increases in wages, as well as changes in working rules. As Mr. Willard recalls it, that was the first time that what might be considered a large issue of its kind, a sort of group protest, had arisen on any of the railroads of the United States. Heretofore questions of that sort always had been handled directly between men involved and the railroad that employed them. This was a new omen and not a good one.

After some informal discussion it finally was decided that here was a case for arbitration on a rather far-reaching

scale. P. H. Morrissey, former grand master of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, was selected to represent the engineers in the case; Daniel Willard was chosen to represent the railroads, despite the protest of the president of one of them that his former membership in the Locomotive Brotherhood might prejudice him.

It was the first time, of course, that Willard had been chosen for such a delicate and difficult post; it was by no means to be the last. A man doing a difficult job, but doing it very well indeed, he was to find his reward in the allotment of a series of similar jobs, of increasing difficulties.

Morrissey and Willard were asked to select between them five other members of a board of seven which would hear the arguments from both sides and then reach and promulgate its conclusions. If the two men failed to agree in choosing for their five confreres then they were directed to call upon Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court and Judge Knapp of the Commerce Court who had arbitrated for Willard two years before to invite the five other members.

Morrissey and Willard—friends for some years past—talked the matter over quite informally at the outset, and found themselves in complete agreement that it would be well to have Judges White and Knapp prepare the list of the additional five members of the arbitration court. They managed, however, to prepare a tentative list of ten or a dozen men to submit to the two judges, requesting them to invite five of them to serve on the court, in accordance with the priority shown on the list. Both Justice White and Judge Knapp readily yielded to the request and as a result of their invitation the following men agreed to serve:

Dr. Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

Hon. Oscar Straus, of New York, former Ambassador to Turkey and Secretary of Commerce and Labor under President Theodore Roosevelt.

Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York, editor, *Review of Reviews*.

Frederick N. Judson, St. Louis, lawyer.

Otto M. Eidlitz, New York, contractor.

This board—or court—met in New York quite early in the summer of 1912, considered a program for its own guidance, and owing to the intense heat at that time decided to hold its meetings in the historic Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach. The hearings lasted from July 15th to July 27th. The board then took an adjournment until the 15th day of September. In the meantime its members spent as much time as they were able to give, studying the evidence, examining the arguments submitted and then in making independent findings. By the 9th day of September it was ready to take up the question of findings and finally on November 2nd (five days before the voters of the United States assembled to elect Woodrow Wilson as their President)—it reached a decision—written very largely by the university president, Van Hise, of Wisconsin.

The railroaders had asked in the first place for rates and conditions which, if granted, would have yielded to them an increase of about 17 per cent in their earnings. At least it was so estimated by the arbiters. The result of the arbitration, however, conceded to the men only about 4 per cent increase. This result was arrived at unanimously by the five invited or neutral members of the court, who joined unanimously in signing the report. Morrissey wrote a rather strong minority opinion opposing the report and

therefore Willard felt it incumbent upon him to file a minority report also.

"Mr. Morrissey accused me, justly, perhaps, of having outmaneuvered him," says he, recalling those days twenty-six years ago. "The case of the passenger engineers came up first and because I was convinced that they deserved the larger increase, I agreed substantially with the proposal that they should have about what they asked for. This put me in a strong position with the other arbitrators and gave me the edge over Morrissey in his plea for the freight engineers whose wages—in the aggregate, of course—were many times as great as those of the passenger engineers. The arbitrators agreed to my viewpoint. The freight engineers were granted only a relatively small increase, with the increase for all engineers but 4 per cent instead of the 17 originally demanded.

"Of course Morrissey put in a dissenting minority report and, strange as it seems, I also put in a dissenting report. The decision of the other five arbitrators was unanimous and it seemed to me to be the part of good policy not to admit by joining the other arbitrators that I was wholly satisfied with the decision. However, it was rather difficult for me to formulate my dissenting report when, in truth, I agreed with the majority one as being equitable."

So does a good New England conscience sometimes work.

An interesting sidelight upon the whole business comes when one realizes that while Daniel Willard did the major part of the work for the railroads in the case, one of their lawyers received a \$50,000 fee for his services. Willard did not even get a letter of appreciation. Some time after it

was all over he got a somewhat perfunctory letter from the president of one of the eastern roads, enclosing a type-written receipt form and a check for \$25,000. No words of appreciation. Willard tore up the receipt and returned the check.

The majority report of the arbitration board was promptly affirmed by both the men and the railroads affected. The outgoing President William H. Taft and the Administration at Washington generally, approved of the entire matter. So did the country at large. A pattern in dignity and propriety and fairness had been set which was to be followed pretty faithfully in years to come in the railroad industry. There were to be more of these arbitrations, greater in scope and with their outcome far more vital both to the roads and to the men, and sometimes with a deal of interference from Washington, but that arbitration proceedings of 1912 down at old Manhattan Beach was to make its mark upon all of them. To Daniel Willard it was a part of his liberal education. He would not sit again as arbiter, from now on he would be seated with counsel at the long tables in front of the judges' bench, but he had had an experience, had gained a technique that would be invaluable to him in the future. That, with his understanding of the problems of railroad labor from the railroaders' side and his warm human sympathy were to make him an outstanding factor in all negotiations between the railroads and their labor for more than twenty years to come.

Here at last in the American railroad field was collective bargaining. For many years it was to remain a bone of contention—a constant source of misunderstanding between many employers and their employees. Nevertheless

it gradually came to be generally accepted by the railroads, long before the Wagner Act was passed or even thought of; and collective bargaining as a principle was sustained and upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Let Mr. Willard express himself on this, in his own words:

"When collective bargaining had to be fought for, one can well understand why those who represented the men felt that they were engaged in more or less of a warfare and why so frequently matters in controversy were handled in a contentious spirit, each side seeking to get the most it could from the other and neither side apparently attempting to find out what was actually fair and then being governed accordingly. I repeat that I can understand why that should be so when the right of collective bargaining was in question, but the right of collective bargaining no longer in question, it is no longer something to be fought for, and it seems to me that the strategy of negotiations between employer and employee ought to be adjusted to that fact. There is really no reason why either side, employer or employee, should seek to obtain what it is not fairly entitled to by violent means when it knows that Congress has provided agencies and methods of negotiation, mediation, arbitration and the like to ascertain what is fair for both sides under any given set of circumstances.

"I was talking with my late friend, Mr. Samuel Gompers, shortly before his death (in 1924). I said to him something as follows: 'Your whole active life has been spent in an atmosphere of controversy. You have been fighting to gain for the working man the recognition which you thought he was entitled to, and naturally you unconsciously reflect the influence of that experience in what you say and do.'

I said to him: 'I doubt if you would say good morning pleasantly, Mr. Gompers, to any stranger or even to me, unless you gave the matter special thought.'

"Gompers laughed. He appreciated, of course, what I said was a mere pleasantry; he understood my friendship for him and he replied that it was true that nearly all his active life he had in a way been leading one side in a warfare between employers and employees and he had no doubt that that fact was reflected in his manner. He added that he hoped the time would come—he regretted that it had not yet arrived—when the need for contentious attitude on the part of the employee would not be necessary, because his rights, particularly to collective bargaining, would be established by law. The condition which he hoped to see has now come about and it is my hope that those who speak for management and those who speak for labor still realize that the most that any of us are actually entitled to is fair treatment. If we get more than that, we are getting something that belongs to someone else.

"One difficulty in the situation is the fact that we have no generally recognized standard of fairness. We have a standard or measurement of length in the yard as officially established; we also have an established weight in the pound; but we have not established a unit of measure for determining what is fair. I have thought of this matter a great deal and the sum of my thinking is this: that if I am really anxious to be fair with someone with whom I have relations, then I should endeavor to treat him as I *think* I should want to be treated if I were in his place. I have not been able to think of a better measure of fairness than this. Most of the controversial questions which arise between railroad companies and their employees

could be quickly disposed of if both parties were willing to be guided by such a formula as I have suggested.

"I imagine that there are very few men living today who were members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers fifty-four years ago. In a sense I have been a member of the Brotherhood all of that time. I have seen the changes which have taken place and I have taken part in many controversies. I am happy to say that there has been a slow but constant improvement in labor relations on the railroads during this entire period, notwithstanding the fact that at intervals situations of a serious character have developed. I hope that the men connected with the great industry with which I have spent my entire active life will be able, in the future, as they have so many times in the past, to furnish an example for others to follow, of fair and even generous consideration, at times, of the problems with which they are confronted. When I use the word 'generous' I have in mind both parties to the controversy. The railroad officers should be generous to the extent permitted by their responsibility to the owners of the property and approved by their own conscience. In the same way, those representing labor may be generous in their acceptance of conditions which may not at all times be all that they might desire, but perhaps all that the circumstances considered as a whole would justify."

Here in a few paragraphs is the labor credo of Daniel Willard as he has expressed it, and he has consistently lived up to it through all of his many years of railroad life.

A FLOOD CRISIS AND A LABOR ONE

FOR EVERY DAY in the office, two out of it. That was the Willard formula at the beginning of his administration and for many a long year thereafter. The antennae of Baltimore and Ohio stretch in every direction many miles away from Baltimore—to Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis—hundreds of places in between. Daniel Willard traveled faithfully to most of them. He did not spare himself. Four nights a week, on an average, he was away from his comfortable home and his family in Baltimore.... Up to New York to see the big bankers, for board meetings or an increasing number of conferences with his fellow railroad presidents... out to Chicago for more conferences... over to Washington for a day or two each week... to the other strategic points upon the system as often as time and circumstances permitted. Upon four thousand miles of railroad it is hard to get to all of them very often. The marvel is that Willard got to them as often as he did.... When he could not reach his lieutenants in his key cities personally, he talked to them over the telephone.

Once when I was in his office he pointed to his desk phone and said to me:

“Over this in half an hour I can be in touch with every-

one of our important headquarters—Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, New York. If I had to reach all those places personally I would have no time for Baltimore. It really would be quite impossible."

To facilitate his constant movement over the line, his car stands ready, night and day, in Camden Station, Baltimore. The *99*—since his Burlington days, Uncle Dan has had a predilection for that number—is his other home, his other office. He has lived in his unostentatious house in Roland Park, a suburban section of Baltimore, for a quarter of a century now, but I doubt if, in those twenty-five years, he has spent more than half the nights in its quiet comfort.... In New York he has stopped at the Biltmore, ever since that hotel was first opened. He almost always occupies the same suite, on an upper floor in the northwest corner of the house. In similar fashion, he clings to the old-fashioned Congress out in Chicago. He has a very quiet but lovely country home, a genuine New England farm it is, at Salisbury, Connecticut, but for the greater part of the first twenty years, at least, of his term as president of Baltimore and Ohio he slept more nights, in an average year, in the *99* than anywhere else. It is, in many ways, a hard life—and a railroad executive who has to live it is entitled to as much comfort as he can get out of it.

There is comfort but no elaborate luxury in the *99*. Luxury is as foreign to the nature of Daniel Willard as ostentation in any other form. In truth, he uses the car as an office as well as a home. It is chock-full of files and maps, records of every sort. In it, Willard meets many people of many sorts—railroaders, shippers, casual friends. . . . For years past it has been his habit as the *99* slips its

way on a late afternoon train from Jersey City down to Baltimore to ask his efficient assistant, Charles Rausch, to go through the train to see if there is not a personal friend or two there to be invited back to supper in the car. It is an honor to be coveted. Daniel Willard's suppers are famous; trust a New Englander for that. Plain living, but good and most generous. He is very particular about every detail of it.

It is his habit too when he has his company assembled around the table—never more than six or eight—to dispatch Jim Ennis, his steward, up through the train to bring back some special dish from the regular dining car. It may be a Sally Lunn or a corn meal muffin or a bit of Chesapeake Bay fish—all these specialties famous upon the Baltimore and Ohio dining cars. Willard will serve them to his guests and then demand an honest and unprejudiced verdict upon them.

No beating about with Daniel Willard. No polite nothings of "delightful" when your own verdict is asked.

"You do not have to say 'good,'" he insists. "What I want to know is, what is wrong."

If, after such prodding, the verdict still stands unanimously for the art of the cook, that chef is apt to get a personal note of thanks from the president, perhaps an autographed photograph as well. To have Daniel Willard's picture, autographed to you, standing upon your mantel, is a cherished ambition of every dining car chef on the Baltimore and Ohio.

It is by insistence of this sort that Willard gradually built up the dining car service of the road until it became an asset, instead of a liability. He drove back to his native

Vermont to get just the right sort of maple syrup; he spent three days once in Ohio trying to find an old-fashioned mill grinding out just the proper sort of corn meal to make the cakes to go with the syrup.

The larders of the *99* always are piled high against emergency. Once Willard found himself on a sort of secondary line leading down through Newark, Ohio. His car was at the rear of a night train out from Chicago. A single sleeper was ahead of it. That train was due to receive its dining car there at Newark at about eight o'clock in the morning. But the train that morning had been greatly delayed, it would not reach Newark, they told Willard, until nearly ten. No dining car until then. That would mean a lot of cross and hungry passengers—liabilities, not assets for Baltimore and Ohio.... The boss summoned Charles Rausch to him.

"Better go up through the train and see if there aren't some folks that need breakfast and bring them back here," he instructed.

That morning eighteen passengers of the Baltimore and Ohio ate their ham and eggs as the guest of its president. They must have enjoyed the experience. Willard certainly did. He is fond of people. He likes to talk to people, to draw them out on their hobbies, to get them to discuss anything that may interest them. His education never ceases.... Incidentally, the timetable of the railroad was changed—that very day. From that time forward the breakfast car on that particular train would be attached at a point further down the line than Newark at a much earlier hour in the morning.... But it was well to have those extra supplies in the *99*, anyway.

Sometimes the comfortable, unpretentious old car goes out from Camden Station on less agreeable errands. On a railroad, emergency always is just around the corner.

As, for instance, in March, 1913:

Sunday, March 23, 1913....Daniel Willard going down to the office Sunday morning after church, with his two fine young sons, as was his habit in those days, found his big desk covered with telegrams....Telegrams from Ohio. ...They were having trouble out in Ohio. It had been raining pretty steadily for a week in the East and it seemed that Ohio was catching it worst of all, particularly the central and the southern parts of the Buckeye State. The rivers that ran through those sections—the Muskingum, the Licking, the Scioto, the Little Miami and the Great Miami—all were on the rampage. They were rising rapidly and, hour after hour, as the downfall persisted, the rate of rising increased. Lowlands went under water and then the middle terrain. Finally, flood conditions prevailed. A major catastrophe threatened....Daniel Willard did not go home to dinner that Sunday. He stayed at his desk and read telegrams and gave orders over the telephone. And that evening the *99* came out of her berth in Camden Station; the big boss was riding to the seat of disaster.

Zanesville seemed to be the chief point of trouble, with the state capital, Columbus, a close second. At Zanesville, just seventy miles from Marietta (where the Muskingum pours its waters into those of the Ohio) the Licking River comes into the Muskingum and for years the junction of the two rivers was marked by a famous covered bridge with three portals, formed like a "Y." This historic structure, which had been built to carry the old National Road on its way from Wheeling to St. Louis, had disappeared some

years before the 1913 floods in favor of a similarly planned concrete one. To the credit of the builders of this second bridge it withstood the flood waters, came through swimmingly. The wrought-iron railroad bridge just below was not so fortunate. Three of its four spans gave way to the onrush of the waters and the southerly line of Baltimore and Ohio, from Pittsburgh and Wheeling to St. Louis and Chicago, was completely severed.

For that matter, so were practically all the other lines.... The Big Four, whose bridge over the Scioto at Columbus the Baltimore and Ohio uses, gave early notice that it would no longer be responsible for the safety of that structure. Willard, in personal control of the situation, ordered through trains rerouted by way of Chillicothe and the Norfolk and Western tracks. This threw the burden of traffic on the Baltimore and Ohio's southernmost main stem into Cincinnati and St. Louis. It was a relief of but short duration. For the Scioto began piling up mud and water and débris against the railroad embankment at Chillicothe and pretty soon that went—and with it human lives.

No laughing matter, those Ohio floods of 1913.... The twenty-third of March gave way to the twenty-fourth...to the twenty-fifth...to the twenty-sixth. Each day the water and the trouble increased. It was not until late on the twenty-seventh that the watchers began to detect a recession of the waters at the upper rim of the flood area, and it was at least a fortnight later before trouble had passed in the valley of the Ohio.

Cincinnati and Louisville and all the other towns, big and little, of the Ohio Valley find no way of completely avoiding these recurring floods. If Baltimore and Ohio had

been called upon to battle only one of the great periodic Ohio floods, that would have been quite bad enough; it was the rising of the waters that flow across both the states of Ohio and Indiana that crippled the Baltimore road—washing out its embankments, twisting and gnarling its solid steel rails; piling mud and stone and débris over its tracks in cuttings and in lowlands, and pitching its steel and iron bridges into the streams as if they were child's creations of pasteboard and of glue. A mainline railroad looks like a pretty substantial thing, but in the hands of floods, such as those of March, 1913, it is hardly more than a stretch of flimsy tissue.

However, this is not the story of the Ohio floods of 1913. That grim record of lost lives and property is spread elsewhere and at great length. This is the story of a man who, having expended millions of dollars and no end of thought in the re-creation of a great railroad, was seeing that road washed out of existence almost before his very eyes.

Willard, in shirt sleeves, seated in his office in the 99, helping give coffee and sandwiches to water-soaked and exhausted workers in its dining room...in raincoat and rubber boots, plunging out along the track and into the bog and flood waters....Willard, here, there, everywhere....It was remarkable how omnipresent the 99 could be in those days of flood-racked railroads—giving courage and calmness to the workers; help and enthusiasm to them at every turn. ...Daniel Willard doing all these things—and yearning for a cigar....He always has been fond of a good cigar.

Three days before the floods began, he had sworn off smoking for thirty days as was his yearly habit—"just to see if I had myself under good control," as he put it. Never

before in these sessions of self-discipline had he been put to such a test as this. Never again, perhaps, would he so long for the solace of a good smoke.

But he stuck to his word. He is not a drinker—he is never known to take more than one drink, and that just before dinner, and never at all on the railroad, at any time—but smoking is his relaxation. In those hard days in the '99 "up at the front" he had countless cigars offered him; his officers seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of them. They smoked like fire engines. They urged the boss to break down; certainly the emergency justified.... But they did not know Willard as well as they thought. He smiled grimly and shook his head. He did not break his self-made pledge.

Flood waters receded, the funerals in the little homes of Zanesville and Columbus and Dayton and Portsmouth were all over, only sad memories remained, and Baltimore and Ohio and Daniel Willard—how synonymous the two now seem to be!—faced another future of reconstruction. Again Uncle Dan would go trotting up to Wall Street, brief case in hand. He had a good story, and an appealing one, to tell to its bankers this time. Again he got the money. He almost always does. It poured into the treasury of his railroad and then poured out again into new embankments; new track; new and finer bridges; into hundreds of miles of almost brand-new railroad and telegraph lines. Baltimore and Ohio lost thirty-five hundred telegraph poles alone in that great flood.

But it gained some things too.

In the worst days of the tragic flood, there had been, of necessity, much rerouting of trains. First over duplicate

lines of the system and then over those of the Pennsylvania and the other immediate lines in its territory. But it was not long before the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the Hocking Valley were in the same desperate plight in Ohio as the Baltimore and Ohio. For several days there was only one through route between New York and Chicago in the northeastern United States—and that was the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway along the southern rim of Lake Erie. Since John Newell's time that important line had not only been double-tracked throughout, but much of it had been made three-track and four-track as well. It was in excellent condition for a flood load of traffic and such a load was poured upon it.

Detouring trains over the tracks of another railroad is always an expensive business and a tedious one. Willard drew a sigh of relief when he was able to get his least affected main stem—the northerly line through Pittsburgh and Youngstown—into service again and so to pull his trains off the Lake Shore. Prior to the Ohio flood that Pittsburgh line between Baltimore and Chicago had not been regarded as the road's real main stem between those cities; the burden of its traffic had gone by the old line, through Wheeling and Newark. The flood compelled the detouring of the old line trains through the northerly Pittsburgh stem. That precedent once well established as a flood relief, remained regular practice. Today Daniel Willard is proud of his Chicago main line from Sand Patch Tunnel (at the very top of the Alleghenies) to the head of Lake Michigan. He has worked steadily upon it. Some years ago he improved it radically, both as to grades and as to curvature, without putting down one foot of track.

The Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, running to and through Youngstown, was at one time regarded as one of the great money-makers of the land. It used to be called the "Little Giant." To accommodate a really vast traffic of coal and coke, it long ago was four-tracked all the way between Youngstown and Pittsburgh. Then came the inevitable day when that traffic fell off very greatly. Owing to the constantly changing industrial picture coal and coke no longer were moving in great tides from the territory just south of Pittsburgh—and the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie found itself in possession of a property considerably more ample than the traffic warranted.

Daniel Willard watched that situation. It was too close to his own picture to overlook, and he is not in the habit of overlooking things.

One of the most difficult stretches of Baltimore and Ohio for swift and efficient operation was the main stem from Pittsburgh west over the hills and down again to Youngstown—the old twisting Pittsburgh and Western, which Baltimore and Ohio acquired years ago. That same stretch, Pittsburgh and Lake Erie accomplished by a slightly less devious route, at water level! Water level routes are always the joy and pride of the practical railroader. Ergo, here was a possibility for Willard. A trade could be made and both sides would benefit. Pittsburgh and Lake Erie would gain a traffic, at a good rental, for its four track main stem, and Baltimore and Ohio would eliminate its one remaining hurdle in the through route from Baltimore and New York to Chicago. After some negotiation the trade was made, and Willard found himself in possession not only of a fine and comparatively new station for his main-line trains in Pittsburgh (they had had a hard time of it before,

backing and filling into the old Smithfield Street Station) but of one of the best pieces of main-line railroad between the Allegheny Mountains and Chicago. This arrangement gave Willard considerable satisfaction because it not only improved his line and schedules, but it was an outstanding example of how through co-operation separate railroads can work out arrangements that are of advantage to both. This is a policy that he has advocated for years.

The Ohio floods long since were over and like the muddy waters themselves, receding into dim memory. The great reconstruction of the line east of Cumberland, Maryland—the gradual elimination of those 57 miles of bottleneck between Patterson Creek and Cherry Run—was approaching its completion. It had been a vast task, the reconstruction of an important and highly busy trunk-line railroad. But, as circumstances soon were to show, it had come only in the nick of time. When Daniel Willard and his engineers and operating experts planned to take the roof off Doe Gully Tunnel, and to build the twelve-mile Magnolia Cutoff there in the valley of the Potomac, they little dreamed—no one dreamed—that within a brief half-dozen months the United States would be plunged into the heart of a war of such a magnitude as but few men had imagined ... that the American railroads would be called upon to undertake a task such as no transport system of any nation had ever before been called upon to perform. When that call came, both Willard and the Baltimore and Ohio were ready.

In the meantime a new and vital problem was awaiting the cool-headed New Englander in his great offices at Charles Street, Baltimore:

Railroad labor across the United States was feeling its oats.

And far across the sea in an obscure European capital of a late July day, in 1914, an assassin was striking at the reigning prince of a small country.

Two widely disassociated happenings, far apart, yet to come together and torture an entire land.... That same Woodrow Wilson, whose first election as president came so closely upon Daniel Willard's first experience with collective bargaining in the field of railroading, was to come rather closely to Willard's life.

... The unrest in the hearts of the railroaders growing... the assassination in the streets of Sarajevo swiftly becoming a World War.

It took some little time for the War overseas to make a real impression upon industrial America. And then one day the United States awoke to find that even a so-called neutral nation may, willy-nilly, become fearfully involved in a far-flung war between the great nations of the world. The belligerent nations of Europe, working upon a scale of military operations unknown before in the history of the world, required munitions—upon a vast scale. Their own workshops, depleted largely of fighting men, and using women and old men and boys, were working at breakneck speed, day and night. And still the cry came for more men, more munitions. Then the neutral nations went to work in hard earnest—the United States chief among them. Commissions crossed the Atlantic...officers and civilians from Great Britain...from France...from the Russian Empire...from Italy...from Germany, too. They thronged the industrial centers of the land. To factory after factory orders of staggering magnitude were given. And when the

factories were not large enough to fill them promptly the word went forward to enlarge the shops and forges; to double their size; if necessary, to triple their capacity. From a rather pleasant industrial sluggishness, America ripped off its coat, rolled up its sleeves and plunged into the swiftest, the most grueling labor it had ever known.

The railroads felt it—and at once. And as the railroads felt it, so railroad labor felt it.

On Daniel Willard's railroad alone, the tremendous impetus given to it by years of the World War is shown clearly, in cold statistics. In 1913, Baltimore and Ohio had reached a record high in its gross earnings—\$101,760,757. The following year this had dropped to \$91,895,912 and Wall Street began to groan again about hard times. But the gross was not to drop again under one hundred million dollars. By late 1914 the stockbrokers no longer were complaining about hard times. A new influence, powerful, relentless, was at work in the world. Gross earnings of Baltimore and Ohio, a fairly reliable barometer, began rising again in 1915—at the end of that year they had reached the sizable figure of \$100,717,667. Yet this was but a beginning.... More factories were being built, more shipyards opened and put to work; 1916 saw the road attain a gross of \$116,968,881... in 1917 this was \$133,613,322. In 1918 it came to \$174,191,446, and the railroaders were fairly staggered under the burden of the traffic thrust upon them.

By 1915 all the motive power, all the cars, that Baltimore and Ohio had or could put its hands upon was at work. No more extra locomotives white-leaded in the round-houses... no more long lines of cars idle in the yards... no more men's names upon the extra-boards. Everything with a drawbar was out, rolling its way over rail; railroaders

who had retired to their little farms were swinging the lanterns and pounding the keys once again. There was a job for any able-bodied man on any railroad in the land.

That was labor's moment and labor proposed to take full advantage of it.

For a long time past railroad labor, especially in the train and engine service, had nurtured the idea of a shorter day for the working railroader. Hours in railroad service, of necessity, at times are long indeed. The very nature of the work tends to make them such, and the railroads themselves had not been as far-sighted or broadminded as they might have been in correcting conditions.

In 1916 the men connected with the actual movement of the trains—the locomotive engineers, the firemen, the conductors and the trainmen—together with those who worked in the shops were about the only divisions of railroad labor that were well organized. But these were powerful divisions and, moreover, some progress was being made in the organizations of other branches of the service—telegraphers, shopmen, station agents, clerks, and the like. About the only group of rail labor that was not getting the benefit of collective power was the hardest working one of the lot—the minor officers, division superintendents, trainmasters and the like. It has not been the practice on the American railroad for these last to organize. The dispatchers form the only exception to this and in their case only a fraction belong to the union. Railroad companies are opposed to their officers joining unions and the unions themselves have not tried to interest them. Samuel Gompers once told Daniel Willard that if he was superintendent of a railroad he would not permit his personal secretary to belong to a

union. He did not think that such an arrangement was ethical or should be urged by the men.

Nineteen-sixteen was the year of an important presidential election. That was the year that Woodrow Wilson was to win re-election at the last minute—as it looked at first, almost by a fluke—from Charles Evans Hughes. In that campaign there was much talk about railroad labor and its problems. A bill—the so-called Adamson Law—providing for a basic eight-hour day for the railroaders had been introduced in Congress and was already the focus of public attention.

For months the negotiations between managements and men which were to result eventually in the passage of the Adamson Law were in progress. The measure finally was brought to the attention of President Wilson. He expressed his approval of the eight-hour day, said that it had become accepted in principle throughout the more civilized nations of the world and that he felt it was almost certain to be adopted in this country because of the changes incident to the World War. So convinced did Woodrow Wilson become of the rightness of his position, that in August, 1916, he summoned the presidents of the more important railroads of the land to the White House to discuss the entire matter.

It was a very hot summer's day in Washington, and one has only to know Washington to know what a hot August day there can mean. The presidents came, the most of them in no good mood. Generally opposed to Wilson, politically, they felt that they were being summoned to the White House by a schoolmaster to a public reprimand. The meeting was in the East Room. Shades were partly drawn to keep out the blazing sun, there was a dim religious sort of

light in the place which led one of the presidents to say to another, "Now we should sing, *Lead Kindly Light.*" Woodrow Wilson struggled for a considerable time with that group. He urged them most strongly to accept the eight-hour law, not combat it. He could make no impression upon them. It was then that he threw up his hands and said that he would give his every effort to secure the passage of the Adamson measure. He regarded its passage as essential to the well-being of the country that he was endeavoring to lead through parlous times. The labor unions put themselves squarely behind the President. They said that if the bill was not passed they would strike: they set a definite day early in September for the strike.

It looked like business. It looked like bad business. It looked like the utter paralysis of a nationwide railroad strike. America quivered. It was angered; it was abashed and it was impotent. Vacationists in the summer resorts of lake and shore and mountains became alarmed and panicky. A mad rush began those late August days for the trains back home. Resorts were deserted, almost overnight. Sleeping car space went to a premium and travelers besieged the city ticket offices of the railroads.... The thing was unthinkable, and yet at hand. A blow of vast national significance. One read of things like that happening in France or in Italy, but in the United States, it just could not be. And yet it seemed inevitable.

Congress quaked too. A national election of exceeding importance pended. Congress felt that the union heads meant business. It stopped argument and it passed the Adamson Bill. Woodrow Wilson signed it. And the people of the United States had entered in upon a new form of government—government by coercion.

Railroad executives, bankers, insurance company heads, the owners of large blocks of rail securities, had met hastily to formulate plans for the defeat of the Adamson measure. If they had met earlier, they might have accomplished something definite. As it was, they fumed and decided to fight the measure through the courts. Elaborate and expensive legal machinery was organized and put to work and the act was fought bitterly through the federal courts, right up to the Supreme Court of the United States. While the rank and file of railroad labor sat in its tents and sulked.

You cannot hurry the courts; most of all you cannot hurry the Supreme Court of the United States. It took its own good time. Here was an important measure, an epoch-making measure, and the Supreme Court was taking no chances with it. Nineteen-sixteen slipped into the memorable 1917, and still no word from Washington.... January went into February and February into March and railroad labor no longer sulked. It was rampant. It felt that it had won fairly a great victory and that capital was cheating it out of the fruits of that victory. Once again it threatened a nation-wide strike, a strike that would tie up every railroad in the land, from the one ocean to the other. Again the United States went into the doldrums.

Daniel Willard during this history-making epoch was in a curious position. He was, by instinct and by thirty-seven years of hard training, a railroader. He knew the habits and ways of thought of railroaders. And however much he might sympathize with the basic principle of the eight-hour day, he knew full well that in this instance it was not the day itself that the railroaders wanted—generally

speaking, the trainmen themselves did not object to longer hours—but it was the opportunity that the new legal day would give them to increase their earnings generously, by being paid time and one-half for every minute that they were employed over the basic eight hours. Willard felt that the matter might have been compromised, by setting a nine-hour day as a base, but his fellow executives were in no mood for compromise.

He was in a curious position because on one side he was a railroad executive and on the other he was a member of the United States government and so felt himself bound to support the policies of his commanding officer, the President of the United States. He had been made chairman of the important Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense and in that capacity he was also chairman of a committee on transportation and communication. As such, his position on the eight-hour day was laid down, definitely and squarely, for him. He took it, definitely and squarely.... When the bill had come up for discussion, there were only two railroad presidents for it—Willard and Fairfax Harrison, the president of the Southern Railway.

"I suppose you think I am a damn coward because of the stand I have taken," he told one of his fellows, "but I am going to take it just the same."

No matter what his personal feelings were, his immediate course was clear to him. He must act and act at once. The immediate and essential thing was that there should be no strike. Anything must be sacrificed to achieve this end. With a nasty mess down on the Mexican border and the country teetering on the verge of a European war, a nation-wide transport strike was unthinkable.

He first succeeded in enlisting the active support of the Advisory Commission in an effort to achieve intervention in the matter. Willard, at times impulsive, always is for the orderly way of doing things. Every member of the Commission agreed with him. A resolution was quickly passed. A letter of instruction to Willard from Secretary of War Newton D. Baker read, in part:

... It was resolved that you be requested at once to seek an interview with the representatives of the railroad brotherhoods and the railroad executives with reference to the difference now existing between them and apparently threatening to produce a general railroad strike in this country; that you present to the representatives of both sides the grave peril involved in such a situation at this time, and that you request them to so adjust their differences as in any event to lead to a postponement of any acute difficulties during the present national emergency....

But it was to take more than resolutions to combat this situation. Daniel Willard knew that. He went to work. With no small measure of authority behind him, he consulted both labor and railroad executives. All to no avail. Both sides were obdurate. There was to be a strike on Saturday night, March 17th, and that was all there was to it. Willard pleaded, but seemingly he pleaded in vain....

Once again a definite date had been set for a nationwide railroad strike. Despite elaborate disclaimers by the heads of the brotherhoods as to any lack of patriotism or refusal to co-operate with the government in a time of great national stress and emergency, Saturday at 7 P.M. was set as the hour when the railroads of the United States would go out of business. At that moment every train was

to come to a stop; after which the train crews would return their engines and their trains to the nearest roundhouse or division headquarters. Then they would go to their homes—all in good order, as they stressed it. Within an hour, the railroad of America, a perpetually living thing, would be as dead as Morley's ghost.

The railroad executives were in consternation. But they were as stubborn as the brotherhood leaders.... President Wilson telegraphed a personal appeal to both the railroad and the labor heads and then requested Daniel Willard and Samuel Gompers of the Advisory Commission together with Secretaries Lane and Wilson of the Council of National Defense to go to New York to confer with them. The labor leaders did not reply to Woodrow Wilson. They stood pat. They refused to make any concessions or to postpone the strike order.

To this stand they stuck even after the arrival of Willard and his confreres in New York, Friday night. These went into conference at 9:30 that Friday night and stuck to it until 3:45 A.M. Saturday morning. Willard caught the brunt of the battle, but seemingly he was tireless and unending in his efforts.... At ten o'clock that Saturday morning the conference was resumed.... In the meantime something had happened. Daniel Willard had started on a flying trip to Washington.... He went straight to see Franklin K. Lane, who at the last moment, had been prevented from going to New York. Willard wanted to talk to Lane—and at once.

There have been times when Daniel Willard has not been overly popular among his fellows. They generally have respected him, but many of them have not liked his

policies—particularly his policies in regard to labor. Yet in 1917, Daniel Willard was almost the only railroad president who understood labor, who sympathized with labor in its aspirations when he felt that their position was justified. The one whom railroad labor respected. He had refused always to look down his nose at labor. He was friendly with the labor leaders. He spoke their language. The average private car of the average railroad president of twenty years ago was as locked and as secret to a labor head as the inner rooms of the house of Morgan. But on the 99, of the Baltimore and Ohio, labor leaders supped not infrequently. Upon occasion, labor leaders like Stone and Shepard and Morrissey dined with Daniel Willard—in his hotel rooms in New York or in Washington, or at his own table in Roland Park, Baltimore.

No matter how one may have felt about the Wilson administration and the Wilson cabinet, one could hardly have withheld a personal admiration for Franklin K. Lane. He was one of the strongest members of that remarkable coterie. No wonder that Woodrow Wilson loved him. He was a man of firmness with diplomacy and a fair man withal. No skullduggery with Frank Lane. He played the game above the table, and when you played with him you played above the table too. God help you if you didn't. Lane would not help you then.

Daniel Willard has always liked men like Lane. The two understood each other. Each had his own responsibilities, each his own job to do. But there always was a common ground in which they might get together, time and time again, in all honesty and fairness.... And knowing this, Daniel Willard went straight to Franklin K. Lane—

arrived at his home at a very early hour in the morning. The two men went at once into a huddle. Willard gave Lane the parts of the picture that he did not already know.

It was then close to the dangerous moment—Saturday's hours were being sung out by the chime clock of the Lane house. Saturday night was the time set for the great strike. ... And on Monday noon, the United States Supreme Court, following its habit of many years, would sit and the clerk would sonorously read the decisions arrived at so deliberately and so solemnly.

What, Willard had thought, if the decision in the eight-hour case was to be read this coming Monday? And the railroaders at that moment in strike! How futile it would all be to have such a strike, if a decision were so close at hand. Willard deep in his heart felt assured what the decision would be. It would uphold the Adamson Act in its every detail. It is a wonderful thing for a man to be able to see both sides of a situation. Therefore, thought he, on Monday the Supreme Court delivers an irrevocable decision as to the eight-hour law, a decision which almost beyond a shadow of a doubt will uphold it, and yet all the railroaders are on strike in protest against the absence of a decision. What a farce, what a tragedy that will be! Morale shattered—and on the very eve of the nation's entrance into war. For Daniel Willard, like every other thinking man, knew that war was now inevitable. It was in fact to be just three weeks later that Congress, sitting under the Capitol dome late at night in its most serious conclave of many years, would make the formal declaration that involved the United States in war with Germany.

Willard knew these things. He thought and thought quickly. So did Lane. Lane excused himself and went, at

once, to the house of a member of the Supreme Court. Precedent was being shattered, but what of that? The critical situation justified it. It was not that any effort was being made to influence a decision of the United States Supreme Court. That decision, whatever it was, already had been made—the decision had been written and put into type by the United States Printer: a few hours later, copies of it, damp from the press, would be handed to the newspapers.

In fifteen minutes Lane was back....Another huddle—a short one. Willard had his information and it was satisfactory. The decision would be handed down the following Monday. Willard did not know the text of that decision. He did not have to know. With his secret locked closely within him, he trusted neither to telegraph nor to telephone. He went to the Washington station and at an early hour he was on a special train, again bound for New York. Five hours later he was in a hotel room facing a group of labor leaders. Upon his assurance that the decision would be handed down the following Monday noon, these men assented to a postponement of the strike until after that hour. Telegraphic orders to this effect went out to every corner of the country. A major catastrophe in its history had been averted.

Daniel Willard considers this to be an outstanding act in his career. Other distinctions have come to him since then, large ones, and many of them....But through his own efforts, racing against time itself, to have taken a decisive step which saved untold suffering to hundreds of thousands, was to have taken a good step indeed. He was not without criticism in it. Some of his confreres among

the railroad presidents lifted their eyebrows high at it, were outspoken in their opposition to it. What right had he, they asked, to invade the privacy and sanctity of the courts, especially of the highest court, to dare to pry into its secrets. Willard laughed at such criticisms. His conscience rested easy. He was sure of the inherent rightness of his own position and that, to him, was enough. This time the end had indeed justified the means—nothing less. He had saved the land from a nation-wide railroad strike which easily might have led to serious results—to hunger, to want, to widespread catastrophe. There were comparatively few paved roads, then, few motor trucks in the United States of America to relieve such a situation. A great nation working under feverish pressure for a world-wide war which it was about to enter, had been saved a bitter blow. No wonder Daniel Willard felt content.

And yet it was a matter of satisfaction to him that, when the thing was all over, his friend and keen competitor, Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania, turned to him, having reviewed the entire business, and said:

“Daniel, if I had been in your position, I would have done exactly the same thing.”

Some years later, Willard was to utter a truism that brought him no end of comment and not a little criticism. In the course of an address before the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in Philadelphia, in 1931, he said, publicly:

“A system—call it what you will—under which it is possible for five or six millions of willing and able-bodied men to be out of work and unable to secure work for months at a time, and with no other source of income, cannot be said to be

perfect or even satisfactory; on the contrary, it can be said to have failed in at least one very important detail. I can think of nothing more deplorable than the condition of a man, able and anxious to work, but unable to secure work, with no resources but his labor and, perhaps with others even more helpless, dependent upon him. Unless he is willing to starve and see those who justly look to him for support also starve, his only alternative is to seek charity, and, failing in that, to steal. While I do not like to say so, I would be less than candid if I did not say that in such circumstances I would steal before I would starve."

Willard's final remark caught the country by storm. "Daniel Willard would rather steal than starve," ran the newspaper headlines. He was bitterly abused for having said it. Yet I think that it was one of the finest of his utterances. Nothing else has ever revealed more clearly the innate honesty of the man.... You may turn that remark over and over again and then, the more you think of it, the better you will like it. It is the essence of an honest remark. It is the essence of Willard honesty.

A RAILROAD GOES TO WAR

THE ENTRANCE OF BALTIMORE AND OHIO into wartime activities was marked by a gathering of the officers of the company at Deer Park, Maryland, in the summer of 1916. Willard always has liked this sort of a get-together. He had held them with marked success, he felt, when he was vice-president of the Burlington. And those Burlington meetings in Chicago unquestionably had had beneficial results both to the company and to the men. There had been get-togethers on the Baltimore and Ohio prior to the arrival of Willard as its president. Loree had begun them and even then they had served as a real stimulus to the morale of the road, to say nothing of bringing forth many really constructive ideas for the upbuilding and operation of the property.

Daniel Willard felt that the October, 1916 meeting in the hotel that John W. Garrett had built, there at the crest of the Alleghenies, was bound to be the most outstanding one in Baltimore and Ohio history. He would make it so. By 1916 he was proud of what he had accomplished with the old road. It was in splendid shape—to meet a great test that soon was to be made of both its physical and human resources. The bottleneck between Cherry Run and Cumberland no longer was a bottleneck. The road at

last was double-track all the way to Chicago; it had abundant yard and shop facilities, plenty of cars and locomotives. Willard had done this. He had accomplished much within the first six years of his administration. He had good reason to be proud. This Deer Park meeting would be something in the nature of a personal triumph. With great care he planned its details. And the results more than justified the trouble that he had taken.

Let the editor of the company's magazine tell the story of the beginning of that meeting in his own words:

Nature on Saturday was like a gift from the gods. It was perfect! Dozens of men took advantage of this by early rising. They strolled the inviting terraces, whetted their appetites for breakfast or just came out into the open and stood in the sunshine, drinking in the sheer joy of the morning.... It was good also for the early risers to see that President Willard's car had arrived on Train No. 55 and was standing on the siding in front of the hotel.... Breakfast, sufficient in every respect to meet the appetizing qualities of the morning, was over in sufficient time to enable a furtherance of the get-together spirit on the porches and in the lobby of the hotel.

Promptly at ten o'clock Mr. Thompson (Arthur W. Thompson, vice-president) called the meeting to order in the convention room and very informally and briefly presented President Willard to his fellow officials. He was acclaimed with enthusiasm and after acknowledging with evident pleasure and a genial smile, he began his memorable address.

Mr. Willard speaks in the manner of a lawyer, explaining an important case. Clarity of construction and expression illuminate his sentences. He wastes few words and speaks in a well-modulated but carrying voice and with an earnestness and emphasis which is altogether convincing.... He was explaining his ideals for the B. & O. to the men to whom he was intrusting them. He told them of what pleased and satisfied him and on the other hand in what respects he thought im-

provements could be made. He outlined his plans and aspirations for the property. In a word he took his hearers completely into his confidence and in so doing added another big strong link to the chain which binds his subordinates to him and to the Baltimore and Ohio.*

Daniel Willard took good care of that opportunity. Having aired his views on the railroad and the men's responsibility to it, he took another tack. He outlined their responsibility to the national government in the face of impending war. He called for their loyalty and service in the fullest sense. Said he:

"There is just one other thing that I want to speak of before closing and this, in a sense, is aside from the railroad question. You all know we are today passing through one of the most serious periods in the history of our country. The Old World has been at war for two years, the most terrible war in the history of mankind. It so happened that I was in Europe when the conflict broke out, and I saw something of what it means when a nation goes to war. I saw the mobilization in Austria and saw something of it in Germany, and before any battle had been fought at all I saw the women in Carlsbad, in the afternoon after their housework was done, out on their porches, sewing busily, making things that would be needed for the wounded when they reached the hospitals from the front. There had been no fight as yet, but they knew what war meant and had put aside all frivolity and had gotten down to the realities of the situation. They were already beginning to do the things that experience and mercy dictated should be done for those who were certain to suffer.

"Now with such a conflagration as has been going on

* *Baltimore and Ohio Magazine*, August, 1916.

for the last two years, it would be strange indeed if some of the sparks did not hit us—they may come direct or from the side, as in the case of Mexico. Certainly at the present moment the situation (the Mexican situation) is full of uncertainty and doubt and the President has apparently felt that it is serious enough to justify the mobilization of the National Guard. It may be that many of you in this room have friends or near relatives who have already responded to the call."

Willard outlined the valuable services rendered by the Baltimore and Ohio in the days of the Civil War, when it performed the first troop movements by train ever attempted upon any sizable scale. Then he added:

"I want it to be in exactly the same position today. Undoubtedly we shall be called upon to move troops, munitions and material of various kinds from the east to the west—to St. Louis and Chicago, and when we are called on to do such work, I want it done in such manner that the results will be at least measurably the same as they were in Germany, although the methods are not the same. Over there, during the mobilization, for eight days all commercial schedules were discontinued. No passengers were permitted to ride at all. The whole transportation system was given up to the movement of troop trains and such trains were permitted to run only approximately fifteen miles an hour and of course a positive block was maintained. Every possible contingency had apparently been foreseen. They arranged at the larger stations, for instance, to have plenty of pure drinking water for the troops. The soldiers rode chiefly in box cars and not in coaches, and if we should have very many men to carry, our coaches soon would be exhausted. The Germans were particular to have good

water for their men and that is one of the things we should think of and arrange for. But the chief aim was to keep their trains moving without interruption.

"It probably will not be necessary for us to stop regular train operation. Perhaps some roads in the Southwest may, and if necessary, we shall do it also. When we have troop trains to move, they are to have the right of way over everything, except a train carrying the President of the United States. We will stop everything—freight trains, passenger trains—everything will give way to the steady and comfortable movement of the troops. When it comes to moving military material or ammunition, everyone should see that no unnecessary delay occurs.

"I speak perhaps with some feeling concerning this matter because I have seen the efficacy of it in other instances . . . and I want every man—you and the men under you—to feel that in this emergency the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad shall be an efficient aid to the government. We want to show the men who are going to the front for you and for me, the sympathy, the support and the consideration that they are entitled to. We ought to treat them as if they were members of our own families. That is the spirit we ought to have. They have put on the uniforms which they will not be permitted to take off until they have been discharged from the service and they have taken an oath to follow the colors wherever the colors may go. I have put on my colors and they will stay on until the emergency is over. I hope all Baltimore and Ohio men will place themselves behind the colors and show that we can be just as strong and reliable a support of the government in 1916 as our predecessors were in 1861."

Willard's remarks were received with resounding applause.

It was the Mexican imbroglio, of course, of which he spoke, although in the back of his head he had in mind the forthcoming American participation in the World War overseas, which he knew then was inevitable. His remarks at Deer Park would be as applicable to it as they were to the Mexican situation—more so, in fact, because a great war overseas was bound to be a vastly more difficult problem for the American railroad than the trouble down in the Southwest. Willard, at first a rather diffident speaker, but gradually making himself a more forceful and compelling one, was to make many other distinguished public addresses within the following years. Yet none of them would come with more pith and force than that rather impromptu talk that he gave that sunny June morning in the parlor of the old Deer Park Hotel. And none would ever come at a more appropriate time.

It seems probable that one outcome of that notable meeting at Deer Park was Willard's appointment by President Woodrow Wilson, on October 30, 1916, as a member of the newly-created Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense. Perhaps word of the meeting and of Willard's eloquent address to it had seeped through to the White House. At any rate, he was called to the service of his country five months before it entered the war.

He received first word of his appointment indirectly. Seated at breakfast in his hotel in Chicago, he read of it in the *Tribune* there. He was at the head of the list of appointees and he felt that his old friend, Franklin K. Lane, had had his hand in it. He accepted the call cheerfully, and

he gave himself to his new tasks heart and soul. Busy railroad executive that he was, he practically laid aside the Baltimore and Ohio job and moved himself into Washington, taking living quarters at the Willard Hotel there. After all, this step was to be a good proof of the excellence of his organizing powers. If Baltimore and Ohio, after six years of his regime, had not been well enough organized to permit its president to absent himself at all, it would have been a rather poor organization. At least, so Daniel Willard felt. As a matter of fact, at no time did he entirely lose hold of the Baltimore property. He kept in touch with it at all times and upon occasion or emergency, he would return to his Baltimore office for a few hours, or even for a day or two. But above everything, he gave himself to the even larger and more pressing problems in Washington. He opened offices there and even when he was not compelled to remain in his hotel suite overnight, he was back from his Baltimore home on the earliest train in the morning. It is not surprising that Wilson, Baker, and Lane and all the rest felt a world of weight taken from their shoulders by Willard's presence. On March 3, 1917, he was elected chairman of the Advisory Commission and remained in that post until the end of the war. It was as its chairman that Daniel Willard had been in a position to be of such large national service in forestalling the threatened nation-wide railroad strike.

Willard went to his new task with zest. It had every factor of appeal to him. With little or no material, save the human sort, a large and efficient working organism must be created and at once. In this emergency, time was a doubly precious commodity. The personnel for the work

had been carefully chosen. The Council of National Defense was, almost from necessity, formed from ranking members of the government, in fact from members of the Wilson cabinet. These were, in addition to Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, who served as its chairman; Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels; Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane; Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston; Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield; and Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson.

On the other hand the members of the Advisory Commission were chosen from men outstanding in the private life of America. Surrounding Willard, as chairman, were Julius Rosenwald, merchant of Chicago; Howard E. Coffin, manufacturer, of Detroit; Bernard M. Baruch, banker, of New York; Dr. Hollis Godfrey, educator, of Philadelphia; Samuel Gompers, labor leader, of New York; and Dr. Franklin H. Martin, surgeon and editor, of Chicago. Walter S. Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York was made its director.

Upon this Advisory Commission was to fall the brunt of the detail work of the National Council. That Council's own members were far too occupied with their governmental duties to have time to go into details. Their task was to receive the suggestions of the Advisory Commission, approve or disapprove them and act upon them. Whether this was the best possible procedure or not is open to argument. But Woodrow Wilson wished it so, and Woodrow Wilson, with all of his high powers, was inclined to have it as he wished. And by virtue of the carefully picked personnel of both the Council and the Commission, the plan worked—and worked very well indeed. Against fearful odds, it produced good results.



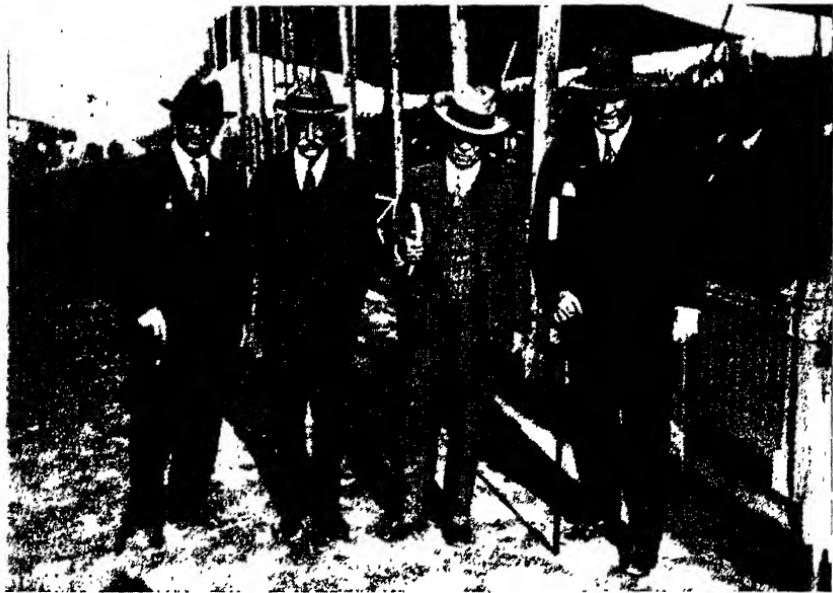
Above: The Council of National Defense and the Advisory Commission of the Council, Preceding and During the World War

Left to right: Julius Rosenwald; Bernard M. Baruch; Dr. Hollis Godfrey; Daniel Willard, Chairman of the Advisory Commission; William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; Howard E. Coffin; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of Navy; Dr. Franklin Martin; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War and Chairman of the Council; William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

Missing from this picture are Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, and Walter S. Gifford, Director of both the Council and the Commission. Cabinet members comprised the Council. The others were members of the Advisory Commission of the Council.

Below: War Industries Board as Constituted January 1, 1918

Front row, left to right: Daniel Willard, Chairman; Robert S. Brookings, Commissioner of Finished Products; Robert S. Lovett, Director of Priorities; Bernard M. Baruch, Commissioner of Raw Materials. *Back row:* Rear Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, representing the Navy; Hugh Frayne, representing Labor; Brigadier General Palmer E. Pierce, representing the Army; H. P. Ingles, Secre-



At the Fair of the Iron Horse

Daniel Willard had the best time of his life greeting his friends at Baltimore and Ohio's memorable railroad show.

Above: Willard ascends the rostrum and addresses the audience.

Below: Willard with Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury; P. E. Crowley, President of the New York Central; and Sir Henry W. Thornton, President of the Canadian National.

It was with the transportation problems involved that Daniel Willard naturally was most interested—although there was not one question that came before the Advisory Commission that did not receive his closest attention.

For instance, the question of universal military service—to lead almost inevitably to conscription, the draft, call it what you like. Julius Rosenwald, clear thinker that he was, was outspoken in his advocacy of it. He wished the Commission at once to go on record as favoring it. Several times he offered a motion to this effect, which Chairman Willard somehow “did not hear.” That was not Daniel Willard’s way of going at it. It was not the way that he ever worked in his boardroom. He did not, if he could help it, permit matters to go to a vote without knowing himself pretty nearly how every man at the table was going to vote upon them.

He did not know just how the various members of the Advisory Commission would stand upon universal military service—personally he favored it—and he did not wish the thing to come to a head until he did know. He did not even know how the Secretary of War or the Council of National Defense felt about it and this too he must ascertain for himself. In the meantime, even though they had discussed it for some months past, he must not hear.

Rosenwald, being Rosenwald, was persistent. He repeated his resolution. Still again Daniel Willard “did not hear.” Finally Rosenwald cornered Willard in an outer hall and asked what was the matter with his hearing anyway. Willard explained that he was not sure how Samuel Gompers would vote, and that he did not want the Commission to go on any record whatsoever in the matter unless it could do so by unanimous vote. Then he hurried to

Gompers and found the great chief of the American Federation of Labor, although a bitter opponent of war in any form, about ready to come around in favor of universal military service.

Willard was much affected by Gompers' new position. Up to that time he had been frankly antagonistic to the labor man; a condition of things which arose quite naturally from various labor situations in which he had had small sympathy with Gompers' stand. Now they stood shoulder to shoulder. "I did not realize how much I could dislike a man," said Willard at the time, "and within a week come around to like him so well." The two men were fast friends from that day on.

One of the earliest problems—perhaps the first emergency one—was that of the great crisis awaiting the calling of a national railroad strike in March, 1916. That story already has been told here.... Another problem of personal interest to Chairman Willard was that involving the breaking of the Russian railroad system.

In the Spring of 1917 the son of Willard's old friend, Senator W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, the chief promoter of the Soo line—one Stanley Washburn, brilliant war correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, and at a later period for *The Times* of London—had called on him at his house in Baltimore with a stirring tale of the deplorable condition of the Russian army, a condition arising because of its shortage of ammunition and other war supplies.

Willard, as is his way, listened attentively to young Washburn's story. The war correspondent went into details. It seemed that at that time the only way that Russia could communicate with the West was, or would be, a rail-

road which was being built north from St. Petersburg, or by some line leading out of that imperial capital to Murmansk on the White Sea. As Mr. Willard now recalls it, Washburn said that this last road either was not finished or else was in such shape as to be capable of only handling a relatively light tonnage and therefore it would not be a dependable means for supplying the Russian army with its needs. To do this properly, it would be necessary to work through the port of Vladivostok and over the long and extremely tenuous Trans-Siberian Railway. Washburn told Willard that a large part of the Trans-Siberian was single-track and that it was not in good condition. Moreover, its operating methods were not efficient. He urged Daniel Willard, as Chairman of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, to take up the matter with the Council and he suggested that a committee be sent to Russia at once to study the matter for the purpose of finding out in what way this country could be of assistance. He expressed great fear that unless the Trans-Siberian Railway could be improved and operated more efficiently, the Russian armies would soon be out of necessary war materials and so forced to drop out of the war, releasing some two or three million Germans on the Eastern Front for transfer to the West, against the French and the English there. Washburn was sure that this would mean the collapse of the Allied cause.

Willard saw eye to eye with young Washburn in this. He felt that his analysis of the situation was correct. Yet before he could take any definite action, a far more acute emergency confronted the Advisory Commission.

On April 2nd, President Woodrow Wilson read an emergency war message to the Congress of the United States

and four days later the Congress declared a state of war existing between the United States and Germany.

This step had been long expected; yet the country was thrown into a turmoil. Washington was in a state of excitement such as had not existed since the Confederate Army had pitched its tents across the Potomac almost within sight of the dome of the Capitol. The Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense quickened its efforts. It sought in every way to come to the immediate aid of a greatly harassed government.

No one was worrying about the problems of the Russian railways at that moment. The problems of American rail transport were closer at hand, and for the minute, infinitely more complicated. The hardest related problem, that of American railroad labor, had been safely settled, for the time being, anyway. Railroad labor, having won one of the hardest fought battles in its history rested, smug and contented, upon its arms. But there were other very grave problems.

It was being bruited about in inner circles that the roads might go under government control. Willard heard these rumors and did not like them. For a time there in the early part of 1917 he had harbored a secret thought that government ownership of the American railroad system might be lurking around the corner. He had not liked the thought. Yet the thing was a possibility. After the two close squeaks with Labor that the railroads had just had over the eight-hour law, such a possibility was not an unlikely one.

Lunching with Willard one day, not long after the second of these labor crises had been passed, Secretary Lane expressed a thought that it might be necessary for President Wilson to appoint a managing director of all the railroads

because he did not feel that the roads, acting independently, could deal promptly and effectively with transport requirements as the United States entered the war. Lane then made the suggestion that Woodrow Wilson probably would appoint Daniel Willard as such a managing director. Willard was at once alert to the suggestion. He said bluntly that he did not believe such a course necessary or even desirable.

Here is the inherent simplicity of the man. It would have been instinctive for almost anyone to grasp joyously at the mere prospect of such vast power to be placed within his grasp, but to Daniel Willard it was no opportunity whatsoever. He had no enmities nor scores, ancient or modern, to be settled; no self-seeking plans or programs to advance—either for himself or for Baltimore and Ohio. These things might come under another directorship, but not under Willard's. He deplored the very hint of state ownership that the idea brought. The railroads were competent to handle the situation themselves, he felt. . . . The thing was permitted to drop.

Willard was in no mood at just that moment to battle. If he had to fight in behalf of a just cause, he would fight, but what he really wanted was a breathing spell. The hard fight involved in the postponement of the great strike had told on him a bit. For two days and two nights he had worked incessantly on the strike question, without once removing his clothes or tumbling into bed. The March weather was vile. His throat, never too strong, had rebelled and he had suffered a sharp attack of tonsillitis. It finally drove him back to his Baltimore house and to bed. But an item that he saw in a Washington paper one morning at breakfast got him out of bed again and into the midst of things.

There was talk again in Washington about a Director-General and a Government Railroad Administration. Certain interests in and behind the government seemed hell-bent to have it. Willard's name was discussed openly as the possible Director-General. No other name was even mentioned.

He got out of bed and out of the house and into the first train for Washington. He went at once to Lane's office.

"I felt much concerned about the matter," he wrote afterwards, "because I did not think that it was necessary for the President to take over the control of the railroads at that time and I deplored the appointment of a managing director until and unless all other available methods should fail."

He thought fast. At once he made definite and concrete suggestions. He told Lane that, if the Council of National Defense would suggest it, he would call in the railroad presidents for a conference. Lane was skeptical. He did not believe the directors of the various roads could reconcile their many differences and authorize their presidents to any joint action. Willard, himself, was not too sure. But he insisted that the thing was at least worth trying.

"Very good," said Lane, and he reached across the top of his desk for a small pad of paper. He tore off a sheet and with a pencil he wrote upon it:

Resolved, that Commissioner Willard be requested to call upon the railroads to so organize their business as to lead to the greatest expedition in the movement of freight.

Lane asked Willard if that would do, and Willard said yes. Then Lane said that he would have the Council of National Defense pass the resolution the following morn-

ing. Immediately Daniel Willard walked out and began the sending of telegrams to fifty-one railroad presidents. Together, these men headed 90 per cent of the rail mileage of the United States. They were asked to assemble in Washington three days hence—Wednesday, April 11th, at ten o'clock in the morning.

Practically every one of the fifty-one accepted. Some of them came a long way, clear from the Pacific Coast, but they all dropped everything and came at once. They met in a hall in the Willard Hotel; Hale Holden, president of the Burlington, was chosen as chairman and with little delay and no debate a resolution which had been drawn up by Fairfax Harrison, the scholarly president of the Southern, and which Daniel Willard considers remarkable for the strength and beauty of its expression, was presented and unanimously adopted.

The Harrison resolution, after a certain formal introduction and preamble reads as follows:

Resolved, that the railroads of the United States, acting through their chief executive officers here and now assembled, and stirred by a high sense of their opportunity to be of the greatest service to their country in the present national crisis, do hereby pledge themselves with the government of the United States, with the governments of the several States, and with one another, that during the present war they will co-ordinate their operations in a continental railway system, merging during such period all their merely individual and competitive activities in the effort to produce a maximum of national transportation efficiency. To this end they hereby agree to create an organization which shall have general authority to formulate in detail, and from time to time, a policy of operation of all or any of the railways, which policy, when and as announced by such temporary organization, shall be

accepted and earnestly made effective by the several managements of the individual railroad companies here represented.

There were five other clauses to the resolution which provided for the details of the proposed temporary organization, but this one paragraph was the pith of the document. There were no objectors to it and it was adopted without argument....An executive committee of five was appointed at once. It was made up of the following outstanding railroad heads:

Fairfax Harrison, president, Southern Railway, Chairman.
Howard Elliott, president, Northern Pacific Railway.

Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the board, Southern
Pacific Railway.

Hale Holden, president, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy
Railway.

Samuel Rea, president, Pennsylvania Railroad.

To these names, as honorary members of the executive committee, were added two others—E. E. Clark, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Daniel Willard....This group lunched together in the afternoon, heard a fine and stirring patriotic address by Franklin K. Lane, who had an unusual gift for that sort of thing, adjourned and went back to their jobs at once, for the most part, fired with enthusiasm for what had been accomplished that day in Washington.

Willard himself was enthusiastic as he made his way back to his hotel room. By his quick wit and his persistence he had saved the railroads from government ownership and he had brought them into the closest knit organization of their entire existence. He had himself hardly believed the

thing possible. And here it was done, a contract signed, sealed and delivered....

Of course his real task was but beginning. There was a vast job right ahead for the American railroad and it buckled down to it at once. A headquarters building was found in Washington—not an easy thing those days—and in it the five working railroad heads set up their full-time offices, with a force of some 485 men and women to carry out the details of the new job. Executive branch headquarters were opened in a half a dozen other railroad centers of the Union, but the work was kept centralized as far as possible in Washington, where there was close touch at all times with the feverishly overworked departments of the government.

One of the chief functions of the new Railroad War Board was to see to it that there were plenty of cars, and locomotives to move them, in every quarter of the country to meet the huge transport requirements of the emergency situation. There must be no more freight embargoes, that had been coming with distressing frequency, across the land. It had full power, regardless of the ownership of rolling stock, to move it to any corner of the land as the traffic situation seemed to demand. Between May 1st and June 30th alone, thirty orders were given—and executed—which provided for the movement of 110,000 empty freight cars from sections of the country where they were not needed to other sections where they were very much in demand. To facilitate all this, there was at once created, only second in importance to the executive committee of the Railroad War Board, a subcommittee in full charge of car service. This subcommittee had in turn some twenty-eight other

subcommittees scattered at railroad operating centers all the way across the land. It was a huge mechanism, but it worked and worked very well indeed.

Passenger service also received close attention. It was felt that many passenger trains could be consolidated or even eliminated and still enough left not only for the wartime needs of the country, but for a decent peacetime use as well. It was done. In this way many coaches and locomotives were released for troop train and military services, and coal and human effort saved. Within a few months passenger trains, having an aggregate mileage of over 24,000,000 miles a year, were discontinued and a saving of 1,500,000 tons of coal per year made, as well as releasing over 3,000 men for other service to their country. In effecting this reduction the War Board worked in conjunction with the communities served by the railroads, not in opposition to them. In certain instances where it was shown that a passenger train removed was causing a real hardship to a territory, it was restored. It was not easy travel in those days—there were many times when even upper berths in sleeping cars were at a premium—but it was incomparably better than the wartime passenger service of almost any nation overseas.

It was the result that counted.

In April, May and June of 1917, the roads moved 18 per cent more freight than in the same three months of the preceding year, which was supposed, at that time, to be a banner year. They did it with no more cars or locomotives or men. At the very outset, the new eight-hour day was having a good test and it was succeeding. Before 1917 was over, it was to be said that, in the eight months of active functioning of the self-created Railroad War Board, the American railroads had handled an increase of freight equal

to the last previous year of record in Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Russia combined. And this overload was merely the overplus of traffic over that of 1915, a good year for the American railroad.¹ It was by no means the total traffic handled upon our railroads.

Nor were these the only problems visited upon the roads. There were many special problems, some of them most vexing. For instance, very early in the procedure the Army had determined to build a large number of concentration camps or cantonments for newly enlisted men, all the way across the country. These were to be built upon a scale far greater than anything that had ever before been dreamed. There were to be 32 of these and each was to be in itself a city, of some 40,000 inhabitants. The lumber and other building requirements alone for these came to 140,936 carloads. And, because of the emergency which always ruled, this was precedence freight. But the cars came rolling in on time. Always on time.

In the most acute emergency of the United States entering the war, the question of the Russian railways had been thrust aside. After the problem of arranging for the movement and housing of a vast American army and its accouterments, Willard gave attention once more to Stanley Washburn and his perplexities. Willard, no matter how busy he may be, never is too busy to take on another engrossing job.

A few days after this conference with young Washburn, Sir George Bury, at that time vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, came to Willard's office in Baltimore and had a long talk with him. Bury, a bristling and picturesque little man, had had a most exciting time. The Russians, fearful of the breakdown of their entire economic and rail

system, had appealed to their British allies for help. Lloyd George had sent Lord Milner over to St. Petersburg with a mission and Milner had asked for an expert railroad executive. Lloyd George thought at once of Lord Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific—head of one of the greatest railroad and steamship systems in all the world. Shaughnessy said that he was too old to go, he told off Bury for the job and Bury went to it, with enthusiasm. He proceeded at once to London, and from London he went to St. Petersburg, where he had a grand time; battling frequently with Milner; riding in locomotive cabs with the Grand Duke Alexander and all the time filling himself with a vast amount of information about the Russian railroad situation, which, by that time, was very bad. George Bury had an earful for Daniel Willard. He wound up his talk by urging Willard to send a commission to the Trans-Siberian road and that at once. With the United States at last in the war, there could be no question as to the propriety of such action.

Willard agreed. He put the matter up to the Advisory Commission which, in turn, put it up to the Council, and then Newton D. Baker took the thing personally to Woodrow Wilson. The President also agreed. He acted. Through Baker he requested Chairman Willard to appoint five men to serve on a mission to Siberia. Willard acted without delay and a committee of five was selected. John F. Stevens, a railroad engineer of large repute, as well as a man who had done so outstanding a job on the Panama Canal, was appointed the chairman of the committee and within a week he left for Vladivostok. Arrangements also were made to send locomotives to Russia at once.

Washburn was to have accompanied this commission, but

at the last moment the picture was changed for him. He was given the rank of major and he accompanied Senator Elihu Root of New York on his famous but fruitless mission to St. Petersburg. It was then too late for anything to be done for Russia.

In the meantime, Wallace W. Atterbury, the operating vice-president of the Pennsylvania system, at the personal request of General Pershing, had been made a brigadier-general, with instructions to proceed at once to France to plan for the reception and movement of the American Army once it should arrive in that land. That, of itself, was a considerable railroad operation. By an ingenious routing over former sidelines of the French railways it was made possible to move our own great army with little or no interference to that of the French or to the British troops. It meant a considerable railroad construction as well as the importation of cars and locomotives and the building of great docks and other terminal facilities. Atterbury therefore requested the assignment to him of trained railroaders from almost every branch of the service, to the number of several thousand. Samuel M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western road, was put in charge of this recruiting and opened offices in Washington for this purpose. In this work he co-operated with Chairman Willard.

In the midsummer of 1917, Willard received cables from John F. Stevens and from David J. Francis, United States Ambassador to Russia at that time, requesting that a force of two hundred men—superintendents, train dispatchers, locomotive engineers and the like—be sent there at once. He turned this enlisting problem over to Felton, who

already was engaged in raising the forces to go across to General Atterbury in France. Recently Mr. Willard has spoken of this, saying:

"It is my understanding that the men who were sent to Russia were to have the same relative status and connection with the Army as the men who were being organized at the same time and by the same offices to go to France. Most of the men who were sent to Russia were taken from the Northwest, because it was thought that, being accustomed to the cold winters obtaining in the Dakotas and Montana, they would be better able to withstand the rigors of the Russian climate. It never occurred to me, however, that the status of these men would be any different from that of those who were sent to France. The men were being called upon to give up their positions in this country to go somewhere else, under the direction of the War Department in order, as they had supposed, that they might contribute to the winning of the war. I have reason to believe that if they had had any doubt concerning their status afterwards, they would have preferred to go to France instead of Russia—and at that time they had the liberty of choice. ... It seems to me a most unfair and unwise thing to deprive these men who rendered hard and efficient service, continuing for months after the war was over, of any of the honors or recognition which were shown to men from similar walks of life who served in a similar capacity with the Army in France. The whole matter resolves itself into a question of good faith. These men assumed that they would be treated as other men who had been asked to go elsewhere under similar circumstances had been recognized. They have not been so treated and the matter is one which

the government should be even more anxious to have settled right than the men themselves."

Willard and Harrison and their associates worked under terrific pressure those eight months of 1917 and for their efforts received that, the bitterest of all human rewards—ingratitude. At the end of that year, the entire active control of the American railroad system was taken from them and placed in the hands of the President's son-in-law, William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury.... Fairfax Harrison, in disappointment and anger, retired to the offices of the Southern Railway and to his Virginia estate. He felt, and justly, that he had been insulted and outraged. Willard continued, however, until the end of the war as Chairman of the Advisory Commission. What the other railroad presidents felt, they kept to themselves. There was much bitterness and indignation.

Of a truth, with the great overload thrust upon them that they had handled so faithfully, the roads had had a hard time of it. The new eight-hour day made their labor bill a terrific matter. Their fuel and material costs shot up. Some of the roads—among them the Baltimore and Ohio—had a fearful time maintaining their financial balance and credit. It was said at one time that the Baltimore and Ohio was about to go into the hands of a receiver. And then the White House reached out its own hands; a so-called Railroad Administration was created and Secretary McAdoo was made its Director General.

In the few weeks following the supplanting of the Railroad War Board by the Railroad Administration, it became necessary to have someone carry on with the huge

and swollen organization. McAdoo asked Hale Holden if he would undertake the job. Holden declined, saying that he was a lawyer rather than a railroad operating man. He suggested Daniel Willard as the ideal man for the job. McAdoo refused to accept Willard, saying that he had embarrassed the war services of the American railroads by sending locomotives to Russia. McAdoo would have nothing of Willard, at that time, and later he further discredited him by refusing to let him have anything whatsoever to do with the government operation of Baltimore and Ohio. Willard, of course, retained the presidency of the company. He continued in charge of its corporate relations, but other hands controlled its operation. It was freely said that the road was so operated as to divert traffic from it which might never return to its rails.

For twenty-six months, like the good soldier that he always is, Daniel Willard stood the constant grilling. The Administration even sent word to him—as well as to Samuel Rea—that he might not use his official car, save upon special request to the Railroad Administration each time he took it out. It is hardly necessary to add that such requests were never made.... For twenty-six months the faithful *99* stood under the shed of Camden Station, gathering dust and never once moving a wheel. The *99* must sometimes have wondered what had become of the old boss.

Something more to this record, and it is something of a personal nature: In 1925, I had come into the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio and William G. McAdoo, not yet elected United States Senator from California, had become general counsel of the Georgia and Florida, a small road leading for some two hundred miles north through

Tallahassee from the Gulf of Mexico....An emissary from an important railroad to the north of us had come to me asking me to intercede with Mr. Willard to request annual passes over the Baltimore and Ohio for McAdoo and the members of his family. After hesitating a moment Willard replied substantially as follows:

"I recognized of course that Mr. McAdoo was a man of unusual ability; nevertheless he would not have been my choice for Director General of the Railroads and certainly I did not want the place myself. Shortly after I resigned as Chairman of the War Industries Board and returned to my office as President of the Baltimore and Ohio I received a letter from Mr. McAdoo which I thought was unnecessarily critical and severe. Later on I was sent for by his Assistant and was told that my services would no longer be required by the Railroad Administration. Naturally I felt hurt by these happenings, but I would feel ashamed of myself if I permitted my action in connection with the matter you have mentioned to be influenced by anything that took place during the war. The passes will be granted."

The close of the World War brought to Willard a great personal triumph and a great personal tragedy. It was hardly a fortnight before the Armistice was being signed that General Pershing cabled the War Department for a railroad executive to straighten out the French railways. They no longer could stand the terrific strain under which they had been for over four years—overload upon overload, with manpower terribly depleted and rolling stock badly racked. Someone must come over and come over at once.

Secretary of War Baker did not hesitate. He cabled

that he would send the best man in the country and then he turned to his telephone and called Baltimore. Willard said that he would go, that he would become at once Colonel Daniel Willard of the United States Army. A commission of colonel was at once signed by Wilson and dispatched to Baltimore. Sailors were called in to prepare his uniforms.

Colonel Willard never made that trip to France. The war came to a sudden close, and Willard himself was beset by tragedy. In the wave of "flu" that swept over the United States at the very end of October, 1918, his oldest son, Harold, and his oldest son's wife died, within twenty-four hours of one another. In the sorrow of that double tragedy, Daniel Willard had no opportunity to enjoy the final war honor that had been placed upon him.

On November 17, 1917, President Wilson asked Willard to accept the chairmanship of the War Industries Board, an agency that had been built up in the previous five or six months at the recommendation of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense. Frank Scott of Cleveland had been giving very freely of his time and ability in connection with the duties afterwards taken over by the War Industries Board, but because of overwork his health became so impaired that in November he was obliged to give up his duties and President Wilson asked Willard to assume the chairmanship of that Board, which he did with reluctance. Later on, and particularly after the railroads had been taken over by the Government, Willard thought he could render more real service back in his position as President of the Baltimore and Ohio than he could as Chairman of the War Industries Board, and asked Presi-

dent Wilson to relieve him for that reason. This Wilson reluctantly did on January 11, 1918. The place was then filled by Willard's good friend, Bernard M. Baruch, who performed the duties of that office in a most able manner until the end of the war.

While Willard was relieved, at his request, of the chairmanship of the War Industries Board, President Wilson insisted that he remain as Chairman of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense.

Willard had thought that with his intimate knowledge of the Baltimore and Ohio he could be helpful, but the Director General of Railroads a few months thereafter seemed to think differently, and Willard and his friend Rea of the Pennsylvania, were told that their services would no longer be needed by the Director General and they were relieved from all duties connected with the operation of the properties of which they had each been the head. Willard continued as President of the Baltimore and Ohio with duties restricted to its corporate affairs, but resumed the active duties of the position when federal control ended on March 1, 1920.

AFTERMATH

O NCE AGAIN THE *99* rolled on her own wheels in and out of Camden Station, Baltimore. Once again thin smoke ascended from her little kitchen—Joseph Press was busy at her range.... There was activity in the office at the far end of the car as well.... Once again Daniel Willard rode the line.

It had been a hard twenty-six months—that period of governmental control of the property. For Willard it had been a season of great trial—a season of disillusionment and of sorrow. But now it was all past. Baltimore and Ohio once again was in his hands. Again he could ride the line, freely.... The sharp defile of Magnolia Cutoff, the splendid ascent of the Seventeen Mile Grade to the Cheat River Canyon, the long sweeps of line across Ohio and Indiana and Illinois were again his, to be visited and carefully planned for. The old captain was on the bridge once again.

Governmental control had done little or no good for the property. True, McAdoo had placed the Baltimore and Ohio passenger trains in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, but that, no matter how convenient temporarily to Baltimore and Ohio through passengers, had been an injustice to both roads. Quite naturally, therefore, the Pennsylvania sought to eliminate the trains of its com-

petitor and eventually it was able to do so. Willard, thrust upon his own ingenuity, made his own solution of the passenger terminal problem in New York, by inaugurating a system of highly modern buses to operate between his oldtime train terminal at Jersey City (Communipaw) and a series of strategically placed bus terminals throughout Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Against that one constructive step of questionable value of the McAdoo regime, was placed the destructive ones—the extravagance of operation, the loss of traffic diverted to other and competing lines, the loss of morale, the loss of self-confidence—all of these measurable in dollars and cents—and the immeasurable loss of prestige. It was to take six years to bring the property back to the physical condition of 1914. Daniel Willard, now at his sixtieth birthday, whistled as he surveyed the wreckage. He whistled as he had as a boy to keep up his courage when his path lay in the darkness of the night through the old covered bridges over the Ottaquechee.... Now he was like a man with a factory in a deep valley through which a flood has just passed, looking at the muck and the filth of every sort that had been left behind. No wonder he whistled.

In Washington important new railroad legislation was under way. A Congress, of high average intelligence, was engaged in preparing what was first known as the Esch-Cummins Bill and later as the Transportation Act of 1920. It was a real milestone in railroad progress—the most constructive step taken by the Congress since it had passed the original Interstate Commerce Act, back in 1887.... Willard was proud of the Transportation Act of 1920. In

a quiet way, he had had something to do with its forming. He had been in frequent conversation with the brilliant Senator Cummins of Iowa, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. His influence was to be seen more than once in its final text. In one place in particular, it had affected the bill. While it was under consideration he spent an evening with Senator Cummins at his home, discussing the matter. One of the most discussed features of the measure was Section 15-a, which provided that rates should be so fixed that the railroads as a whole or in groups might be able to earn from such rates a fair return on their property investment devoted to transportation purposes as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Act under consideration provided that a return of 5½ per cent would be fair for a certain period of time and until the Commission could complete its study. It also provided that if any one railroad, from rates so fixed, should earn more than 6 per cent upon its property investment in any one year, three-fourths of such excess earnings should be turned over to the Government to be used by the Commission for helping weaker railroads, and for other purposes, and the railroads earning the excess should be permitted to keep the remaining one-fourth. Willard felt that a return of 5½ per cent, as first specified in the law by Congress, was not a fair return with conditions as they were at that time. He felt also that if the Government were to take three-fourths of all excess above 6 per cent it left very little in the way of inducement for the railroads to try to earn more. He explained this matter to Senator Cummins with whom he was well acquainted. The Senator realized the force of his argument and the law was changed so as to read that the railroads should

be permitted to earn $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent plus another one-half per cent to be used for improvements which were not of themselves profitable, and that the excess earnings should be divided 50-50 between the Government and the road by which the earnings were made. Senator Cummins was willing to accept Willard's suggestion in this connection, and Willard was willing to agree on that figure. He did not try to get more because he felt that what he had suggested to the Senator was right. He has always been opposed to the practice of asking for more than he thought was right, on the theory that it was necessary to do so in order to get what actually was right.

In the opinion of more than one forward-looking railroad executive in the United States today, the present plight of the railroads all the way across the land can be charged in considerable degree to the repeal of Section 15-a.

Daniel Willard has always stood completely in favor of the Transportation Act, although realizing that Section 15-a had certain defects that could be amended without the necessity of repeal. He assisted at its inception, and publicly and privately, he urged its passage. Repeatedly he testified in its support before Congressional committees. Therefore, what he feels about the breaking down of these outstanding provisions of the Act should be of interest. In reference to Section 15-a, he says:

"It was apparent in the so-called Five Per Cent Rate Case which was presented before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1913, that one of the difficulties to be overcome or at least to be contended with, was the case presented by some one railroad in any group of railroads

showing net earnings from the existing basis of rates larger than was thought to be in the public interest.... When rate hearings were had, special stress was placed upon the fact that some roads earned more money than they were entitled to earn as public carriers on the existing basis of rates, and the Commission was urged on that account not to permit such carriers to increase their rates. Of course that meant that no carrier in that region could increase its rates because if one carrier was prevented from doing so, the law of competition definitely settled the fact that no other road in the region could advance its rates. To do so would simply result in driving business to the railroad which already was supposed to be earning too much and would earn even more, with an increased volume of business. Commissioner Prouty in talking with me about it used the Lackawanna as an example, and he said that no Commission would ever approve of raising rates in the eastern region while the Lackawanna was earning 14 per cent on its common stock."

That was, of course, in other days. The days when the Lackawanna could earn 14 per cent and the Erie, covering very much the same territory could barely earn the interest charges on its bonds, seem to be very much gone.... But the situation in 1913 gave force to that which arose seven years later. Willard talked with Prouty a number of times about it and the Commissioner said that some way would have to be arranged so that roads like the Lackawanna (which still was paying liberal dividends upon its common) would be limited as to the dividends they would be permitted to pay.

Let Mr. Willard resume:

"During the period of Federal control the railroad presi-

dents gave a great deal of consideration to the matter of amending the Interstate Commerce Act. One of the most important proposals became known as Section 15-a. It provided a definite rule for rate-making. Up to that time there had been no accepted basis for determining rates.... No generally accepted plan had been adopted. It was set forth, however, in Section 15-a that the railroads should be entitled to earn a fair return upon the fair value of their property devoted to the public interest, and the Commission should determine what that fair value was. Having determined this, the law also provided that, for a period of two years, a 6 per cent return upon that value would be considered fair, and the Commission was instructed to provide or initiate rates which would yield that return. The Commission also recognized the fact that the railroads could not be considered as a whole and so it provided that they should be treated for rate-making purposes either individually or in groups, but it came about that they were treated in groups. However, the fundamental rule was the same—a fair return upon the value of the property—but the rate of return was to be the same in all regions.

"It also was provided in Section 15-a that if any one road in any particular group from a basis of rates fixed as prescribed by this law, was able to earn more than 6 per cent upon the value of its property, it would retain one-half of the excess above 6 per cent (under certain restrictions), the other half being turned over to the Treasury of the United States to be used by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a revolving fund...."

Here, then, was the essential rule set down. The Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate held many long and protracted sessions over 15-a. The roads, through their

presidents, with two exceptions, were unanimous in their opposition to it. One exception was Daniel Willard.

The original proponent of Section 15-a had been S. Davies Warfield of Baltimore, chairman of the Seaboard Air Line, who had also become president of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, a more or less powerful organization. Warfield and Willard worked together for the passage of the act. When Willard found that all of his fellow presidents were opposed to it, he resigned from their key organization, the Association of Railway Executives (Warfield was not a member of it), so that he might feel perfectly free to carry on for the new measure. He did not rejoin the Association until after the Transportation Act had been passed including Section 15-a.

On June 16, 1933, Section 15-a was repealed under pressure largely from the roads that were earning more than 6 per cent. With the passage of time the highly profitable Chesapeake and Ohio, for instance, had come into the place formerly occupied by the Lackawanna as a road that was earning more than was thought to be in the public interest. Let Mr. Willard continue:

"The combined efforts of the National Industrial Traffic League, and a majority of the railroad presidents, particularly of roads that were earning more than 6 per cent upon their property investment, brought about the repeal of Section 15-a. While it was, of course, possible to secure the repeal of 15-a, it was not and is not possible to secure the repeal of the difficulties of rate-making, which makes something like 15-a necessary, and so far as that phase of regulation stands, the railroads are no better off and perhaps not so well off today as they were before the passage of the so-called Transportation Act of 1920."

The other clause in the Transportation Act that offended many of the roads was that which affected labor relationships and it was nearly as moot a question as 15-a. The Act had provided for a Railway Labor Board, and former Governor Ben W. Hooper of Tennessee became the chairman of that Board. The first work that it had to do was to pass upon questions which led to increases in wages. There seemed to be little difficulty in that, because in those prosperous times nearly all the decisions were favorable to the men, and the roads were scarcely in a mood to protest....A little later, however, as prices and wages in all kinds of industry began to recede, it became necessary for the roads to consider wage cuts. Some decisions by the Railway Labor Board in favor of reductions were made and accepted by the men, but others resulted in strikes.

It finally came about that some of the railroad companies, as well as some of the labor unions, declined to accept the orders of the Labor Board and refused to be bound by them. The effect of this development was to change the entire spirit in which the affairs of the Labor Board were thereafter conducted. Labor engaged the services of the shrewd Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, an attorney already known for his support of labor policies, and from that time forward Walsh represented Labor in all hearings before the Board. Questions continued to be referred to it, both by the roads and by their employees. One of the important eastern trunk lines was among the first of the important roads to refuse definitely to obey the orders of the Labor Board. That position having been taken by an important railroad, the unions began to take the same position. When this state of affairs had been reached, it was apparent to all that it had best be abolished and

this was done in the next session of Congress—the old Labor Board, as originally conceived, being completely eliminated and the present Mediation Board substituted for it. And so died the importance of the much vaunted Transportation Act of 1920. None mourned its passing more sincerely than the president of the Baltimore and Ohio.

He was disappointed at its failure, through its emasculation. Disappointed, but not discouraged. Discouragement is a word that is not permitted in his vocabulary. He will not let his people use it to him. Disappointment to him means a thing that is past and gone; discouragement implies a continuance of lowered morale that Daniel Willard refuses to permit, even secretly.

Willard, at all times, had been in favor of the Transportation Act, even though at one time it reacted against his own railroad. One of its unpleasant reactions was a nation-wide strike in 1922 of the shop-workers of the railroads. The Labor Board had ordered a 10 per cent cut in their pay. The men went out. In their place were hired non-union workers from the outside.... The strike dragged on. It made Willard very uneasy. Without sacrificing the principles involved, he moved through to a settlement and got it. The men took their cut and came back to work. They never had wanted to go out. At one time during the progress of the affair, a superintendent of the Mt. Clare shop met one of the strikers—a longtime friend—on the street.

"How are you doing?" asked the striker.

"Oh, fairly well," replied the superintendent. "We've got a thousand men or so at work and the most of them are not so bad.... But I certainly do need two rattling good men on the big lathe."

Quietly he got them. And they were not "scabs."

That was the way that whole strike was conducted.... Baltimore and Ohio moved toward a settlement. So did New York Central. Some of the other big roads did not. Some of them never had a formal settlement; the Labor Board already was falling into disrepute on both sides of the fence. But while they delayed, Willard made hay. He went to his men. "Now we have made a settlement with you," said he, in effect, "let's pull off our coats and all go to work together—for the road. No bad feelings. Bygones are bygones. Some of you fellows have said things you did not really mean to say and there have been some fisticuffs. But that is all past now. Forgotten. You are working for Baltimore and Ohio once again, and give Baltimore and Ohio an honest day's service."

And while the other roads struggled in a rather aimless and unending battle, Baltimore and Ohio got the business. Yet the whole affair was extremely distasteful to Willard. Before it was over a newspaper man asked him what he thought the strikers were doing. Willard was positive in his answer.

"I am not so much concerned as to what my men do when they are striking, as to what they are doing when they are working. That always is my chief interest."

The provision of that Transportation Act of 1920 that interested Willard as much as any other was that which paved the way for a consolidation of the railroad systems of the land into a far smaller number of units. For a long time past a good many students of rail transport economics have seen in a consolidation program a panacea for many railroad ills. No end of plans had been suggested, some

of them worked out with a deal of thought and care, but it was the Esch-Cummins measure that first gave governmental sanction to such planning.

Out of it an elaborate scheme finally was evolved for bringing the chief railroads of the northeastern corner of the country—the region of densest traffic and most intensive railroad service—into four large systems. This scheme—generally known as the four-system plan—came at once into a general discussion.

Under it the four roads that emerged as dominating were the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and the group of roads, chiefly Erie and Nickel Plate and Chesapeake and Ohio, largely owned by the Van Sweringen interests of Cleveland, then very much in the picture. The aim was to keep the four systems as far as possible on a parity, both as to size and as to the traffic points and fields they reached. Smaller roads were to be added to the larger. Thus to Baltimore and Ohio went roads like the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh and the Alton; to the Pennsylvania, two roads which it had long coveted, the Norfolk and Western and the Lehigh Valley; to the New York Central, the Lackawanna and some lesser roads, with the Van Sweringen group remaining very much as it was. This tentative grouping was not accomplished without a good deal of friction and dissension. The trouble was that some of the new systems wanted all the roads in sight; the Pennsylvania, without any additions to its large mileage, was already at the size (approximately 12,000 route-miles) of each of the four final systems as contemplated, yet it would not play ball without getting Norfolk and Western (in which it already had a substantial interest) and it coveted the New Haven and the Boston and

Maine, as well as running rights over the main line of the New York Central (the old Lake Shore) west from Buffalo. These last points New York Central resented rather bitterly; it also wanted Chesapeake and Ohio for itself.

The Pennsylvania was much irritated by the Van Sweringens reaching out of the so-called Trunk Line Territory (east of Chicago and St. Louis) and acquiring the Missouri Pacific. It said that it would not give up its New England holdings unless the "Vans" got out of Missouri Pacific and the New York Central gave up its traditional right arm into Boston—the Boston and Albany. New York Central said that it would give up Boston and Albany—in favor of the creation of a single New England railroad system—only if Pennsylvania sold its interest in New Haven and in Boston and Maine. The Van Sweringens said that under no circumstances would they get out of Missouri Pacific. So there they were.... The whole thing was in a mess.

And one fairly important eastern road apparently had been overlooked. That was Delaware and Hudson: *there* was a fine bull romping through the china shop. Delaware and Hudson was Leonor F. Loree's road and the highly individualistic Mr. Loree is not a man who is accustomed to being told into which corner he shall go—and then going there. Delaware and Hudson did not appear in any of the four-system schemes, largely because no one knew what Loree would do.

They soon found out.

Loree played his cards—and he played them dramatically. By one well-considered stroke he knocked the four-system plan a staggering blow. He proposed to build a fifth system—a brand-new railroad of low gradients and easy curvatures across northern Pennsylvania, west from Williams-

port. With proper connections, this would form the chief link of the shortest line between New York and Chicago. . . . So the hat of the president of the Delaware and Hudson was tossed into the ring; and he timed the throw effectively.

None of the existing trunk lines between New York and Chicago is exactly beeline. Mother Nature provided against that. The men who a hundred years ago or so planned the rail routes that today are the main stems of the trunk lines, worked against very great physical odds and with slender purses. They twisted and they bent those lines so as to overcome mountain ranges and broad expanses of gleaming waters. Loree, trained engineer of Pennsylvania Railroad tradition, was not so handicapped. His was the age of dynamite and not of blasting-powder; of the tractor and not the horse-drawn sledge; of the steam shovel rather than a sweating gang of men. . . . With aids such as these, modern engineers, when they come to build a modern railroad, laugh at mountains and at broad rivers.

Loree's was an ingenious scheme. It was, if nothing else, a red herring across the trail. The four-system plan faltered. Hard times came. It gasped for breath and quietly fluttered out of public attention. But Daniel Willard never lost his faith in it. It was in the early days of the plan that he became involved in a situation with the Pennsylvania. The passenger-traffic people of Baltimore and Ohio, working in connection with the Seaboard Air Line and the Richmond-Washington line (in which Baltimore and Ohio has a one-sixth ownership interest) had inaugurated a through sleeping car service from Pittsburgh, through Washington, to Florida. Baltimore and Ohio is 67 miles shorter between Washington and Pittsburgh

than its competitor and it felt the new service a logical one. The Pennsylvania felt differently about it. Over its Washington-New York main stem pass most of the through passenger trains of the Seaboard. It used this as a leverage to induce the Seaboard Air Line to pull out of the new arrangement. Some of the Baltimore and Ohio people felt pretty hot about that incident. They suggested that Uncle Dan call it to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But Uncle Dan only smiled his wise old smile and said:

“I do not want to offend the Pennsylvania.”

This meant that he would rather have the continued support for the four-system plan from Broad Street Station, than arouse enmity over some single sleeping car service.... Willard is usually far-sighted.

But all the vision in the world could not save the four-system plan; any more than Loree's five-system one. Willard had shown the sincerity of his faith in the four-system scheme by buying for Baltimore and Ohio, the Alton, the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, and one or two lesser roads—investments that Baltimore and Ohio never would have made if it could have foreseen the days that were to come.

In the mid-twenties the old road swung high. It came to terms of peace and understanding with its men and traffic flowed in seemingly unending volume over its rails. Willard, satisfied at last that he had a very good railroad, that the dream of a lifetime at last had come true, began to plan for its refinements. No longer was he to be ashamed to run high-grade passenger trains over the main lines of Baltimore and Ohio. He could not afford to run as many

of these as his larger competitors, but he could run just as good trains. And so he planned and put into service the first all-Pullman trains between Baltimore and Washington and Chicago and St. Louis. These—the *Capitol* and the *National* “limiteds”—were the last word in design and in construction, and from the first they caught the public fancy and justified their existence.

It is typical of Willard that he was worried more than a little by the fact that these trains were designed with Pullman accommodations exclusively. It is the common man—the day coach type of passenger—who always has his chief interest and sympathy. Once, he interrupted a staff conference where Pullman car service and refinements were the chief topic of the talk.

“We are spending too much time on the problem of the Pullman passenger,” he remarked. “Eighty per cent of our patrons ride in the day coaches; yet we barely give them 20 per cent of our attention.”

Perhaps it is this way of thought on the big boss’s part that has made Baltimore and Ohio take the lead among American railroads in passenger coach equipment. Willard has comfortable six-wheel trucks (not the ordinary four-wheel type) under his beloved 99. So do other railroad executives. But Willard insists that the same six-wheel trucks which help make his car safe and comfortable, also be used on B & O’s coaches for the same purpose. Recognized as the pioneer in railroad air-conditioning, he air-conditioned all his fine trains before he did his own traveling office.

Daniel Willard, at sixty-five was not a familiar figure in Baltimore. Only on rare occasions did you see him in

hotels or restaurants of Baltimore....Occasionally—not often—you got glimpses of him on the streets of the town. You rarely ever saw him at social functions or at the theater. Willard is not anti-social. On the contrary, he is extremely fond of meeting people, sometimes cross-examining them minutely as to their interests and desires. But he never has had the time for a social life....Nor has he ever gone in for sport—in a town which loves it dearly. He knows little of the Green Spring Valley. Golf or fishing has never claimed his particular interest. He keeps himself fit and well without this sort of thing.

But in the middle of the 'twenties, when occasionally you did glimpse him in the streets of Baltimore, you saw a man of the mid-sixties, white-haired now, but erect, slim as a boy (I doubt if his weight ever has exceeded one hundred and seventy pounds) and as alert; sober in his dress. He always has sent his personal servant, Ennis, across the street to buy his neckties. Ennis brings back an assortment; from it Uncle Dan chooses one that meets his fancy, then buys a dozen of that style and color. When the dozen is worn out he is in the market for more ties. But they are all rather sober haberdashery.

Daniel Willard, dressed in black, small black derby on his head, umbrella in hand; spectacled. As a stranger, you might easily have imagined him a college professor—some-one rather scholarly—and you would have been pretty nearly right at that. For not only has he been showered with honors and degrees by outstanding colleges and universities, but he has finally come to head one of the most important of them all—as president of its board of trustees.

When that canny Quaker merchant and banker of the old Baltimore City, Johns Hopkins, came to the latter years of his life, he contemplated doing something for the social and the cultural needs of the city in which he had so greatly prospered. So, when his will was opened (in 1873) it was found that the great fortune of the childless Johns Hopkins was to go to found three closely linked institutions—a great modern hospital, a medical school and a university. Baltimore stood badly in need of all three.

The creation of the Johns Hopkins University and the Johns Hopkins Hospital was worked out with exceeding care. A site for the first was chosen in downtown Baltimore, where it opened in 1876 and remained for a number of years, growing more and more crowded all the while, finally moving out to its present ample location in the historic Homewood estate of Charles Carroll. For the hospital and the medical school, a whole city block was acquired in the teeming eastern part of Baltimore where there seemed to be the largest need and opportunity for a great hospital of this sort. Later even this expansive site was outgrown; Johns Hopkins Hospital today still at the height of its reputation—even with Osler and Halstead and Welch and Wilmer gone—is more like a miniature city than an institution.

To head this broad new enterprise another New Englander was chosen—Daniel Coit Gilman, born in New England, educated at Yale, and more latterly president of the University of California. To say that the success of Johns Hopkins, from the outset, was due very largely to the masterful personality of Gilman is to say a trite thing, tritely. Yet it is true, and the work that Gilman started so magnificently has been carried on competently by his suc-

cessors. Johns Hopkins, newest of all the great universities of the East, with its progressive policies, became almost from the beginning a dominant one—especially in medicine.

To be invited to become a member of its board of trustees is a distinction to be coveted by almost any Baltimorean. It was accorded to Willard in 1914, not long after he had come to live permanently in Baltimore. And some sixteen years ago, upon the retirement of W. Brent Keyser, no longer young and worn with his duties, he was invited to become president of its board. A position which, after some prayerful consideration, he accepted. The men who were chiefly interested in the fortunes of the Johns Hopkins institutions were prayerfully relieved. They knew full well the ability of their new executive; they felt that their enterprises were in safe hands.

It took a good deal out of Willard to accept that post. Already he was burdened with a sizable job. But he always has been one of those men who feel that they can do two big jobs at one time better than one. And having taken on the responsibility and the detail of the Johns Hopkins job, he was not one to neglect it in the slightest degree.

The Johns Hopkins organization soon found that out. Things had developed into a rather easy routine, both at the university and at the hospital and medical school. An assistant treasurer signed checks for a few hours each day, then whistled and wondered when quitting time would ever come. The first thing he knew, something had happened. The office of this new president of the board was forever writing or telephoning for details, on this question or on that; for statements or for comparative

analyses. It really was quite bewildering. It certainly was uncollegiate.... And then the new president of the board began to show up, in person. His route downtown from Roland Park to his office at Charles and Baltimore Streets led right past Homewood and it was an easy enough matter for Willard to stop for a few minutes and run into the university for a chat with its president or with some member of the faculty. East Baltimore was not quite as accessible, but Daniel Willard seemed to find the way there. It was said moreover, on the occasion of his first visit to the medical school, that it had been ten years since any high officer of the institution had made a personal visit to it. And this man Willard, not content to go at the thing in any superficial way, was forever opening doors and looking into this room or that, even opening up closets and store-rooms and descending into basements to see heating plants and cooling plants and the like of that. There seemed to be no end to his activities. And when he did not go to Johns Hopkins, Johns Hopkins came to him. There were days when his lunchroom assemblies were entirely devoted to the necessities of the institution, many conferences in addition.

Willard showed the office staff the small cards, containing vital statistics of Baltimore and Ohio that he always carries in an inner pocket and requested that similar cards be made up for him.... He carried his energy and his vitality into the board meeting, also his board-room methods. It was to be noted by his new associates that their president never permitted a matter to come to a vote unless he was reasonably sure in his own mind that he knew the mind and decision of every man voting, and that the vote was sure to be a unanimous one. If he was not sure,

then he would buttonhole the board, grab each man by the lapels of his coat, in familiar Willardian fashion and talk him into an early and favorable decision.

It was even before Willard had become president of the board of Johns Hopkins that it was determined that the institution, already housed in its new quarters out at Homewood, should seek additional funds for its upkeep and expansion. Certain activities had been left behind in the old and crowded buildings in downtown Howard Street, and these should, in the ordinary administration of things, go out to Homewood....A careful survey was made of the entire situation, both as to needs for the university and medical school and hospital, and it was determined that a fund of \$10,300,000 should be raised for that purpose.

It has become the fashion in America in recent years when funds of this sort are to be raised to secure men expert in this particular job. There are competent concerns organized just for this sort of thing. One of them was engaged for the Johns Hopkins campaign. It sent one of its young lieutenants—Harold J. Seymour—down to Baltimore to act as field manager. Seymour went at once to Willard's office. The big boss caught him by the lapels of his coat—a favorite trick of his.

"What experience have you had in this sort of thing?" he asked.

"None," was the honest reply....That made Willard pause. He stood and looked at young Seymour for a moment; looked him through and through.

"I guess you will do," said he.

Seymour took an office in a nearby building and went to work. He started in accordance with the traditions of a job of that sort by preparing certain printed statements and booklets. He let Willard have a casual look at the typewritten copy for them, but Willard is never casual in the way he looks at things....

"What do you mean by this?" he asked, reading: "'Johns Hopkins has come to a position of highest standing, both in its home city and in the land at large.' Now just what do you mean by this? Analyze."

Further on he read: "'For six hundred years the university has taken a leading place in the cultural life of the great nations of the world.'" He turned quickly to the young man from New York.

"That is a pretty vague statement," said he. "We will have to get down to facts in that matter. Analyze."

It took Seymour and a force of three research assistants six weeks to answer that question to Willard's complete satisfaction. Their answers consisted of a series of short historical paragraphs, not one of them exceeding fifty words in length, under the pictures of some of the great universities of the world. A little later, Seymour had written that Johns Hopkins had contributed the best of its brains to institutions of learning throughout the whole land. Willard made him analyze that too, in an elaborate table of statistics.... When it all was done, that Johns Hopkins pamphlet had been prepared with a good deal of the care and anxiety that goes into the making of a dictionary or an encyclopedia.

Daniel Willard was not always critical of Seymour. At least his criticism was constructive, rather than merely de-

structive. For instance, when he cautioned the young man from New York as to his phraseology of appeal in the printed matter that he was preparing, he handed him an excerpt from Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, which read:

.... While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's) at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procur'd Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charm'd with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation....

I continu'd . . . the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me; or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so*; or *it is so, if I am not mistaken*. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engag'd in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradictions and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express

yourself as firmly fix'd in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in pleasing your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope says, judiciously:

‘Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot,’

Daniel Willard is famous in argument. He loves it and he believes in it; so these lines of the Philadelphia philosopher may fairly be set down as part of his credo.

They did not quite reach that ten million that they had set for the fund that was to commemorate Johns Hopkins coming into the second half-century of its life, but they raised more than seven million dollars of it. But Seymour estimates that more than twice that seven million dollars has come into the university and hospital since the closing of the “drive” and that the great majority of this is to be accredited to the drive.... Moreover, the thing was complicated a bit by an emergency need arising in the middle of it.

There was an extremely capable rising ophthalmologist over in Washington, one Dr. William Holland Wilmer, and he had had a distinguished patient in Mrs. Henry Breckenridge, an outstanding socialite of New York. Mrs. Breckenridge believed, and still believes, that Dr. Wilmer, through his knowledge and his skill, saved her eyesight. Her indebtedness to him can only be imagined. She discovered that he was greatly hampered by a lack of funds to do research work. And then, being a woman of energy and resource, she determined to raise a fund to give Dr.

Wilmer a hospital for advanced eye work in his home city of Washington....With her wide acquaintance and the strength of her personality, she succeeded in getting several sizable donations toward such a hospital....Eventually her quest led to the officers of the General Education Board, to the office of Abraham Flexner, the chief Rockefeller agent in these matters.

Dr. Flexner listened to her with interest. He finally said that the Board would give a \$10,000 donation to the project....But he advised her that, in his opinion, that was not the way to do it. A small hospital, built upon the efforts and life of one man, no matter how strong a man he might be, was *not* the way to do it. The Wilmer plan should be tied up with a large hospital of reputation. How about Johns Hopkins?

What would the General Education Board do, demanded Mrs. Breckenridge, if she fell in with the Johns Hopkins plan? Flexner did not keep her waiting long for its answer: If she would raise a million dollars from her friends, and if Johns Hopkins would raise another million, the Board would give a third million. That would be three million dollars. There would be a fund with which something creditable might be done.

Mrs. Henry Breckenridge looked quietly at Dr. Abraham Flexner and accepted the challenge.

When Daniel Willard learned what the two of them had been doing, he paused, for thought. Here he was, right in the thick of a campaign for ten million dollars for Johns Hopkins and this new burden thrust upon him. Well, it was not the first time in his life that new burdens

had been put upon his shoulders.... He, too, accepted the challenge of the General Education Board.

Willard had an aversion, to put it mildly, to going to his friends and associates asking money from them for any cause whatsoever.... He turned to his old friend and associate, Dr. William H. Welch.

"Suppose, Dr. Welch," he urged, "that you go up to New York and rustle around a bit and see what you can do for that extra million dollars for Mrs. Breckenridge's scheme. Go where you please, see who you wish, but see what you can do and I will help you all I can."... And Welch accepted the challenge.

The first morning he was in New York he found his way down to Wall Street, a reputed center of money. His steps led him to the corner of Wall and Broad, to a marble fortress, the very heart of the financial strength of the district. He went into the place and boldly asked to see the elder J. P. Morgan—personally.

"Dr. Welch of Baltimore" meant nothing to the outer guard at Morgan's office, but the definite personality of the little man in front of him meant something.... He suffered him to enter.... Welch and his determination had the same profound effect upon Morgan's secretary, and finally he faced the big man himself. Without delay he began talking of the thing closest to his heart—Johns Hopkins—with the quiet enthusiasm so characteristic of him.

Morgan listened intently for a while, then interrupted.

The banker intimated that his time was pretty valuable, but that he was interested in the plan. In fact, he had already promised Mrs. Breckenridge \$10,000 for it. Now he would raise the sum to \$25,000.

His visitor nodded his thanks and went right on with

his story. After a few minutes, Morgan again interrupted him. His time *was* pretty valuable...but he would see his way to a \$50,000 contribution.

William H. Welch nodded once again....Again the banker stopped him....\$75,000. Again Welch nodded....Finally the banker got up from his seat and came around to Welch, pulled him out of his chair, caught him by the arm and shoved him toward the outer door....\$100,000 and not one cent more.

"And the funny thing about it," said Dr. Welch, afterwards, "was that I never actually asked Mr. Morgan for one penny!"

It is not surprising then that they raised the money for the Wilmer Ophthalmology Pavilion, although Wilmer did not live many years after that to enjoy its blessings. The thought of the General Education Board was almost prophetic....Daniel Willard has never lost one iota of his interest in Johns Hopkins; on the contrary, as the years go on, it increases. He is nearly as devoted to it as to the Baltimore and Ohio—and that is saying much.

THE FAIR OF THE IRON HORSE

IN 1927, THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD was just one hundred years old, and Daniel Willard decided to give it a party. He was influenced in this by suggestions that had come out of the old State House down in Annapolis and elsewhere, and finally his own board had urged that he do it. It was a propitious time for a party. Baltimore and Ohio had had its share in the high prosperity of the land; its relationships with the public, its security owners, and its personnel were never more happy or contented. Moreover, Uncle Dan was exceedingly proud of the way the property had improved and developed. During seventeen years of hard work, with only one serious interruption—the days of the war and of the government overlordship which followed upon its heels—the task of upbuilding had been steady, but exhilarating, and was nearing completion. Now Baltimore and Ohio at last had double track all the way through to Chicago; in many places, three-track and four-track line as well—much double track elsewhere upon the system.... Motive power and freight equipment and passenger trains the peer of anything in all the land; good roadbed, good bridges, good terminals.... A good railroad it was, from one end to the other. It was high time for a party. The road had a curious distinction: It was not only a hundred

years old, but in all that hundred years it had operated under the same name and under the same charter. Other American railroads had been started at about the same time as Baltimore and Ohio, but all of them had lost their original identity long ago, generally through absorption or reorganization. No longer was there a Baltimore and Susquehanna or a South Carolina Railroad, or a Mohawk and Hudson, or a Camden and Amboy. All of these, at the outset, had been contemporaries of Baltimore and Ohio; by 1927, their mere names were all but forgotten. The Delaware and Hudson Company had been incorporated in 1825, but at the outset and for years thereafter it was a canal with short rail lines to its coal mines as mere accessories to its canal operations. Baltimore and Ohio, from the first, was a railroad, built for a railroad and today, after continuous operation for nearly one hundred and ten years, it still is a railroad and a high-grade one.

In England, the serious business of railroad centenaries had begun in 1925, with the birthday party of the Stockton and Darlington, now a part of the London and North Eastern. It was quite a successful party on a July day that wavered, in English fashion, between rain and sunshine.... Rain is not a nice thing for a *fête champêtre*. We hesitated quite a bit ourselves down in Baltimore when we contemplated the possibilities of having a centenary party for Baltimore and Ohio on a certain day and having that day the one day in the whole year that it might rain incessantly.... That would be unfortunate.

If occasionally the author of these pages uses the word "we" in connection with the Fair of the Iron Horse, it is because of the fact that the honor was given him of conceiving and directing the affair. He had gone to Baltimore

in the first place to write the history of an extremely interesting railroad, whose history spanned the entire record of actual railroading within the United States. When 1927 approached, Daniel Willard had asked him if he had attended the Darlington celebration. An affirmative answer brought forth the suggestion, would he undertake to plan and direct a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Baltimore and Ohio? When he protested that he never had done a show, the president of the railroad responded gravely that neither had he done one. So we were quits on that.

The first discussions over the size and form of the birthday party developed the fact that probably there would be a large dinner in Baltimore, a medal would be struck off, and—perhaps—there might be a parade through the streets of that city. It was all rather hazy and indifferent...and there always was the possibility that it might rain. We gave it all a great deal of thought.

I remember coming to Mr. Willard one time and telling him that there were two ways one might take a steamship from the harbor of New York: you could take a steamer and have a pleasant sail of a day or two up or down the coast, or you could take a big liner and go all the way to Europe—five to eight days; but you could not go three-quarters of the way across and then get scared for fear that you had spent too much money and change your mind and turn right round and come directly home again.

“Meaning what?” asked Daniel Willard.

“Meaning that we could have a nice celebration—local in character, pleasant in tone—that large, fine dinner, the

medal and perhaps even something for the populace and keep the thing within moderate range. Or we *might* do one of the really big things that America loves to do upon occasion—a celebration so broad in tone and warm in the richness of its detail as to receive national recognition. That would be a much bigger job and it would cost much more money."

"How much?" said Daniel Willard.

I hazarded a guess or two.

"We will take the steamer for Europe," said he.

We spent over \$1,000,000, and never one word of complaint from Willard, any member of his board or any of his stockholders or bondholders. For with that \$1,000,000—we brought over 1,250,000 visitors to the grounds of the Baltimore and Ohio, kept them there for hours at a time and told them our story. Uncle Dan used to say that it was worth a million dollars just to tell Baltimore folks what Baltimore and Ohio meant to their town.... Some of them had seemed to forget.

We had the dinner on the night of February 28, 1927—the exact anniversary of the granting of the Baltimore and Ohio charter. As a fillip to the successors of the men who had given the road that valuable charter, the entire Maryland legislature was invited to come. They accepted, almost to a man. In fact there perhaps never was a dinner where so few regrets were received. One thousand men came to it. Seven hundred of them were seated on the floor of the great Lyric Theater—Baltimore's home of grand opera—while the remainder dined at a near-by hotel, and afterwards were brought by bus to the Lyric to hear the speaking and see the entertainment that followed. All the Maryland leg-

islators came and a good many Washington ones, as well as the dignitaries of every sort of Baltimore City, the directors and chief officers of Baltimore and Ohio and the presidents of thirty-two other railroads. They heard but one formal address—delivered by Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, but recognized on the program only as a director of Baltimore and Ohio—and then they saw a show, staged by the personnel of the road and written by Margaret Talbott Stevens of the company's staff.

It was a good dinner. Baltimore had never seen the like of it. For each man who went on the invitation list, nine had to be rejected—for lack of room. Produced in the trying days of national prohibition, when hip-flasks were a recognized part of almost every gentleman's attire, it was a noticeable dinner for its lack of drinking and of drunkenness, in those days, the curse of so many public and private dinners. Cocktail parties were given before the dinner, but it was a matter of note by sharp observers that in the great hall of the Lyric not one man was to be seen taking a drink of liquor.

Daniel Willard attended no cocktail parties that memorable evening. His directions were positive and not to be overlooked. The dinner hour was set at seven, and he had said, "I will be there at that hour if no one else is, and start the dinner on the minute." With the result that the entire seven hundred at the Lyric were there "on the minute." They had a generous dinner—everyone agreed that the terrapin and the chicken à la Maryland could not be beat—some speaking—not too much of it—a rattling good show—with the entire affair over well before eleven, and the New York and Washington contingents departing upon their special trains from the near-by Mount Royal Station.

Daniel Willard worried a good deal about that dinner. He was afraid that someone's feelings might have been hurt by not having been asked to the dinner and he probably was right.

We had to have a party of far larger scope; in fact an open-air celebration upon a large scale had been part of the plan, almost from the beginning. That was the "going-to-Europe" part of it, but just how to go about it was the problem.

The obvious thing to do was to have a parade in the streets of Baltimore. That was discussed and rediscussed, and always, in the end, discarded. For one thing a large parade in the streets of a modern city already congested with motor and trolley-car traffic, is a hard policing job; and from our point of view a street parade barred us from showing the thing that we most wished to show—the engines and the cars, old and new, of Baltimore and Ohio. The road has almost been unique in the way that it has held on to much of its earliest equipment. Its displays at the Chicago Fair of 1893 and the St. Louis one of 1904 were the most comprehensive of any American railroad. And they were built up very largely of its old locomotives—either real or in replica. After the St. Louis Exposition, the most of this material had been bundled together and for more than twenty years it had been stored in an abandoned round-house at Martinsburg, West Virginia. Upon rare occasions, the choicest engine of the lot, the upright-boilered old *Atlantic*, built in 1832, was brought out and run up and down the rails for a way under her own steam. But the greater part of the collection had long since been abandoned and well-nigh forgotten. Only Willard and a few of his associates remembered it. One evening, very early

in the Spring of 1927, we bundled it all atop a long train of flat cars and through the darkness of the night quietly moved it down to old Bailey's Roundhouse in Baltimore, where the slow work of putting it in proper condition again was begun.

If not a street parade, what were we to have?

The director of the celebration recalled that the centenary of the British Stockton and Darlington had been celebrated over the original right-of-way of that railway, long since come to be a relatively unimportant side line of a large system. Much of the original main line of Baltimore and Ohio, reaching from Baltimore to Ellicott City, fourteen miles away, was in the same sort of position. Beyond the Relay House, two or three passenger trains ambled daily on their way back and forth to Frederick.

Could the director of the celebration have Mr. Willard's permission for the use of that strip of track for his show—after all it would be but one day in one hundred years? And times do come when circumstances tie up railroads for twenty-four hours at a time, or even more.... Mr. Willard hesitated to give his consent. By this time, however, he had become intensely interested in the whole enterprise, and it was close to his heart. He gave in.

Fresh complications arose.

That one day in one hundred years still might turn out to be a fearfully rainy day. We consulted the weather records of Baltimore, for many years back. They showed that the best gambling chance for good weather was in late September. We set the day for the big outdoor celebration for Saturday, the twenty-fourth of that month. But, after all, a gambling chance is a gambling chance. It still might rain.

There is a strange affinity between rain and outdoor shows. Moreover, there were some seventy-five or eighty thousand persons then employed by the Baltimore and Ohio, many of them miles and miles away from Baltimore. Conceivably a large portion of these, with their families and friends would like to come to the party. If they all came on a single day, who would there be left to run the railroad?

Timorously the director again approached his boss. Could he tie up the Old Main Line for *two* Saturdays in succession? The big boss did not hesitate this time. He said no. That would be quite out of the question. And the director of the show was left to consider other possibilities.

The mayor of the City of Baltimore came forward with a generous suggestion. We could, if we so wished, use one of the city parks. One or two of them were along the line of the railroad. Of course we would be expected to restore the park to its original appearance—once we were done with it. That was not so easy. In order to do a railroad show such as we began to contemplate, we would have to put down railroad track—perhaps several miles of it. That would mean cut and fill, the destruction of much lawn, and perhaps the removal of trees as well. It would never do to use a city park.

Then we cast our eyes elsewhere. At Laurel, halfway between Baltimore and Washington, there were two properties, either of which might be available for our purpose. They had the merit of being about equally convenient of access from two large American cities. One was the race track, very new, very modern and very handsome, and the other was a somewhat antiquated velodrome. We all went out on a spring day and inspected them.

The velodrome was about a mile from Laurel station, and we walked down the track toward it; Mr. Willard, three or four of his vice-presidents and some other officers, including myself. We paced ourselves upon the ties.... Willard was talking about everything in the world. Suddenly he stopped, reached down and picked a loose spike out of a tie. Solemnly he handed it to his operating vice-president.

"With my compliments, Mr. G—," said he.

The vice-president flushed a bit, said nothing.... We walked forward once again. Willard was talking this time of things overseas—apparently much engrossed in his talk. Suddenly he stopped again, picked out another track spike.

"My compliments, Mr. G—," he repeated.

Then the talk went back to other things.

Arrived at the velodrome, we found it pretty tightly locked. That did not daunt Daniel Willard. There was an emergency ladder, almost perpendicular, that ran up the back of the grandstand. It must have been all of sixty feet tall. Willard looked at it.

"I guess that is the only entrance, gentlemen," said he. And up he went to the top of that rickety ladder—a man of sixty-six, climbing with all the speed and agility of a small town fire-laddie.

In all of these preparations he was like a small boy, radiantly happy and wildly excited. There was not a detail of the show in which he was not interested, in which he did not come forward with some definite and helpful suggestion.

And in the midst of it all there happened an event, quite unrelated, which also gave him much satisfaction.

A lady, a very great lady, from far overseas, had come to see America for the first time. She was the distinguished

Queen of Roumania and she had come at the expressed and urgent invitation of a member of the Hill family of St. Paul. Sam Hill, who himself was not related to James J., but had married the latter's daughter, had been engaged for some years in building a huge house upon the north bank of the Columbia River, not many miles from Portland. It was his whimsical fancy that he would bring royalty to dedicate formally his new home. Some time previously he had been to Bucharest, and Queen Marie, with that open-hearted friendliness that she always showed Americans who came there, had received him at the royal palace. Sam Hill had been much impressed with his reception. Ergo, he would ask Queen Marie to come to America, to his new house at Marybank upon the highest rim of the Columbia. He traveled back to Bucharest, delivered his invitation to the Queen, and, to his great joy, received an acceptance to it.

America fluttered at the very suggestion of Queen Marie's coming.

Royalty is still enough of a novelty to this country to excite it a good deal. The King and Queen of Belgium had come to New York in the days of the War, and the reception that had been accorded them was unprecedented. The Prince of Wales has had many ovations. And now this Roumanian Queen, whose reputation for beauty and wit and kindness was world-wide, was to come over here.... The newspapers were filled with it all many weeks in advance.

Daniel Willard had never met Marie of Roumania. But through the public prints, he felt that he knew her well. "I feel that she did the Allies an unforgettable service in bringing six hundred thousand fighting men to their aid

at a critical moment," he has said more than once. So when Sam Hill, returning from Bucharest, paused in Baltimore to ask Daniel Willard if he would help in planning a trip across the land for the visiting Queen, he found instant acceptance. Any request from a member of the Hill family would naturally secure quick consideration from the president of the Baltimore and Ohio, and added to this was his personal respect and admiration for this magnificent woman monarch.

He went over to the Interstate Commerce Commission—his jealous rivals more than once have called him the "little white-haired boy" of the Interstate Commerce Commission—to see if something might be done to ease the expenses of her trip. The law is pretty strict these days about issuing railroad passes, even to visiting royalty. The Interstate Commerce Commission said that something probably could be done about it and presently there was a "visiting royalty" rate on the official railroad tariffs of the land. Under it, any railroad, if it so pleased, could carry Queen Marie and her entourage anywhere they pleased over its lines for a total charge of one dollar for the entire trip. Willard's road at once accepted this tariff, so did big-hearted Pat Crowley of the New York Central, the three Hill roads out in the Northwest (the Burlington, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific)...gradually the Pennsylvania and some other roads fell in with the plan. But a few refused to accept it. That is why Queen Marie never saw California, as she had hoped.

Queen Marie's trip to the United States was not an unqualified success.

A great many things happened to upset carefully made plans. For one thing, certain persons endeavored to exploit

it and her, to their own selfish ends. There were evidences of commercialism here and there in its planning that must have been most upsetting to her; quarrels and rumors of quarrels among the escorting party that were shameful. But, great and gracious lady that she was, Marie chose not even to notice these disagreeable events, and when she departed for her native land she went with the same serenity and poise she had shown throughout her stay in the United States. And Daniel Willard, who had called upon her in her private car when she was passing through Baltimore (incidentally, he had loaned her the car) went about singing her praises and telling people that not since Theodore Roosevelt had he met so interesting a personality.

"The Fair of the Iron Horse" was the popular cognomen we had finally given The Centenary Exhibition and Pageant of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—a little too much of a mouthful of a name to have ready appeal to the crowd. Fair of the Iron Horse it became. The name caught on and it was one of the reasons for the success of the entire event.

We finally had chosen a site for it.

Laurel race track and the antiquated velodrome nearby had been rejected and we had decided upon a fresh site—at Halethorpe, on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio, eight miles west of Baltimore and still reasonably accessible from Washington. At that point there was a thousand-acre plot belonging to the road, which years before John W. Garrett had purchased for it, contemplating the erection there at some future date of a vast car shop. The railroad intersected the plot, which faced on the main road between

Baltimore and Washington. It was a good site. True, there was a deep gully through the part of it where we would put our show, but we moved a steam shovel and a few hundred men in, and the gully became as nothing—the entire lot as level as a floor.

We went to work in late March. The opening day had been set for September 24th, and we felt that the show might possibly run two weeks—if the attendance warranted. Mr. Willard gave me but two definite instructions: it was to be a good show and it was to be ready on time. By “on time” he meant not only fully completed upon the opening day, but that each performance should start on the minute.

“Remember that this is a railroad show,” he kept urging upon all of us, “and I want to show that the Baltimore and Ohio at last has acquired a reputation for being an absolutely on-time railroad. What time is your performance? Two-fifteen. Very well, I shall be in my seat each afternoon before 2:15. I have a very good watch, and I shall expect the performance of the pageant each afternoon at precisely 2:15 not 2:16. Nor shall I let you trick me by starting at 2:14.”

Daniel Willard kept his promise. He always does. And all of Baltimore coming to the show each afternoon used its starting time for setting watches. Mrs. Nathan, our stage director, in the control tower had a fine chronometer above her head, with a large second hand upon its face. When this reached 2:14:59, she pressed a button. The first tap of the drum came on the instant of 2:15. That was precision. Daniel Willard likes precision. “In essentials, accuracy,” he likes to say, quoting Grover Cleveland’s formula for a fish story, “in non-essentials, reciprocal latitude.”

There were many problems connected with the Fair of the Iron Horse. It was decided at the outset that it would be divided between exhibits and some sort of open-air parade, with locomotives—old and new—parading. When we had considered the Laurel race track, we had decided to put a railroad track right atop the dirt one. That gave us the idea of an oval track, and that idea we carried with us to Halethorpe. It was of infinite value in moving the parade, which gradually developed into more and more of a pageant.

At first it had been decided to give the parade just once, but for reasons already set down, it later was decided to do it at least twice, then three times. Gradually we increased the number of performances. Before we were done with it we did the thing forty-seven times and not once to one empty seat in our great grandstands. We not only had the finest early railroad equipment in America to begin with, but this we steadily enlarged, building replicas of early Baltimore and Ohio locomotives, such as the *Tom Thumb*, the *York* and the *Galloway*. Reproductions were made of the two little double-decked coaches (very similar to stage-coaches) which the *Atlantic* (the original engine still preserved) had drawn upon the Baltimore and Ohio in 1832, and these she again hauled, in the Fair of the Iron Horse, filled with folk in the costumes of the period. We found the original drawings for these little coaches. They were not in color and we had to guess as to the color. But stage-coach yellow—the sort imported from England more than a century before—was a fairly safe guess. And there was none who could prove us wrong.

After the days of the *Atlantic* and the *Thos. Jefferson* (almost equally ancient) there were still other entertaining

early locomotives—that curious humpbacked Ross Winans' creation, the *Memnon*, those big-stacked passenger engines of the 'fifties and the 'sixties, the *William Mason* and the *Thatcher Perkins*; the *J. C. Davis*, which the Baltimore and Ohio had built in 1876 and had sent to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, where it was hailed as the heaviest and largest locomotive ever built...still others, including the first Mallet ever to be used in the United States.

Not long after the close of the World War, Daniel Willard, on the suggestion of his good friend, Samuel Vauclain, had brought a new superintendent of motive power to Baltimore and Ohio. This man's name was George H. Emerson, and he had been one of the party sent to Russia to place the Trans-Siberian upon its feet once again.

"You absolutely must have Emerson," Vauclain had urged, and he had already cabled Emerson, who was still overseas, to hurry back to the United States to report to him at once at Philadelphia. "Emerson is free and he has had plenty of experience on the Great Northern. He is a good man and you know that he is a good man. You *must* take him on."

Willard often is susceptible to this sort of argument.

Emerson was taken on....Enthusiasm is not one of his strong points. At first blush he was not much interested in the plans for The Fair of the Iron Horse. Gradually he warmed up to it. Particularly when we arranged to show a locomotive of his with a new form of tubular firebox which he (and others) thought very good. We took some plates off the side of the engine, put some electric lights and light colors within it and it all made a pretty effective exhibit.

Some of Emerson's other engines that he had designed and built for Baltimore and Ohio were shown and they too excited much favorable comment. About that time, Daniel Willard decided that the road might well return to an old-time railroad tradition and begin naming its locomotives, at least the outstanding ones. He probably was remembering the *Governor Smith* of the Vermont Central, of his boyhood days. At any rate, there presently appeared on the Baltimore and Ohio the *Lord Baltimore*, the *Philip E. Thomas* (named after the first president of the company) and a series of twenty-one remarkably handsome passenger locomotives, named, from the *President Washington* to the *President Cleveland*, inclusive.

All of the official staff finally fell in with the plans for the Baltimore and Ohio centenary with much enthusiasm. There were, in addition to Emerson, George M. Shriver, the senior vice-president, and Charles W. Galloway, the operating vice-president; H. A. Lane, the chief engineer of the road; and P. G. Lang, its builder of bridges. It is invidious to mention names in a case like this and no more will be mentioned. Suffice it to say that there was not a man in the whole Baltimore and Ohio organization who did not throw himself heart and soul into the plan. Word went out along the line that this whole business was pretty close to the big boss's heart—and that seemed to be enough.

The Fair developed rapidly.

We asked the New York Central to send its replica of the *DeWitt Clinton* and train (first operated on the Mohawk and Hudson in 1831) and P. E. Crowley took it out of the gallery of the Grand Central Terminal, where it had stood

since the station had been completed, while the Pennsylvania Railroad took its *John Bull* and Camden and Amboy train (also built and operated in 1831) out of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington and also sent it to the Iron Horse pageant. And because these outside roads had been so generous in this matter, they were also invited to send specimens of their newest engines to operate in the pageant and they accepted. It took a good deal of generosity on the part of the Baltimore and Ohio people to ask the Pennsylvania to come into their party: the two roads had been not only traditional, but actual rivals so many years.

From England came the largest and finest locomotive that Great Britain had ever built—the *George V* of the Great Western Railway, and there were locomotives from the Delaware and Hudson and one or two other American and Canadian railroads. The Fair was developing into a miniature exposition—and not so miniature at that. There had not been a simon-pure railroad show in the United States since one out on the lake front in Chicago in 1883. Many of the roads had exhibited in the various world's fairs held across the land since then, but there had been no other shows devoted exclusively or chiefly to the progress of the greatest arm of American transport. The Fair of the Iron Horse became that.

Baltimore awoke on the morning of Saturday, September 24th to find that, without much fuss or feathers, a world's fair was opening at its doors that very day—incidentally, it was a perfect day, weatherwise. The advance publicity of the show had been modest. "If it is good," Mr. Willard said to me more than once, "people will find that out soon enough; if it is not good, the less said about it the better." Apparently it *was* good. We had counted on from a third

to a half a million people coming to see it, and more than a million and a quarter came. We were compelled to lengthen it from sixteen days, as originally advertised, to twenty-three. We might have run it another twenty-three days without a diminution of public interest. But it was beginning to grow late in the season. As it was, the last day of the pageant was the day of the largest number of admissions. We were lined up against stiff rival attractions in Baltimore that closing Saturday—a big race meet at Laurel and the Navy-Notre-Dame football game. Yet, despite these, we clicked 130,000 persons through our gates that day. The Fair of the Iron Horse was not unsuccessful.

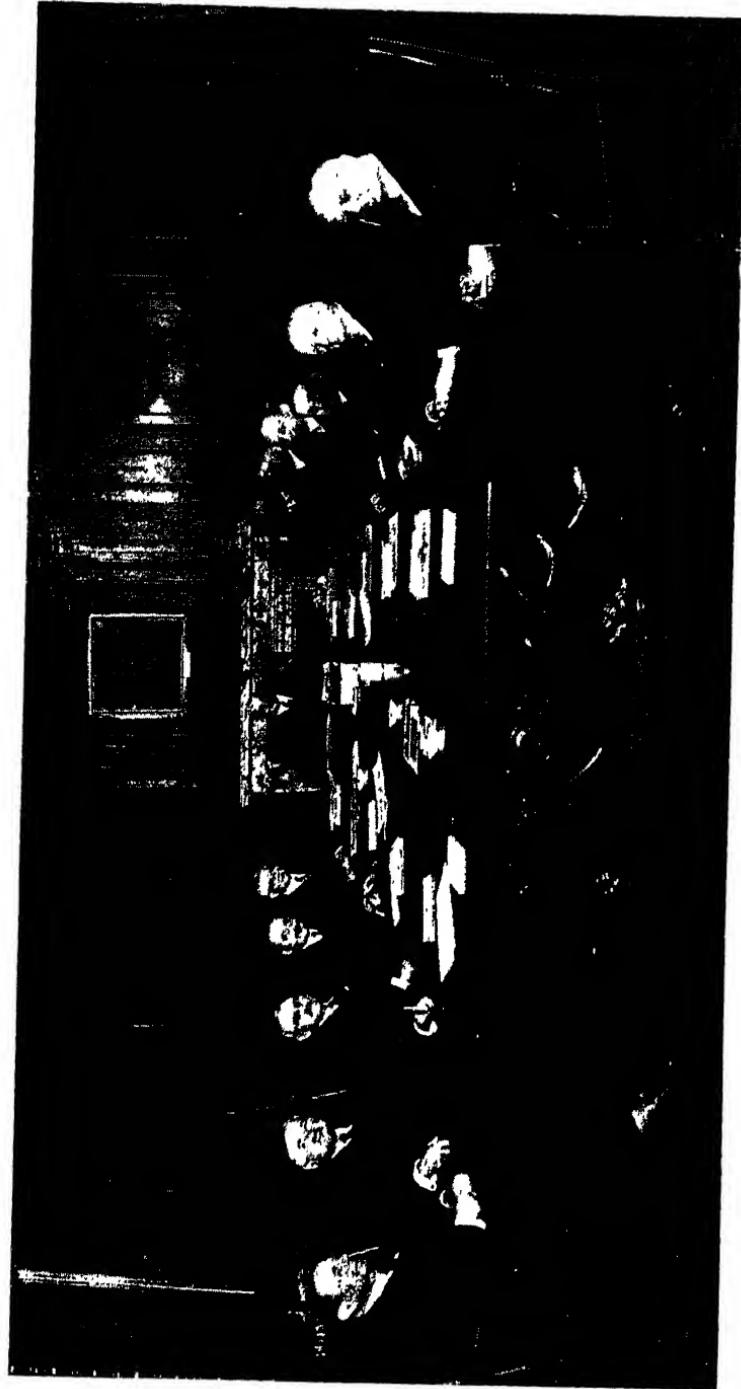
Daniel Willard was delighted.

He had been on tenterhooks more than once as we prepared for the opening day. "You have the easiest end of it, young man," he had said to me more than once. "If the show flops, you can take the first train up to New York and people will forget your connection with it. If it succeeds, you will get the glory and people will think that it was just part of my job, anyway. And if it should fail, I will have to live in Baltimore the rest of my life and face it out...." It was hard convincing Mr. Willard that there was little likelihood of its "flopping." He knew it probably would be successful; but after all, success is a relative term and there were many degrees of it.... Willard saw the point of that also.... Nevertheless when the show did *not* flop and became one of the outstanding successes of the entire Atlantic seaboard that year, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio was unbounded in his happiness.

I think that this was the time that Daniel Willard was at the very height of his career. Things had come his way

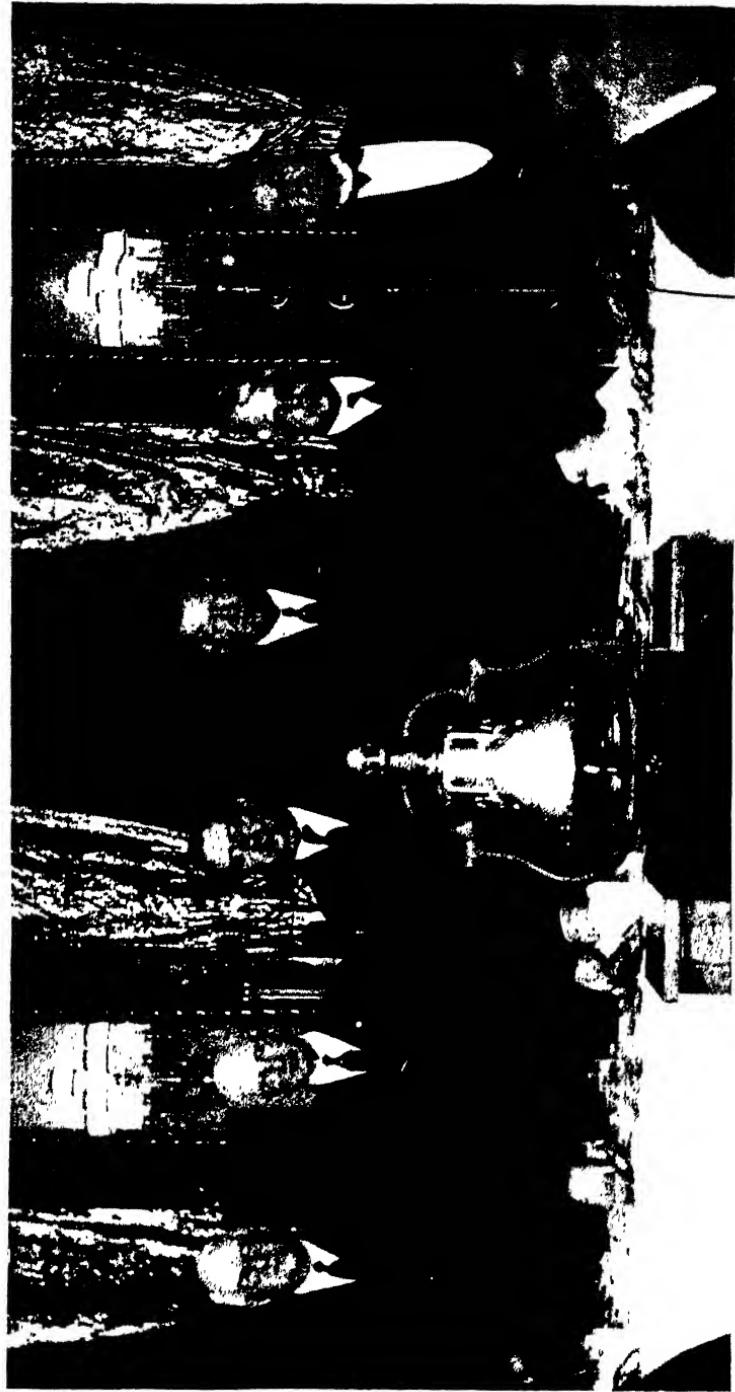
in a remarkable fashion. Traffic still flowed over his railroad in high tide; people were taking an increasing liking to his fine new trains; the great party that he had given for it had proved successful.... There were other phases of his many-sided life...as a director of banks and the great American Telephone and Telegraph Company, trustee and president of the board of Johns Hopkins University...the position that he had attained as a public speaker...the academic honors that were heaped upon him by colleges and universities. Daniel Willard rode high indeed, and to top it all he had the pleasures of a very happy and agreeable family life. The son that survived—Daniel, Jr.—after a fine military career overseas in the war, which was recognized on the field by the awarding of the Croix de Guerre at the hands of a French general, was becoming a lawyer of parts. Daniel Willard always has been exceeding proud of the young man who is to bear his name after him.

It was well that Daniel Willard rode high those pleasant days.... For they were far too pleasant to last.... He may not have realized more than other men the menacing thunderheads that were gathering over America. Hard times were to come. Harder times than the United States had known for many and many a year. Hard times for the railroads. Hard times for Baltimore and Ohio. Hard times for Daniel Willard. He would need all the wit and resolution and perseverance that had come to him since his beginnings up in Vermont. Rough seas were ahead, and Willard was to sail them, at times quite alone. The skipper would need courage.



When the Board Meets

The Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio in conclave in the handsome board room at the Baltimore headquarters building, November 6, 1929.



They Came to Do Him Honor

Sixteen hundred railroaders of all degrees gathered with other distinguished citizens in Baltimore in 1930 to pay tribute to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

DANIEL WILLARD RIDES THE LINE

PERHAPS THE HIGHEST OF THE MANY HONORS paid Daniel Willard was on a January night in 1930, when, before an audience of over sixteen hundred men and women in the extremely crowded ballroom of the Lord Baltimore Hotel in Baltimore, he was awarded a newly-created degree of Doctor of the Humanities. No ordinary degree that. No college or university to sponsor it. Yet no honor ever came to a man more directly from the heart. The dinner was tendered the president of Baltimore and Ohio in recognition of the twentieth anniversary of his having acceded to that office. It was given, not by the citizens of Baltimore, not by the directors and his fellow officers of the company, but by the rank and file of union labor upon the rails of Baltimore and Ohio. I doubt if ever before such a dinner was accorded a railroad president. There may never be another quite like it. Conditions may never again be the same. But there it was, 1600 admirers of Uncle Dan crowding themselves into that stuffy room to break bread with him and do him honor.

It was a distinguished group, as well as a cosmopolitan one. There were bankers of Baltimore, merchants, manufacturers, professional men of every sort, the officers and directors of Baltimore and Ohio, trustees of the Johns

Hopkins institutions, railroad executives from all over the land, a fair sprinkling of the political life of Washington, including such well-known radicals as Senators Nye, La-Follette, and Brookheart...but most interesting of all, the men who came from every kind of job the entire length of Uncle Dan's road....There was oratory. The late Sir Henry Worth Thornton, then president of the widespread Canadian National system spoke; as did Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland; Mayor William F. Broening of Baltimore and Senator James Couzens of Michigan. William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, was on the official list, but he had been detained elsewhere and so Bert M. Jewell, the American Federation of Labor head of the railroad workers' union, read his address for him and officially represented labor at the dinner. After extolling Daniel Willard as the foremost railroad executive in the United States and a faithful agent of the government in the time of war, Jewell went on to say:

"But it is in the field of human relations in industry where he has excelled in achievement and personal service. No man is held in higher regard by the representatives of thousands of working people, and no man associated with industry is respected by a larger number of admirers and friends, anywhere or any place, in either transportation or in miscellaneous industries. This respect and admiration has been inspired by a candid and unreserved regard on the part of President Willard for the exercise of the elemental rights of working men and women. He has demonstrated in his executive work that it is possible to manage and direct a great enterprise, such as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, along economic and profitable lines and at the same time permit working men, who render service

and who are his employees, to organize, to unite for mutual helpfulness and co-operation. Human values and human rights have been respected and enhanced. Neither paternalism nor force has been used in the administration of President Willard to prevent the great army of working men employed on the Baltimore and Ohio from exercising their legal and moral right to organize and to act collectively...."

As a great public servant and an economist, Daniel Willard was pre-eminent, Bert Jewell went on to say, speaking all the time in the words of William Green. The final words of the Green address were:

"I regret more than words can express my inability to be in attendance at the meeting. I wish it were possible for me to be present where I could personally pay my tribute of respect to this great humanitarian, a railroad executive, a great philosopher and a great economist. I would rejoice in the opportunity of doing this personally and officially, as president of the American Federation of Labor. I wish for Mr. Willard long life, continued success and the enjoyment of health and happiness."

Great applause greeted this. Then a still greater applause rang through the room as Uncle Dan rose to his feet and faced the crowd. It was the most important speech of his life and he knew it. He produced no manuscript. He never reads his speeches. He cleared his throat, put up his hand for quiet and began:

"I was just reminded, as I was listening to the words that have been uttered in all too generous praise this evening concerning myself of something that Daniel Webster is supposed to have said when he made that memorable reply of his to Senator Hayne. What he said was, that at

sea, after there had been a storm for several days and the sky had been overcast and it was difficult to tell which way the ship was heading, it was always desirable at the first opportunity to check up the bearings to see where they were. It seems to me that that is a proper analogy for me to follow at this time.

"I have listened of course to the all too generous words of praise which have been uttered this evening; but the Daniel Willard you have been hearing about has been conjured up for this occasion. There is no such person. The one you heard about is not the Daniel Willard I know. The Daniel Willard I know is a plain down-East Yankee, a New England Yankee—somewhat proud of the fact, Governor Ritchie, if the truth must be told—(Laughter.) but I have never observed that he had any unusual or outstanding abilities or qualifications or any character; and let us get back to that particular viewpoint.

"Further, I want to say to my associates of the Baltimore and Ohio that if I address them tonight in a somewhat different tone and attitude than they are perhaps accustomed to hearing from me, they must remember that tonight I am speaking before a different kind of an audience, one that embraces many others, many distinguished senators, before whom I may, in all humility, be called upon to appear. (Laughter.) I am also within hearing distance of one of my dearest friends (Robert McVicar) the first man that I fired a locomotive for (sic), so many years ago that I would be ashamed to tell you. He knows. He knows that Daniel Willard you have heard of is conjured up. I could not fool him. I also am within the hearing of the first train dispatcher (Willis H. Ford) I ever worked for; who ordered me up and down and in and out and all that sort of thing;

and he knows. I cannot fool him. You cannot assume by my silence that the things you have been listening to are so.

"Reference has been made to Mrs. Willard. She is here. I remember that not only was she the girl who made the best pies I ever tasted, and who packed my dinner pail when I was running an engine, but happily she still sits on the opposite side of my table. (Applause.) She knows. You cannot deceive her. Neither can we deceive my two grandsons who are within hearing distance. They know their grandpa isn't the kind of man you have been hearing about. But I must square myself with all of them before I begin to say what I ought to say in response to what has just been said."

That having been placed squarely on the record, Uncle Daniel launched into a first-rate speech. But he could not forget the picture that had been painted of him and just as he closed he brought it up once again, saying:

"... The Daniel Willard you have been hearing about has been conjured up for this occasion and is not at all like the one I have known. The Daniel Willard I have known is a plain New England Yankee, and rather proud of that fact, but I have never observed that he had any unusual or exceptional abilities or qualifications."

Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine had come and gone. The full damage that had been wrought had not showed itself at the outset. Gradually it exerted its presence. America was slowing down. Stores and factories were closing, the weeks and the months were growing lean indeed. The railroads, almost always an accurate barometer of business, were beginning to lose traffic—more and more rapidly all the while. Baltimore and Ohio was no exception. Willard, with all the ingenuity and experience in the world at his

command, tried vainly to stem the tide. He put fresh vigor in his advertising. He reiterated his famous "good neighbor" policy—Baltimore and Ohio, a good neighbor to all its patrons and to the people living along the lines. He put on new and faster trains. All to no avail. Traffic slipped away. Business was dying. In one year, the operating income of the "Class A" railroads declined from \$1,275,000,000 to \$885,000,000.

In the six or seven or eight years that followed 1930, he had some \$140,000,000 in bond maturities coming due on Baltimore and Ohio. In any ordinary course of events, the banks would have handled such a situation as that—almost automatically. Uncle Daniel would have made more trips up to Wall Street; he would have used anew his famous powers of persuasion and conversation—and after a little time, if Baltimore and Ohio had no cash to pay off all its notes, the banks would find some way to renew them. Uncle Dan's credit was always good.... But these were no ordinary times. The banks themselves were in bad shape—at least they said so. In big cities of the land, like Chicago and Detroit and Cleveland, they were beginning to close their doors—by the dozens. Willard himself was pretty worried. In 1932 alone, he had \$35,000,000 worth of notes coming due, in addition to some \$5,000,000 of equipment trusts. It was not a pretty picture.

In one sense Willard was in no worse fix than some of his fellows—and in another, he was. His closest companion and most active rival, the Pennsylvania—was deep into the electrification of its New York-Washington line, deep into the banks because of that and about to cut its dividend in half. New York Central, with its extensive West Side improve-

ment job on the Island of Manhattan and vastly expensive new passenger terminals in Cleveland and in Buffalo was not in much better condition. But these roads—Atterbury and Crowley still leading them—were in this much better position than Baltimore and Ohio; they had better resources by far, far greater back-logs upon which to draw in lean months when outgo exceeded income.

B & O had large mortgages maturing when the bankers could lend little support. Otherwise it would not have been necessary to drain its treasury assets and to seek the help generously offered by government agencies and particularly the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

In a situation such as this, but two remedies suggest themselves to the average railroad president: he may, if he can get away with it, increase his rates—particularly his freight rates, and he may, also if he can get away with it, reduce wages. Increasing competition from the highway and the airway has made the first of these procedures more and more difficult. Moreover, the Interstate Commerce Commission, to say nothing of the various state regulatory commissions, have to be brought into line and this is not always easy. Of the two difficult plans, the railroaders in America chose the second as being perhaps the most practical for their relief. But, just to leave none of the old stones unturned, they also put in application for a 15 per cent lift in their freight rates.

Steps like these are momentous. They are not accomplished overnight.

In the first place, the hundred or so “Class A” railroads (railroads with gross earnings of a million dollars a year or more) must be brought closely into line for a genuinely unified effort. Railroad presidents notoriously are prima

donnas. For a given situation, no two of them will have the same cure to suggest. These men are men of personality and of vastly different personalities.

There were many informal talks.

These had begun in the Summer of 1931, when the request to the Interstate Commerce Commission for a 15 per cent increase in their freight rates had been answered by a meager grant of but 3 per cent—a mere nothing.

But even before that, it began to look as if the second method was the only one possible. Some of the executives felt that their central organization in Washington, the Association of Railway Executives (more recently combined with the old American Railway Association to become the Association of American Railroads) ought to take the entire problem on its hands. The Association of Railway Executives was wary. It announced, through its president, R. H. Aishton, that it felt differently. It always had washed its hands of labor matters and it did not propose to get into them now. Its organization made no provision for handling them.

It began to look as if it was going to be up to Daniel Willard—and to no one else. No one else amongst the railroad presidents has ever been able to handle railroad labor as well as he. Willard has never been one to shirk responsibility. At seventy it seemed a little bit unfair to place this great burden upon his shoulders, but he did not refuse it.

He had come to the conclusion in his own mind that he might at least ask railroad labor to accept a cut of 10 per cent in its wages, already at a high peak. The idea obsessed him. It was an extremely difficult one. He realized the difficulties. Labor in America was growing increasingly

independent—and this was before the days of governmental bowing and scraping to it. Still the chance was worth taking. Willard called for his secretary and began dictating letters. He had decided to give a dinner—on the evening of October 12th, at the Biltmore in New York. To it, he invited Atterbury of the Pennsylvania, Crowley of the New York Central, John J. Bernet of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and David B. Robertson, A. F. Whitney, Alvin Johnston and S. N. Berry of the railroad brotherhoods. They all came, except Berry, who was ill, and he sent a representative.

To these men Willard patiently outlined his plans. His guests listened to them in silence. The three other railroad presidents should be willing to let Willard talk for them. The brotherhood men had much to say. Their opposition to the suggestion was clearly shown. Willard kept his head. That is one of his strongest assets in arguments. But nothing came of that meeting. Willard gave a second dinner for the same group. It was finally agreed that if the 15 per cent freight rate advance case, then pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission, were decided adversely to the roads, the conference might be resumed.

Better still from Willard's viewpoint was a whispered remark—"I think you are right"—from one of the labor leaders as he left the conference.

The freight rate case had been decided, to a large extent against the roads.

In the meantime, the Association of Railway Executives had held one of its regular meetings, and it became known that Robertson had been in communication with President Aishton, in regard to a possible joint conference in regard to the wage situation. Willard smiled. It was evident to

him that the dinner party a month before had not been entirely lost....

He succeeded in getting the eighty members of the railway association who were present at that November meeting to immediately reassemble as a committee of the whole upon its adjournment and go thoroughly into this wage-cut matter. Once again, he had his way. Now it was up to him once more. He had to talk again, and talk he did—for a long time. The following account is from *Fortune* for April, 1932:

...He spoke for a long time. He took up the wage cut from every angle, always driving back to the point that it would be better to get a ten per cent cut at once, than to wait through months of uncertainty, with business conditions getting worse, for a problematical fifteen per cent. He was, by turns, practical, philosophical and poetical. He used both eloquence and statistics. When he finished, he had the majority on his side. But a majority was not enough. A great volume of rebuttal arose, and for two hours Uncle Dan stood on the platform, snapping back answers to fierce questions from men who had no intention whatever of putting on gloves to handle labor; from Leonor F. Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson; William B. Storey, of the Santa Fe; Paul Shoup, of the Southern Pacific; Fred E. Williamson, of the Burlington; Carl R. Gray, of the Union Pacific; and a dozen others. The barrage was only interrupted by luncheon, and during the afternoon Uncle Dan repaired to the Westerners' rooms and argued some more. He ended the day, exhausted. But he had wrung from the Association the promise of a committee of nine presidents to be elected by the Association of each region—the East, the South and the West; only granting in return that notices of fifteen per cent reductions be served in the meantime....

(It might be observed now, although it is not a matter of record, that during that grueling period of five hours

on his feet, Willard was suffering from a young but promising carbuncle on his neck.)

Daniel Willard was making headway. It was terrifically slow headway, but he had his committee of presidents at last, and that was a great deal. Appointed, it included in addition to Mr. Willard; John J. Pelley, at that time president of the New Haven; A. C. Needles, of the Norfolk and Western; L. A. Downs, of the Illinois Central; H. D. Pollard, of the Central Railroad of Georgia (an Illinois Central affiliate); C. A. Wickersham, of the Atlanta and West Point; L. W. Baldwin, of the Missouri Pacific; Charles E. Denney, of the Erie; and James E. Gorman of the Rock Island Lines. It was a curious committee. Nominally representative, it was not completely representative. It leaned toward the South; not one of the really powerful roads of the West was represented upon it. In fact, there was only one good money maker upon the entire roster—the Norfolk and Western. And the two great giants of the East, Pennsylvania and New York Central, were not represented at all.

At first glimpse, it was not a particularly good committee. It had been formed by the roads with lukewarm enthusiasm, where not against actual resistance, and so it started its work badly handicapped. The situation, if anything, was worse in the West than in the East. Gorman and Downs and Baldwin are good railroaders, but the roads they headed were comparatively weak. More than once these three were in a jam with their western confreres—really powerful roads like the Union Pacific and the Southern, the Santa Fe and the Burlington, who rather looked down their noses at the whole proceedings.... Uncle Dan apparently was not to get very real aid out of his committee.

Yet, on the whole, it proved to be effective. And that

was all that Daniel Willard wished of it. The men who were on it, some of them quite unknown to the country at large, were men rather skilled and experienced in the handling of labor problems. At least, they were respected by railroad labor and that was something. Willard might have fared far worse.

For their part, the twenty-one railroad unions who were to go into conference with this committee chose their best representatives. Nothing was to be left to chance. In addition to the great independent brotherhoods—the Locomotive Engineers, the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the Trainmen and the Conductors; and the lesser “dependents”—the signalmen, the dispatchers, and the marine engineers—there were fourteen unions, already affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

There immediately ensued a series of preliminary conferences between the committee of railroad presidents and the committee of the union leaders. For four days, late in November (from the 19th to the 22nd) they met in the boardroom of the New Haven Railroad in New York and made but little progress. It was going to be a far bigger job than anyone had anticipated. On the morning of the first day, one of the railroad presidents had asked if the conference would terminate that afternoon in time for him to get a train back home! Willard was made chairman of the railroad group, and D. B. Robertson, chairman of the labor one. The sessions were very frank and very informal, not unfriendly in their tone. Robertson indicated that the workers were prepared to give *something*; what would the presidents do?... The presidents were silent. Another of the labor men interjected:

"Will the railroad officers reduce their salaries?"

Willard answered that question—on his own behalf. He said that he already had voluntarily reduced his salary 20 per cent—double that which was being asked of the workers.

At the end of the fourth day and an almost interminable amount of talk, the labor committee said that they could do nothing themselves, that they would have to take the entire matter back to the men. The meeting adjourned and the labor men went back to feel the pulse of their fellows and to try and bring to another conference some fifteen or eighteen hundred of them all told.... The railroad presidents shook their heads dolefully. What was this man Willard with all his talk getting them into? They seemed to be getting nowhere at all.

But Willard's talk was not ineffective at that. There was a meeting in Chicago in mid-December, and fifteen hundred chairmen attended—at no little cost to their unions and themselves. Willard talked some more.... Gradually both parties fell into line.... Daniel Willard's talking perhaps was effective after all.

Another of Willard's habits is the taking of two rooms at his hotels. One is for sleeping and the other for conference. And as was the case in this wage discussion, many other important questions have been explored in this conference room. At the Congress in Chicago, the Willard in Washington, the Biltmore in New York. The guests are not always railroad presidents. Often they are labor leaders, or members of Congress or of state legislatures. There in privacy and quiet matters can be freely and frankly discussed. Willard never lobbies in legislative halls. But he seeks information at its source—and gets it. He enjoys the

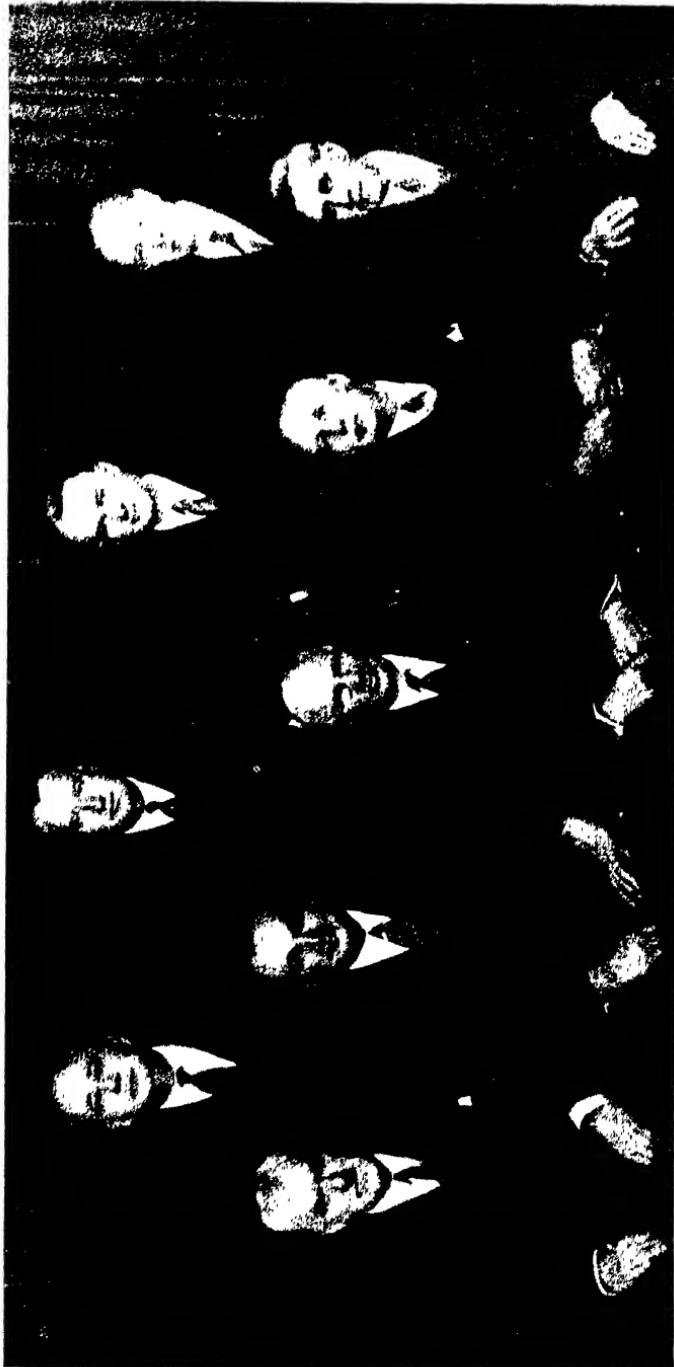
stimulus of other men's views. He never asks them for more than the chance to present his own.

So Willard talked some more. It is part of his philosophy that if a conference is going to bring results, the members must keep on talking. They cannot break off and separate. The importance of this was evidenced throughout these Chicago meetings.

January 15th, 1932 finally was set for the big conference that was to decide the issue, and the commodious Palmer House in Chicago was chosen as the place. It needed to be a commodious assembling place, for before the conference was done, railroad labor was to have ten times one hundred and fifty chairmen there. It was a battle royal.

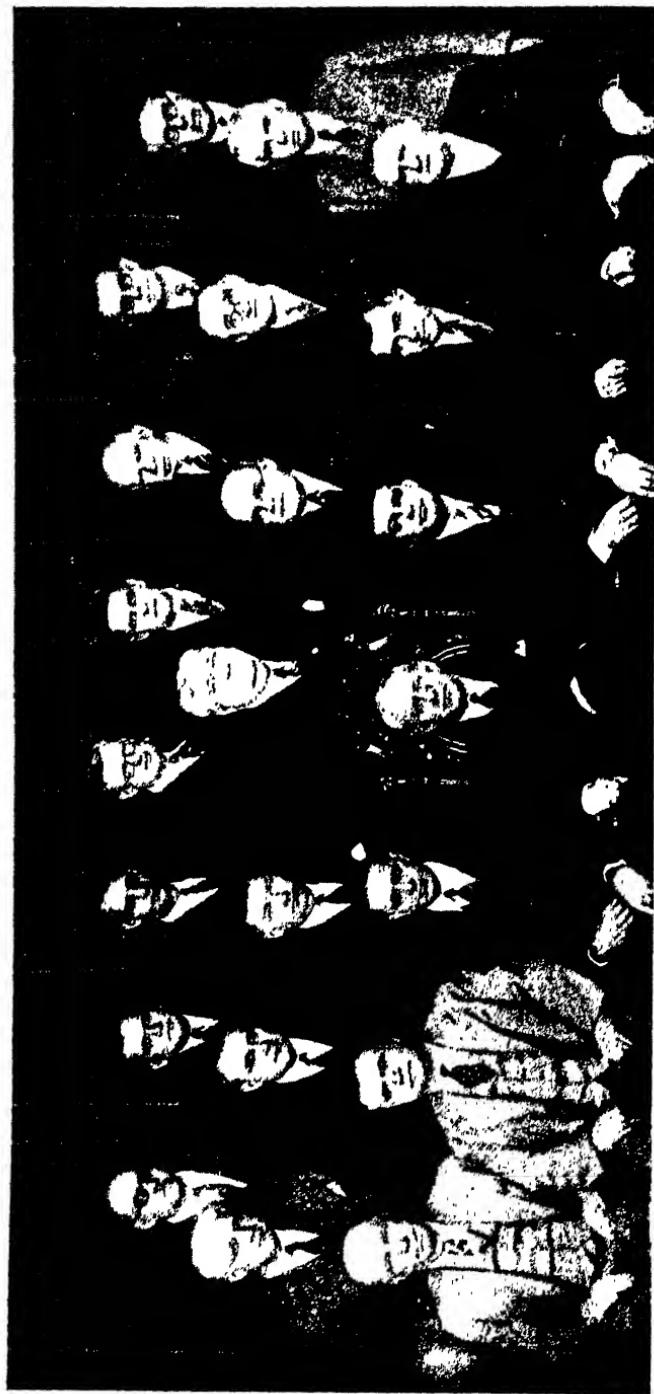
The whole thing was staged with great care. The meetings were to be secret sessions, which meant that newspapermen were an especial problem. Neither side wished to offend them, but both realized that one hasty story, or one ill-considered headline might wreck the entire conference. Finally they were excluded, a press room, with frequent "releases," being provided for their convenience, but even then, it was difficult to guard the meetings from intrusion. The conference committee met, for the most part, in the Red Lacquer Room of the Palmer House, although much of its work was done in the rooms of its members scattered through the various floors of the great hotel, and its larger sessions were in the big ballroom. Willard, himself, elected to remain at the Congress Hotel. He has always stopped there and he is, to an extent, a creature of habit. It was hard for him, at seventy-one, to change his living habits.

The issue was quickly joined.



Committee of Nine Railroad Presidents at Conference in Chicago, January, 1932, When Railroad Labor Representatives Agreed to 10% Deduction in Wages

Front row, left to right: A. C. Needles, Norfolk and Western; J. J. Peller, New York, New Haven and Hartford; Daniel Willard, Baltimore and Ohio (Chairman); C. A. Wickersham, Atlanta and West Point; H. D. Pollard, Central of Georgia. *Back row:* L. W. Baldwin, Missouri Pacific; C. E. Denney, Erie; L. A. Downs, Illinois Central; J. E. Gorman, Rock Island.



Conference Committee of Twenty-one Standard Railway Labor Organizations at Wage Conference, Chicago, January, 1932

Front row, left to right: S. N. Berry, A. Johnston, B. M. Jewell, D. B. Robertson (Chairman), George M. Harrison, A. O. Wharton, J. A. Franklin.
Middle row: A. F. Whitney, Roy Horn, J. G. Lahrsen, Martin F. Ryan, C. J. McGloggan, J. F. McGrath, E. J. Manion, R. W. Walton, D. W. Helt, M. S. Warfield, L. M. Wicklein, M. H. McClain, G. M. Sheplar, T. C. Cashen.

"What will they demand of you, Daniel?" Willard's fellow presidents had asked of him more than once before the conference began. He did not answer. He did not know.

They demanded a good deal. There was a lot of complaint voiced at the large number of railroaders that had had to be laid off or furloughed as the depression got into the deepest part of the slough. As a relief to this, the six-hour day was brought forward and urged by some of the labor leaders.... The old dissensions arose anew between the passenger engineers and firemen and the freight. There was another oldtime grievance in the minimum mileage in the month for all classes of engine workers...still other grievances, old and new.

Willard knew most of these already. He already knew the answers to a good many of them. He met argument with argument. He fenced and he pleaded. He argued.

Daniel Willard talked.

He talked as he had not talked since he was young Dan Willard in the debating society in the old high school at Windsor, up in Vermont...since he had argued his way through Amherst Aggie...since he had talked to the older men at Lyndonville roundhouse...in the roundhouse at Elkhart...and at Turtle Creek...all the way along the line.

Daniel Willard talked.

He gradually dismissed all these other matters and kept the conference at the main issue in hand—the 10 per cent deduction.... His fellow members of the railroad committee said little; the labor men on the other side of the long table squirmed a good bit, but still Daniel Willard kept on talking....

Two weeks and six days went by and still the man from

Vermont was at it—still talking.... The situation suddenly had become extremely discouraging. All these other matters, some of them quite extraneous, that the labor men had insisted upon bringing into the conference had been referred to the committee of railroad presidents, and every single blessed one of them had been turned down flat. Labor raged anew.... Was this another capitalistic trick? Was this man Willard playing fair with them? David B. Robertson, the head of the labor committee, knew Willard, and he knew that Willard always played fair, but at times he had difficulty convincing some of his fellows that this was so.... On the twentieth day, after the conference had gotten itself down to definite business, it looked as if the entire thing was a failure, a colossal failure.

Willard was very tired. But he was not discouraged. He never is. Into his mind there flashed a memory of that day when, as operating vice-president of the Burlington, he was drilling in the Bad Lands of Dakota for good water—and finding none. When the others were discouraged, he went ahead—and the next day the drill went into water, grand water and in abundance, not only for the railroad, but for the little town near by.

And on the twenty-first day of the Chicago conference, his churning bit, which was his lively tongue, came towards good water. The unions seemed to be coming to Willard's point of view. Finally Robertson, the head of their committee, asked Mr. Willard if he would talk directly to all the chairmen again. Willard assented. The entire 1500 chairmen were reassembled in the large ballroom of the Palmer House and Willard had another opportunity for his persuasive tongue. He painted a straightforward picture of the whole situation for the union leaders, stressing the

point that if they would accept this cut in their wages, it would be possible to retain practically all the existing forces of railroad workers; otherwise it would be necessary to lay off many thousands of them. He made them listen with keen attention. When Willard walked out of the room a real ovation greeted him. They had cheered for him pretty lustily that night, two years before, in the hotel ballroom in Baltimore. But that was as nothing compared with the reception that was being given him in the hotel ballroom in Chicago, just as he was winning a million workers with a classic argument. His talk was again effective. At last he had struck the rich water.

Willard thinks that day's talk was worthwhile. At least the labor leaders told him it was the one thing that turned the scales.

The next day the unions announced through Robertson that they would sign the agreement for a voluntary 10 per cent deduction—a matter of some \$210,000,000 in the twelve months that was to come—over \$400,000,000 in the full length of the deduction, which considerably exceeded eighteen months.

They crowded around Daniel Willard and offered him congratulations for his personal victory, and the warmest of the congratulations were from the union men themselves. The unions filled the *99* with flowers. Someone asked him how he had done it. Willard smiled.

Talking, he kept saying, talking was the thing that had done it. He just had to talk. There was no other way out. He had not offered the men one single thing; he had nothing to offer.

"I merely asked the men to give up something," he reiterated, "but I was just bound to keep on talking."

There was something even more persuasive than Daniel Willard's talking that won that \$210,000,000 victory for the roads; that was the faith of the rank and file of American railroaders in the man, in his honesty and in his integrity. Never trying to put something over on them, was Daniel Willard. Not saying one thing, and in the depths of his keen and subtle mind thinking another. Square dealing. The railroaders felt in their hearts that they might trust his judgment and his honesty. That was what won for Willard more than his active tongue, more, even, than the convincing twang of his Vermontish voice. I have a due regard for many of the railroad presidents across the land, but there is not one other that could have done the thing that Willard did those January days of 1932, out there in Chicago.

Railroad labor leaders have united in saying that Willard was the only railroader in the land who could have brought about that wage deduction.

Daniel Willard regards this Chicago experience as the supreme achievement of his entire railroad career. He feels that it was as broadening for him as for any other man who sat at that long table....He might have had full reason for triumphing over that famous victory, but triumphing is not Willard's way. Besides there were too many other things to be done.

He was past seventy now. Whispers began to run through Baltimore City, through Wall Street, through the railroad world in general as to when the old man was going to retire. Certain of the larger roads—notably the Pennsylvania and the New York Central—long ago fixed seventy as the age for arbitrary retirement. There is a good deal to

be said against it. A half century of experience and training to a really good railroader, after all, had only brought him to the best point of his career; at no time has he been of larger value to the properties with which he is connected. The chief argument against his retention in active service after seventy, is that it slows the progress of the men beneath him—which is very true. But, on the other hand, it more than once will rob a railroad of the sagacity and wisdom and experience of a man long schooled in its work. It seems a pity that there may not be in railroad service in America something of the sort of advisory executive that the Japanese would call an “elder statesman.”

Willard was loath to quit his job although he realized more keenly than anyone that it would be only a short time before a younger man would have to take his place. Each year since he was seventy—save 1937—he placed his resignation before the Board. Each year he retired from the room while it was being considered. Each year it was unanimously declined.

He did not press the matter. His health was good. Moreover, his road, like almost every other in the country, was in a critical situation. In 1937 the outlook seemed darker than ever. It was no time then for him to ask for relief. With his great devotion to the Baltimore and Ohio he has shouldered its new burdens with the same old enthusiasm of yore.

He is the man who gave the American railroad the air-conditioned passenger car.... The original idea was not his, but he had revived it and placed it upon its feet. There was no reason, he decided, why a railroad trip in the United States in midsummer should be a dirty and disagreeable experience. He put his organization to work devising a prac-

tical way out of the difficulty. At the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, in 1933, he placed an entire train, air-conditioned, on exhibition. There were fearfully hot days in Chicago that summer and Uncle Dan's train was a refuge not to be scorned. At least a good many people found it so. Its counterpart already was in service between Chicago and Washington and New York. It became an instant success. His competitors and the other roads of the country gradually adopted it, until it is today, after only five years, all but universal.

That is Willard, alert, far-seeing, uncompromising always.

When Willard speaks, he speaks as one having authority —to the last word. There is no doubting the fealty of his organization to him. There may be jealousies and feuds between the lesser heads. I do not, myself, know of any on the Baltimore and Ohio, but it is a rare railroad indeed that ever entirely escapes them. But, no matter what quarrels may ever arise among Willard's lieutenants, they are all intensely loyal to "the old man." They believe in him and they love him. And this is so, whether a man is a vice-president or a superintendent or an engineer or an office boy on Baltimore and Ohio. For twenty-eight years the road has known no other president. Of a truth, Daniel Willard no longer is president of Baltimore and Ohio—he is Baltimore and Ohio.

While Willard is clear, definite, and firm, it pleases him to say that he never gives orders, and, as a matter of fact, he seldom ever does. His expressed desire is usually sufficient. He not only receives suggestions but invites them. He particularly is careful when presiding at his board meetings to treat the members with great consideration.

He is careful to furnish all information which they desire and he never presumes to forecast what their action or vote will be.

I remember when I was with the road a dozen years ago, the big boss coming to me twice and asking my advice about two new members whose names were being considered for the board. One was Delos W. Cooke, whom I had known since the days when he was general passenger agent of the Erie. Cooke, a very brilliant man, had become American co-director of the Cunard Steam Ship Company at New York and then, having amassed a comfortable fortune in market operations, had retired from active business.

"I think that he would be a valuable man for us," said Daniel Willard, "with his broad traffic experience and his intimate knowledge of foreign trade conditions. I am anxious to build up our export freight traffic."

A similar case was that of the late Newton D. Baker.

There's a man I would like, thought Willard. There would be a sentimental side to Baker's being director of Baltimore and Ohio. His father was, for years, a surgeon for the road and he, himself, was born at Martinsburg, West Virginia, on the line. But chiefly Willard wanted Baker because he was a humanitarian, because he understood and sympathized with the problems of the common man and also because he was by common consent the first citizen of Cleveland. So Baker also went on the Baltimore and Ohio board, and remained there until the day of his death.

I speak of these things, not because I was an important officer of the road; I was a relatively unimportant one. Undoubtedly he was asking these questions of every one of us round about him.

There are few railroad presidents in the United States who have the opportunity of influencing the selection of their own boards. Willard is one of these. Too many railroad presidents are the "Big Boss" to their office boys and their messengers, to their superintendents and their general managers but they are not the big boss at their own table in the board room. Willard does not ever assume to be big boss there. He prefers to show deference to the members of his board. He is as much loved and respected by them as by his employees—and that is saying a good deal. It is true, as he has been heard to say, that very few of his recommendations have been turned down by his board (as a matter of fact, not one of them has ever been turned down), but, he adds, he has never recommended anything that he has not thoroughly considered and believed. He is as clear in the board room as in his office—and that also is saying a good deal. You cannot inspire real affection without respect as its foundation, and there has not been a day since Daniel Willard came to the Baltimore and Ohio as its president that he has not had the full respect of his far-flung organization.

In recent years his problems have increased, not lessened. Once again the Baltimore and Ohio like many another railroad, is facing difficult financial problems. But Willard frequently has been heard to say that because a course is difficult is not reason for giving it up. The fact that it is difficult does not count.

This verse sent by Willard to one of his directors has spread like wildfire among his organization and has inspired it at a difficult time.

I'm wounded, but I'm not slain;
I'll lay me down and bleed a while,
Then I'll rise and fight again.

That's Willard in the evening of his life—"wounded but not slain." Vermont once again speaking in terms of courage and of fortitude—not even once breathing of discouragement. It is this trait in Willard that endears him to his fellows, that makes their enthusiasm for him exceed all ordinary bounds. For in Daniel Willard still lives the spirit of the old America—that spirit that today seems everywhere to be struggling for its very existence. It is the spirit of courage, of self-reliance, of independence, the spirit of a man standing squarely upon his own feet. Not too much of that sort of thing in the United States of today.... "I have always valued Mr. Willard as one of the best Americans ever born," says Herbert Hoover and men everywhere echo that sentiment. You will find the spirit of Daniel Willard living long after the man himself is gone. It is a fire unquenchable. The good blood of his ancestry, the thoroughness of his self-education, the dignity of his character—all these and more have gone into the making of it, into the making of a man.

In a time of doubt and of despair, of bitterness and of discrimination, Daniel Willard never loses his faith. Nor his serenity. He has faith in railroads, faith in railroaders, faith in mankind—serenity in the contemplation of a long life well spent. He faces the future in this calm spirit.

The captain still is on the bridge. Daniel Willard still rides the line.

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